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I Was Haunted by Floyd.EXE

By Jordan Cleeman

I used to idolize George Floyd since his death on May 25, 2020. Most of my days revolved around him and I thought about him whenever I woke up for work and just before I slept. I would spend thousands on merchandise that has to do with him, such as the George Floyd blanket and the George Floyd laptop decal. However, my passion toward him all came to an end after a horrifying experience, and since then even the sight of his JPEG photos on Google images gives me panic attacks where I hyperventilate until I fall unconscious.

One day I was bored and decided I wanted to buy myself a physical disc copy of the George Floyd May 25 2020 video, which is the infamous footage of the criminal getting clapped by the cop Derek Chauvin.

There is a store in my town called *DVD Shorts* which sells DVDs or CDs that are not full-length movies, but short videos that you can find on the internet. I drove over there and browsed through all the shelves. I found videos such as video game walkthroughs, well-known Youtube clips, and even some gore videos. After a few minutes, I came across a section called the "police brutality shelf", which as its name suggests, contains video DVDs of cops keeping black criminals from wreaking havoc like feral apes. I easily found a DVD that had the cover image of Derek kneeling on George Floyd, and so I proceeded to pick it up and then pay for it. I placed it on the counter, to which the cashier scanned it through the cash register. It cost \$20 but it was worth it since I figured it was probably going to be a collector's item in a century from then on. The cashier placed the DVD into a paper bag and then handed it to me. I left the store, excited.

Once I arrived back home, I went to my living room, where my 100 x 50 inch TV rests. And yes, it is actually that large; however, I actually built it myself and it isn't commercially available. It was essentially a home theatre. I have a PlayStation 5 hooked up to it, which is able to process blue-ray DVDs. I opened the George Floyd Kneel DVD cover, which revealed a disc that was the color bronze, which matches the skin color of George Floyd. I knew the manufacturers of that disc did so intentionally. After I opened the disc compartment of the Playstation 5, I placed the DVD on it and then closed it. The Playstation 5 did a quiet buffer sound, confirming it was a valid disc. I turned on the giant TV and then waited for the DVD to load.

At last, a screen popped up, which was a menu displaying all the options and features of the George Floyd DVD. But only one option was present; the play button. I eagerly selected it using the Playstation 5 controller and then it loaded. The video footage began with George Floyd in a vehicle, acting like an agitated cockroach which reflected his claustrophobia. I have to admit, I was in awe as it played on the extra-large screen. The video was clearer than anything I have ever seen, considering all the versions of the arrest footage on the internet. It was as if the manufacturers of the DVD managed to increase the resolution.

As usual, the four cops present were trying their best to get the nigger to cooperate but to no avail. Their patience began to noticeably decrease and soon, Floyd was under Derek Chauvin's knees due to his lack of cooperation. I tried my best not to laugh as the six-foot-five-inch tall nigger struggled to escape a five-foot-nine-inch tall man. At last, I finally heard the "MAMA MAMA I CAN'T BREATHHHHE" uttered from George Floyd's last breaths, until he died... or so I thought. I was expecting the footage to continue onto the part where they drag Floyd's corpse into the ambulance to attempt to resuscitate him, but at that point, the video footage froze. It was odd because my TV is supposed to be powerful enough to never encounter such a glitch. I tried using the Playstation controller to pause and then play again, but it didn't work; it remained frozen at the very last frame of Floyd getting kneeled on. I was craving watching the rest of the video, so I decided to reboot the TV. I shut off both the Playstation 5 and the monitor, waited about 30 seconds, and then turned it back on. Soon-and to my disappointment-I saw the familiar frozen frame. Frustrated, I lightly punched the TV screen. I regret that decision.

The lighting of the video went dim. By dim, I don't mean the raw brightness of the TV screen itself. I mean the lighting within the scene of Floyd's death footage; it was as if it instantly went from daytime to nighttime, darkness looming over both Derek Chauvin and George Floyd. What happened next scared the shit out of me. George Floyd all of a sudden opened his eyes, revealing bloody pupils and the "whites" of his eyes were now pitch black. His body went back to an animate state; he stood up, managing to escape from the cop's knee, and then he looked him in the eye.

"Yippee, I can BREATHE again!" George Floyd chimped in excitement.

He grabbed Derek Chauvin by the neck and then used his big-lipped mouth to devour the front of his throat. Blood gushed out, splattering all over Floyd's face. Derek's lifeless corpse dropped to the ground as his hand released his neck. He began making monkey noises as he

celebrated his revenge on the cop. After his little dance, he stopped and then looked right at the screen, meeting his gaze at my eyes. He then pointed his bloodied finger at me and said, "Hehehe, you be next!"

I tried my best to convince myself that the clip was just edited by professional video editors and it was all just to spook the viewer. But then, Floyd began to slowly walk in my direction. It went on, until he touched what was supposed to be the camera lens, and the front of his body phased through the TV screen, converting himself from being just a character in a DVD to actually being in my living room. It was like I was experiencing the movie The Ring in real life. His glowing red eyes remained and before long, he was there right in front of my eyes in person.

"I...be... Floyd.EXE!" he boomed. "How dare you disrespect me by rewatching mah death footage in mockery!!!!!"

The first thing I thought of was running, and that was what I did. My home is just as large as my TV is large—proportionally speaking—so I thankfully had a lot of room to flee Floyd.EXE. I bolted across numerous hallways, thinking of where I should hide. It was one of those times I really couldn't think straight because I was so scared. Each time I looked back, I saw Floyd.EXE effortlessly float behind my back. There was no need for him to run with his feet manually and so there was no way he would have to stop to catch his breath. Knowing Floyd.EXE would eventually catch up to me if we continued the chase, I needed a place to hide. I instinctively decided to flee to my bedroom upstairs. The stairs to the upper floor happened to be only a few meters in front of me when I made that decision, so I seized the opportunity, running up the stairs, until I saw my bedroom door. I ran at it as if it was an oasis in a desert and then jumped into the bedroom, shutting the door behind me. I let out a sigh of relief, irrationally thinking I was now completely safe from whatever eldritch being tried to kill me a few seconds ago. But then, I heard laughter. "Hehehe, it ain't ovah yet mayne!"

I noticed a dark silhouette that emerged out of my end of the bedroom door and I immediately figured it was Floyd.EXE phasing through it. I knew I should have expected him to have that ability. Floyd.EXE stood over me, with a smile so wide, each of the corners of his mouth touched his big ass nigga nostrils. He then opened his mouth and extended all of his sharp teeth far enough so that I could see them protruding over his fat lips.

Unlucky for me, my bedroom is one of the smaller rooms of my home and there was very little way I could have a chance at evading Floyd.EXE.

Accepting my death, I decided to rush to my computer, and hope I could send out a very quick goodbye email to all my friends and family. Once I fired up the computer, I entered my password at a blinding speed I have never done before in my entire life, and then successfully logged in.

Just when Floyd.EXE was about to land his hands on me, he got distracted by the computer. He rubbed his hands like a greedy kike, laughing evilly, then proceeded to run at the computer screen. I thought he was going to destroy my computer as a way to stop me from sending out the farewell email out of spite, but instead, he phased into the monitor screen. Now in the computer program itself, Floyd.EXE displayed himself on the screen as a 3-D model doing a t-pose default animation. He obstructed the portion of the screen, stationary. Just then, my computer's antivirus software began to flare up, and I was bombarded with notifications reading "Nigger virus detected! Attempted to remove it".

A green loading bar appeared, indicating the progress left to eradicate Floyd.EXE. However, a dreaded message appeared just before the loading bar could complete: "Failed to eradicate Floyd.EXE!"

Even though I was glad Floyd.EXE was no longer in the real world anymore for the sake of my own life, I didn't want to have him hanging around in my computer for eternity, so I needed to get rid of him through a means beyond the capabilities of an antivirus program.

Trying my best to ignore the Floyd.EXE 3-D model visual, I browsed through my computer's file explorer trying to find a viable alternate solution. Floyd.EXE decided to make matters more difficult, starting to play video pop-ups depicting pregnant women being brutally tortured from the dark web alongside with countless ads of fentanyl dealing services. It made me want to outright destroy my PC, but it was \$6000 and had an Nvidia Geforce 1080 so I couldn't afford to do so. I eventually came across this one neat little desktop program called "Stress Reducer Desktop Destroyer". I installed it a couple of years ago and it is a program that simulates destroying the user's desktop using various tools such as hammers and machine guns. Thinking it was my last hope, I opened the program to be presented with a wide selection of simulation weapons that I could use. My eyes scrolled through the list, until I noticed a tool called "The Knee". My gut feeling told me to select it, so I clicked it and suddenly, my cursor was now the shape of a giant knee. It was at that moment, Floyd.EXE's face went from being menacing to absolute fear. I brought the knee mouse cursor closer and closer to the Floyd.EXE 3-d model which caused him to get out of his t-pose animation state and then inch away from it. I then placed the

knee-shaped cursor onto him and then pressed the left mouse button. A super exaggerated, yet satisfying, animation of a giant knee appeared in an instant. It did its thing, crushing Floyd.EXE against the screen, showing a cracked glass visual behind his neck.

"LEMME GO GIANT KNEE!" Floyd.EXE cried in an 8-bit voice. "SHIEEETTT I CAN'T BREATHE UNDER THE VIRTUAL KNEE-WARE!"

"Nah I got no mercy for you nigger!" I said aloud at the screen.

My antivirus software then reappeared in the form of a new window, now saying "Nigger virus now cleanable. Now eradicating Floyd.EXE," followed by another green progress bar.

As time went by, the Floyd.EXE 3-d model vaporized pixel by pixel. His chimpanzee shrieks went down in volume accordingly, until the antivirus program successfully got rid of him. My computer lagged a lot less and the pregnant women torturing clips and fentanyl advertisements went poof, indicating the complete absence of Floyd.EXE. Just in case, I spammed the shit out of the Stress Reducer Desktop Destroyer Knee tool all over the screen, until the whole thing consisted of cracked screen visuals. I am thinking of taking the computer to a repair shop or something next to make sure no trace of anything that happened that night remains.

I am now typing this on my phone to warn you all about the existence of Floyd.EXE. Do not make the same mistake as me and seek a physical DVD copy of the George Floyd 2020 death footage. Floyd.EXE haunts it, looking for his next victim for revenge.

The George Floyd Vampire

By Jordan Cleeman

My name is Sean Cuntingham and I am a scientist at a research company called Golden Nigger Corp. For those of you who live in a cave, it is a facility that studies the physiology and behaviour of black people; this is a field of science known as niggerology. We conduct all kinds of tests such as analyzing their DNA and comparing them to monkeys.

Specifically, I work at the cryptozoology department, which is led by a world renowned cryptozoologist Dr. Andrew Burrows. As you have probably guessed, we learn about monsters that possess nigger traits, whether physically or cognitively.

I was one day assigned the task of retrieving the body of the George Floyd Vampire by Andrew. Apparently, according to some folklore at least, vampires have special properties in their bodies that can be used for initiating significant scientific advancements such as cures for deadly diseases. I agreed on pursuing the task and Andrew handed me a vial that contains a translucent red liquid.

"This is vampire serum," Andrew began to explain. "The first thing you will do in this mission is to pay a quick visit to George Floyd's graveyard and then pour the solution onto the dirt next to George Floyd's tombstone. It should percolate into his corpse and instantly transform him into his vampiric form. After that, you will entrap him inside a coffin which you will then retrieve to the Golden Nigger Corp headquarters for us. Use whatever tools necessary to succeed whether or not it be a fatal weapon, as vampires are immortal anyway. Good luck!"

After Andrew was finished giving me instructions, I drove over to the Minneapolis graveyard at daylight, where George Floyd's corpse lay. I brought an extra large coffin, which was tied to the roof of my Lamborghini. I placed it about ten meters away from the tombstone of George Floyd and then poured all of the vampire serum on the soil. The red fluid sizzled as it sunk into the ground, emitting bubbles. Shortly, a hand that was brown—yet somehow simultaneously pale—popped out of the dirt. An arm then dug up, then a body, and finally the legs

The brown-pale figure was fully visible, now standing in front of me.

"It's morbin time maynel!" It growled in Ebonics. "I am Vampire Floyd and I shall drink yo nice oxygen-hemoglobin-filled blood."

Thinking I could overpower Vampire Floyd's lanky body, I attempted to drag him into the coffin by his arm. However, he didn't budge at all. I forgot that vampires have superhuman strength, even though they don't necessarily look it. All it did was anger the nigger vampire. Vampire Floyd dove his head to bite my arm, to which I retracted it barely dodging his attack then I rushed to my Lamborghini. I don't know how but I managed to get there in time and I started the vehicle then drove off.

I couldn't see Vampire Floyd in my rear view mirror since vampires have the ability to be invisible through reflective surfaces but I could hear his panting as he chased after my car. He was even faster than Usain Bolt, being able to outpace the Lamborghini. I was already driving at full speed, desperate to get vampire Floyd out of sight. Eventually, I inevitably got distracted for a split second while moving at 150 kilometres per hour, and that was long enough for me to swerve out of the lane and into the grass. It wasn't an actual car crash though, so I wasn't injured at all as a result. I was now at some area out of town, with no visible buildings.

I locked the doors and stayed still in the driver's seat, praying that Vampire Floyd wouldn't be able to break in. However, I was lucky to have summoned him at day time because he began noticing the sunlight damaging his skin and then started to seek shelter.

"Sheeit the sunlight be destroying mah beautiful black melanin," Vampire Floyd groaned.

He did a quick look around, until he found a rocky cave in the far distance and then ran in there to take cover.

Quickly, I took time to work my lamborghini back into the road then turned back and drove off. I was quite disappointed in my failure to capture Vampire Floyd. Using my bare hands was clearly insufficient so I needed tools for assistance.

I then thought about those cheesy vampire hunting kits that I'd see in magazines. I always thought they were bullshit but figured they might be worth a shot at taking on Vampire Floyd. After I stopped back at the Minneapolis graveyard to pick up the coffin, I went to the antique store to look for a vampire hunting kit. As I browsed, I came across many items that gave me nostalgia, including the first Nintendo Entertainment system, the original Lego Jabba the Hutt minifigure (not that I am into the kiked SW movies), and old Kinder Surprise toys.

Eventually, I managed to find a vampire hunting kit on one of the shelves. It was a fancy wooden box, slightly open to reveal its contents. It consisted of a pistol for shooting silver bullets, a stake for nailing vampires in coffins, holy water, powdered garlic, a mirror, a crucifix,

and the torch. I know, some of the contents such as the torch aren't mutually exclusive to the kit and shouldn't even be included but I guess it was a way for whoever originally manufactured the kit to execute a marketing gimmick.

I inspected it closely to ensure it is a legitimate one, not one of those that are manufactured solely for pretend and display purposes. The best way to tell is to examine the pistol first. Toy guns are legally required to have an orange tip on them. The one in the kit didn't have that. The second thing I looked at was the price. The price tag is a good secondary way to tell fake vampire hunting kits from real ones because obviously, manufacturing real guns is much more costly than fake nonfunctional ones. The price tag read \$14,880, which would be far too much for a bogus kit. I decided there was enough proof it was a real vampire hunting kit so I bought it. I'll admit it was expensive as shit but I just simply used a Golden Nigger Corp employee credit card so it wasn't like I ate up my personal funds or debt as a result of the purchase.

When I settled the large box into my car's back trunk, I sat at the front seat wondering what about Vampire Floyd that could be different from traditional vampires that you see in the media, since creatures tend to be a whole lot different in real life compared to their movie counterparts.

I remembered that a well-known trait of vampires is how seductive they tend to be. Moreover, I had the bright idea of including a batch of pregnant belly pics, which could be very useful as some sort of a distraction against Vampire Floyd—this is because George Floyd had a strong lust for pregnant women for whatever fucking reason. I quickly drove home and googled some pregnant women stock photos to print. I organized them in a pile then stuffed it in my pocket.

With all my new tools in disposal, I decided it was time for me to head out to capture Vampire Floyd once and for all.

I made sure to exit my driveway and drive through the neighborhood quietly to make sure my neighbours don't find my car too loud. I remember zooming too loudly once on my way to work and one of them stood in front of my car to prevent me from driving any further until I apologized. It almost got me fired from Golden Nigger Corp because it ended up causing me to be late for work.

Once I arrived at the cave, I made sure to silence my lamborghini again to avoid letting Vampire Floyd I was here, I carefully untied the knot used to secure the coffin on top of the car then used all of my strength to take the large wooden container off the roof and placed it onto the dirt in a horizontal position, with its lid wide open.

I tiptoed into the dark vast cave. Because of how large and heavy the vampire hunting kit was, I had to use my entire right arm to carry it.

I found the torch included in the vampire hunting kit to be an absolutely impractical means of a light source since the flame's sparks would hurt my hands like a bitch, so I used my phone's handy flashlight feature. I could smell dried blood which stank like shit and I had to use my left hand to plug my nose, leaving my right hand the only free real estate for my phone flashlight. From that point on, I no longer had free hands which made me a bit nervous. If Vampire Floyd were to catch me by surprise when I am this vulnerable, there is so much room for disaster. I then realized that hindering my sense of smell completely could actually make it more difficult for me to track down Vampire Floyd since the source of the smell of dried blood is probably at or close to him, so I loosened my left finger's grip on my nose a bit to continue smelling. I did a rough estimate on how strong the smell of dried blood would be if I were to hypothetically let go of my nose to which I predicted I was much closer to the source than before in quite a small amount of time. I continued my steps, now more carefully and silently.

Suddenly, I could hear a sucking sound coming from the back of the cave. The cave was curvy rather than straight which meant I couldn't just look straight and see everything inside all at once. I had to navigate, making sure the slurping noise and dried blood odor felt closer to confirm I am going in the right direction.

It took a few loops around, but I finally found the cause of the noise and odor. There I saw, Vampire Floyd facing the opposite direction of me, on his knees feeding on a piece of flesh that was shaped like a pancake. I gently set the vampire hunting kit on the ground to free my right arm and then began loading the pistol with the silver bullets. Thankfully Vampire Floyd was loud as he smacked on the pad of flesh because the pistol, which was probably at least a century old, made a lot of tinkering noise as it was reloading. I then placed my phone's flashlight in my pant pocket and took the wooden stake out of the kit, positioning myself into battle. I guess I wasn't careful enough when I fumbled with the flashlight, because the light startled Vampire Floyd, to which he said, "oh oh ah ah I be trying to enjoy this nice placenta blood and now you be interrupting my feast!"

Vampire Floyd gobbled the entire piece of flesh which I now knew was a pregnant woman's placenta and then right off the bat charged at me. He was so fast I couldn't aim the pistol at him accurately, so all I could do was point the stake forward and hope for the best. Luckily, Vampire Floyd was retarded like the nigger he was, lacking the intellectual speed to comprehend the sharp pointy piece of wood he ran

into. The stake punctured him right in the neck, which obstructed his airways. Vampire Floyd's soulless eyes opened as wide as pie plates and then squealed like a baby orangutan with feudal alcohol syndrome for about ten seconds.

I thought I finally defeated the black vampire. However, the moment I let go of my end of the wooden stake to relax my left hand, he used his superhuman strength to pull the stake out of his neck to continue breathing again.

"Nice try but that ain't gonna work on me nigguh!" He laughed, and then lunged at me.

Vampire Floyd tackled me into the ground, using his weight to pin me, and then attempted to ram his teeth into my neck multiple times. I managed to dodge all of the blows. I recalled the collection of printed pregnant belly stock photos in my pocket, so I pulled one of them out and waved it in front of Vampire Floyd's face right before he was going to strike my neck again.

"Oh la la is that a pregnant lady?" He said seductively, loosening his weight on me. "I need her placenta blood now!"

I took advantage of the diversion by pushing Vampire Floyd off my chest and then made a run for it. I now couldn't see shit since my phone slipped out of my pocket during the wrestle, so I had to really estimate where the cave walls were. Despite my low odds of success, I made it out of the cave without bumping into anything and I glanced back. Vampire Floyd was still chasing me, except his eyes were not particularly focused on me. He was still seductively staring at the pregnant belly photo I was holding; he was actually going after what his dumb nigger brain thought was a real pregnant woman, not me.

I noticed the coffin right in front of me, so I placed the pregnant belly photo in it. Sure enough Vampire Floyd continued to pursue it then jumped into the coffin. He began biting into the neck of the pregnant woman in the photo. While he was busy trying to suck blood that doesn't even exist, I took a quick run back into the cave and retrieved the vampire hunting kit. I then took the bottle of holy water, poured all of it into the coffin with Vampire Floyd in it and then finally sealed it shut.

"DAMMIT MAYNE I CAN'T BREATHE INSIDE THE COFFIN!" Vampire Floyd said in a gurgled voice as he drowned in the holy water inside the coffin. "I shouldn't have fallen for that sexy pregnant belly pic!"

Ever since that incident, Golden Nigger Corp kept Vampire Floyd's enclosed body in a deep secure storage room. He is still technically alive but in stasis. We plan on conducting studies on him soon, and

hopefully his blood is a crucial component to a monkeypox cure. I am thinking of creating my very own vampire hunting kit and commercially selling it as a “George Floyd Vampire Asphyxiation Kit”.

The Return of Slender Floyd

By Jordan Cleeman

2 years ago, there was a reported case of a teenager who mysteriously died due to asphyxiation. His name was Matthias. How exactly he was asphyxiated is unknown or at least, undisclosed by the media. The only thing that is known so far is Matthias was with a friend in the woods playing a game of who could say the n-word the loudest, before Matthias suffered his excruciating fate. His friend managed to escape with his life and report everything to the police.

My name is Blake and I've known about this very incident ever since the day it was shown in the news and it invoked nothing but curiosity within me, as I am one who tends to get very intrigued by mysterious deaths. Even after 2 years, I still think about Matthias' death from time to time, trying to come up with a reasonable answer to why he died.

Now, you may be wondering why I spend so much obsessing over this specific case when there are numerous other mysterious deaths which are more fresh in the news. Well you see, what separates Matthias from the others is the *n-word yelling* game that he played in the woods before his demise. I just don't find it likely that it didn't have a connection to the death in some form. Why would the news report specifically discuss that in the first place? It was last week at the time of this writing when I decided to explore further.

On August 16th 2022, my friends John and Michael, and I were hanging out at my place. We were spending the afternoon playing Grand Theft Auto 5 Online trying to break into the military base. However, we were never able to successfully do it and we eventually got bored, so I turned off the PlayStation. We began to brainstorm what we should do before school starts again.

"Maybe we should go play basketball," Michael suggested.

"Nah that's a nigger sport," I said. "Hey, maybe we should go visit the forest where that guy Matthias passed away mysteriously."

"Who?" John questioned.

"Remember? It was on the local news 2 years ago. Nobody knows the true cause of his death to this day except the fact he was asphyxiated."

"Ah, I remember that. Why would you want to go there? Nobody gives a damn about something that happened 2 years ago."

"I've really been interested in it for all those years. I don't think it would hurt to pay a visit there to maybe get a clue," I said.

"To be fair, there is nothing much better for us to do," Michael chimed in. "I am with Blake."

"Alright fine," John agreed.

The forest in question is located near the border of the city which meant there was no way for us to walk there without panting like a fentanyl addict. We got into my car and then began driving there.

After a half hour drive, we finally made it to the front edge of the forest.

We turned to face the forest, which was filled with trees that stand at a height comparable to redwood. It was eerily quiet to the point where I could hear the blood flowing in my veins. Looking into the space between the trees, the distance was already heavily foggy at a 100 meter length from our position.

"Okay let's go," Michael uttered at last.

We trudged into the woods and the more inward we were, the quieter things got. We could no longer hear birds chirping, and the wind was virtually nonexistent. It was like there was almost no wildlife in here, even less so than the plains that surrounded the forest.

"Hello?!" John called out, his voice echoing at least 10 times before fading away.

There was no response in any form. This just made me more interested in the prospect even more, as it indicated a lesser chance of Matthias' death being caused by a wild animal.

"I think we are absolutely alone here even if we count critters," I announced. "So when you think about it, how could somebody possibly die here unless they starve to death?"

"Yeah I'm not sure," Michael said. "I'd guess it's either that or dehydration."

"Here's the thing Michael. It was reported that Matthias and his friend were only in the woods for a few hours. No way starvation or dehydration could happen in that period of time. Given his friend managed to escape with his life, it's just too unlikely."

"True. I guess we may find out with further exploration."

For the next hour, we continued to walk. There was nothing noteworthy within that time but as night fell, it became dark as shit.

"God damn it's as dark as a coon," Michael said.

I grabbed my phone from my pocket and turned on its flashlight to be able to remotely see again. When I point it directly in front of us, we could at least see the silhouettes of the trees and shrubs. Still better than nothing.

I have no idea if it was due to the fog, but I noticed it became increasingly difficult to breathe. My breaths got heavier as the air

seemed thicker and I could tell John and Micheal were experiencing the same sensation because their inhales were in short bursts as well.

"Hey guy look, I think I see an animal right up there in the tree!" Michael exclaimed.

John and I looked up at the tree branches above. And that was when I saw a very long and slender thing crawling. I almost missed it, as it blended in the branches like a stick bug.

"I think that is some kind of monkey," John whispered.

"I don't know," I said. "I've never heard of a species of monkeys that is skinny like that, let alone that length. It has to be at least 8 feet long."

Suddenly, the head of whatever the hell that thing was turned 180 degrees to face us, accompanied by a deafening bone crackling sound. Keep in mind, it was about 40 feet above us, so I couldn't make out its precise facial features just yet, but my gut told me it was staring right at us, acknowledging our presence. The creature then positioned itself as if it were going to jump and then let go of the branch it was hanging onto. As it fell, it was suspended in the air like a stuffed teddy bear, but landed on the ground on two of its scarily long legs which looked slender enough that it could have failed to break its fall.

I pointed my phone's flashlight to get a better look at its face and holy shit did I regret doing that. The abnormality that the light shined on will probably haunt me for the rest of my life. Its head was completely flat, seemingly made of fabric, but had a big fat nose and lips as if they were printed on it like ink. It heavily resembled the face of George Floyd, a criminal nigga who died years ago.

"Heyo maynes it is I, the Slender Floyd!" It boomed, as a hole between its lips tore open so it could speak. "Y'all maynes better get out of my forest because the oxygen here produced by my trees is mine to BREATHE only!!"

It used its pair of squinty eyes to stare into our souls one by one, to select its first victim. Slender Floyd then extended its hockey stick of an arm towards John and said, "you must pay me your air!"

Six tendrils grew from the back of Slender Floyd, three being on each side. They lashed at John who failed to run away quick enough and then Slender Floyd used them to him closer. Now they were about an inch away from each other. Slender Floyd then lifted John's shirt up and used one of the tendrils to piece his chest, right into his lungs. A suppressed vacuum-like sound could then be heard as Slender Floyd drained the air out of John's lungs.

"Hehehe, so much to breathe in there!" Slender Floyd beamed as John's limp body gradually turned pale.

"Holy shit, so that is how Matheus died here 2 years ago," I mumbled to myself in disbelief.

Michael and I figured there was no way to save our friend at this point, so we simply ran away while Slender Floyd enjoyed breathing in John's air.

It felt like ages, but we finally made it to where we first started in the forest. It was a miracle that Michael and I didn't lose each other. I turned off my phones flashlight as it was now only at 10% battery and we went back into my car then drove off in an instant.

Once we made it back to my house, Michael and I rushed to my bedroom and discussed everything that happened.

"Going there was a mistake Blake!" Michael said. "A George-Floyd-Slender-Man hybrid reincarnation has been lurking there the whole time!"

"Yeah I don't know why it is so unknown," I said. "That forest is way too dangerous to visit. We need to get rid of that nigger creature."

"Are you out of your mind? How could we defeat a supernatural entity that could steal its victims breath?"

"That's it!" I said as I had a lightbulb moment. "We need to utilize Slender Floyd's weakness—the need to breathe. Notice how it got angry because we were breathing the air produced by its forest trees. Perhaps it needs a super high volume of oxygen in order to survive. Destroying the forest entirely may eliminate its only means of survival."

"Yeah, doing so may save hundreds of lives. Let's do it."

"I think the most efficient way of going about it is to set the entire forest on fire, deforesting it. Let's go get some supplies at the store."

"Alright sounds good," Michael agreed.

Michael and I went to the local convenience store to buy a dozen packs of matches and a lighter. We then drove back to Slender Floyd's forest to begin executing our master plan to defeat the skinny nigger creature.

I lit the match and set the trees at the front edge of the forest on fire, while Michael did the same thing to the ones parallel. It didn't take very long for the small flames to grow large enough to fully engulf the trees. Soon, tons of smoke emitted and I could tell we were getting close to achieving a large-scale forest fire.

Eventually, the whole forest was on fire, and I could tell we did a very good job. It was then, I heard a high-pitched shriek that almost burst my eardrums. It was continuous and increased in volume. Michael and I covered our ears, as the source of the shriek got closer and closer, until we noticed a familiar tall and slender figure jogging from

the entrance of the forest. It was Slender Floyd. As it ran, it used both of its hands to grip its chest as it struggled to breathe.

"AH SHIEET THE DEFORESTATION KILLED OFF ALL MAH TREES!" It struggled to scream out. "NO MORE OXYGEN SOURCES LEFT FOR ME!"

Slender Floyd then noticed Michael and me watching it's last moments before death and glared at us angrily.

"You nigguhs will pay for this," were its last words, before it fell to the ground in the same exact pose the original George Floyd did under the knees of Derek Chauvin.

The next day, Michael and I gained some courage and decided to call the authorities to tell them about everything that happened, from the encounter with the eldritch being itself to the forest fire that defeated it. However, they discounted it as a prank call and immediately hung up on us.

Here I am now typing up this story. I will post it on the internet in hopes that those who are reading this will take me seriously.

There is a specific reason I want the world to know of this. Lately, I've been randomly having dreams about Slender Floyd, doing the exact same thing to me as it did to John, followed by me waking up in the middle of the night gasping for air. I think when Slender Floyd told Michael and I that we will pay for its passing, it meant it'll haunt our dreams for eternity.

Do Not Watch the George Floyd Habib Video at 3 AM

By Jordan Cleeman

I am a huge fan of the horror movie genre, so naturally, I am up to do anything scary. This can range from exploring abandoned homes, to traveling to reported haunted locations. Sometimes in the middle of the night I watch short scary videos on YouTube. This includes Teeth, The Sky, and Night Guard. I've been doing this for years and now I am consuming them at such a quick rate, I watched basically the entire catalog of short horror films on YouTube. It didn't take me long to get deprived. Netflix is an option but as many of you may know, 99% of the movies on that platform are kiked, forcing faggot propaganda in front of the audience constantly; some of them go as far as promoting extremely obscene themes, such as the movie Cuties. 123movies could be a free alternative to Netflix but like I said I am a hardcore horror fan so there is no more fresh big screen content for me.

Nowadays, you'll notice how many video streaming platforms are going downhill. At this point, the only ones that aren't completely 100% fucked up are Bitchute and Odysee. This is because they allow based racist content, unlike Jewtube which demonetised channels for containing minor swear words such as the word "ass". At the same time, Jewtube allows nasty furry hentai to slip. It boils my blood because those are light years more harmful than videos that contain slang describing a body part located at the back of a person—the butt. That being said, pretty much all mainstream platforms are filled with unfunny inoffensive content that only underachieving normies find entertaining. Therefore, I spend 90% of my internet activity on Odyssey, TRS, and Telegram.

I am not writing up this r/nosleep post only to ramble about my hatred towards the mainstream, however. I am writing this because of a terrible experience I had.

One Friday night, I was bored out of my mind after a long day of school and work. Because at this point I was already so oversaturated with frightening entertainment, that I wanted to try something new. I was aware of the YouTube 3 AM challenges. I have always overlooked these YouTube challenges because none of those seem like they would yield the kind of results that real rituals from r/threekings have. But that night, I thought, why not?

I obviously didn't exactly copy a pre existing challenge that already exists on youtube so I decided to do a "watch the George Floyd Hibab porn video at 3 AM challenge" (I of course didn't do it for the sexual pleasure of seeing gorilla sex). For those of you who didn't know, the criminal nigger George Floyd did a landlord porn video with another porn star named Kimberly Brinks. This is a big part of why George Floyd is such a memeable dead monkey.

The 3 AM challenge is as simple as it sounds—wake up a bit before 3 AM and then watch the entire video. I set my alarm clock to 2:55 AM at 7 PM before I went to have an earlier than normal slumber. I then closed my eyes, anticipating a new experience. Of course, it was not easy to get myself to sleep because of this. You know the feeling as a child when it is the night before Christmas, waiting for Santa Clause. Nostalgia hit me when I thought of that. Eventually, I managed to doze off.

It only felt like a few minutes, until I was awoken by the default iphone ringtone. My eyes popped open as I sprung out of my bed to turn off the sound. It was game time. I already had the Goerge Floyd porn video pre-downloaded onto my phone, so I did not have to conduct a complex web surf to find it online. Another good reason to have it stored on my phone is there is no need to have to use a VPN while I watch it. I still live with my parents at the age of 21 and the last thing I want is for them to stumble across my internet history, finding nigger porn on it. I know I should be moved out by now but as a full time student, college is ran by greedy kikes and the debt makes it impossible for me to support myself and the heavy course load renders me unable to work a full time job.

I waited for a few until it was 3 AM, then I played the video on my phone. From what I have heard about these 3 AM challenges regarding watching videos, watching the footage closely tends to enhance the results. As much as I found the clip disgusting, I focused my eyes on the screen, eyeballing every detail. It was only moments after Ronnies head coiled behind his chair, when I started hearing an eerie static sound, coming from outside my bedroom. I stopped the video and decided to investigate. I slowly got off my bed and exited my room.

I used my phone's flashlight to see into the dark hall. Nothing caught my attention, but it became easier to decipher where the sound was coming from. I could tell at this point that the static was coming from downstairs. I slowly made my way down the stairs. My left ear was the receiving end of the majority of the static, which indicated it was coming from my living room. But something in me was telling me not to go there. I just fought my instincts, and went in there anyway. I entered

my living room to see my TV on, playing an episode of the walking dead, except with a ton of static interference. The noise was ear piercing at this point, so I took the remote to shut off the TV, but it still remained on. I pressed the off button on the TV itself, but no matter what, it still stayed on.

All of a sudden, a video clip different from The Walking Dead started to fade in on the TV screen. At first, I could not identify what it was at all. But once the screen was clear enough, I recognized what it was. It was the scene in the George Floyd porn video when George Floyd began fucking Kimberly. To make things worse, it played at full volume. George Floyd's gorilla panting sounds played as he did the deed, and my reflexes induced me to try turning fucking thing off again before either of my parents wake up to it and confront me. I tried punching the off button of the remote as hard as I could with my fists, but again it didn't work.

I increasingly got desperate, and then did a vigorous search around the kitchen to find a tool to destroy the TV. At this point, not getting caught by my parents watching the George Floyd porn video was much more important than getting chewed at for smashing the \$500 TV that we don't even use much anyway. After going through a ton of drawers, I finally found the perfect tool for destroying the TV—a hammer. I picked it up then made my way back to the living room. However, I gasped in shock when I turned to face my mom and dad, who both had their arms crossed.

"Son, I am so disappointed in you," he said. "Not only did you wake your mother and I at 3:20 in the morning, but you watched BBC porn!"

"Dad, I can explain," I said "I think somebody did a hack on our Bluetooth, and I despise that shit! The damn TV wouldn't shut off!"

"Haha nice excuse. Turn this shit off and go back to bed."

I humoured my dad and went for the remote, pressing the off button thinking it wouldn't work again. However, it actually turned off the TV.

"Wait what? But how?!" I stammered.

"You are such a bad liar son," my dad said.

My mom and dad began making their way upstairs, and so I followed. But when I was in the middle of climbing up the stairs, I noticed that my footsteps were louder than normal. I stopped, and wondered if it was just my imagination. But I still heard footsteps, even though I was stationary. It was clearly not from my parents as it was obviously from behind me. They were neither my parents nor my footsteps.

I then felt a soft brush against the back of my neck. It felt oddly like thick wool. I turned around to see a large dark hairy sack, only a few

inches away from my eyes. When I say hairy, I mean it. The individual hairs were at least 7 inches long and had bits of rotten banana debris stuck on them. I looked up to see a six foot five nigger looking down at me. That's when I realized, the brush that I had felt on my neck was actually the ballsack hair of George Floyd, who somehow was back alive and fully naked like in the Habib porn video.

I immediately stumbled back, almost falling down the stairs. This thing was just staring right at me, grinning. I was scared shitless now, so I remained my view on the naked George Floyd, while carefully walking up the stairs backward. He follows me at the same pace, remaining his gaze at my eyes.

After I was finally at the top, I saw my parents who were still walking to their bedrooms. That was when George Floyd ran up the rest of the stairs and then began whipping around his 10 foot long BBC like a beginner Jitsu student using nunchucks for the first time then used it to do a whiplash attack on both of them. It instantly killed them. I knew they were dead and not unconscious because they showed no sign of breathing.

I was in shock but that didn't stop me from dashing into my bedroom. I then slammed the door shut, and locked it. I dragged my nightstand right in front of it as an extra line of defense. In hindsight, doing that was a waste of time and ended up doing virtually nothing.

George Floyd banged the door, trying to get in. I hoped for it to not have the strength to break the door. But it managed to form large cracks on the wood, so I decided I needed to fight the nigger. I looked around my room, and spotted a dinner plate along with a fork and knife. I forgot to take it back downstairs in the kitchen. I took the knife and then waited for George Floyd to break in. The suspense was killing me but shortly, I saw a giant brown fist punch through the door. It then tore the rest of the wood and Floyd stepped into my room, holding his BBC weapon ready for combat. I decided to attack first, doing a quick somersault and then used the knife to slice George Floyd's dick off. An artery must have been there, because blood gushed out from his crotch area similar to the Hermes death scene from God of War when Kratos cut both Herme's legs off.

George Floyd eventually lost too much blood then fell to the ground, dead. I dragged his body out using all my strength then put it in a garbage bag and rolled it into my basement. I then went back to my bedroom. I realized I forgot about cleaning up George Floyd's detached BBC when I saw it laying on the carpet. I didn't want to physically touch it with my bare hands so I decided to just go to sleep and deal with it the next day.

I woke up, covered in a pool of sweat. It had been stressful last night—I lost both my parents because they were killed by George Floyd who used his BBC as a deadly nunchuck weapon, who I then had to fight and slay. It then hit me that I had to dispose of the George Floyd giant BBC because I didn't want to see it again. And so I got up from bed. However, when I looked at the carpet, I found out it was now gone. *What the fuck?* I thought. While hoping that everything that happened last night was actually just a dream, I exited my bedroom to search the house for it, and that was when I heard a slithering sound coming from downstairs. It sounded like a giant snake was roaming the house. I went down the stairs, to see a long serpentine being in the kitchen; it was George Floyd's dick. It was fucking moving like a snake by itself. I said "what the fuck" out loud, to which it came to a stop. The head of the nigger penis then turned to look at me, for me to discover what it actually looked like—it had the face of George Floyd himself, the dick hole surrounded now surrounded by thick lips.

"Holy shit!" I yelled. "A George-Floyd-penis hybrid!"

"Das right mayne," Penis Floyd said, as it expanded in length then shot out a viscous white fluid at me from its urethra-mouth like an Arthropleura.

I ducked to dodged the projectile, and it ended up striking the wall behind me. I glanced back and saw the liquid projectile burnt a hole through the wall like acid.

"Hehehe that be some of my acidic fentanyl-laced cum," Penis Floyd cackled evilly. "Good luck defeating me."

Fentanyl is a monocarboxylic acid amide, so it makes sense a large quantity of it in liquid form would be strong enough to dissolve physical objects. That was enough for me to decide I have no chance at defeating Penis Floyd, so I turned around and ran for the front door. Penis Floyd began chasing me, slithering fast as fuck. I went through the front without bothering to close it because the required delay for me to do so would be long enough to mean certain death.

I ran across the neighbourhood, trying to think of what to do next. Penis Floyd squeezed through the doorway without a problem and now that it was in the open environment, it was much more mobile, being able to traverse much faster. Knowing the area well, the closest public places were a Burger King, and a hospital. I subconsciously decided to go to the hospital. The run there was difficult. Penis Floyd shot the fentanyl laced cum at a rate of fire comparable to an assault rifle. I ran at a zigzag to avoid them. Thankfully, Penis Floyd's aim is as dogshit as a reflex-deprived 90 year old trying to use a fabricated sniper rifle. Penis Floyd would have outpaced me if it weren't necessary for it to

stop every time it aimed its acid attack at me, so I ended up making it to the hospital safely. Unfortunately, the doors of the hospital were made out of glass, so Penis Floyd broke through with ease. It noticed the hospital receptionist behind the front counter, who was busy doing something on the computer. Penis Floyd attacked him, which bought me some time to run to the hall. I then went inside a random room. In that room were a variety of tools and a bunch of posters. I noticed a large bold sign at the top part of the rear wall which read "penis inspection room". A person wearing a blue uniform, the penis inspector, was doing paperwork until he noticed me and asked what I was doing here.

Suddenly, Penis Floyd barged into the room. It looked at the penis inspector and then said "awe sheeit it be the penis inspector, mah worst enemy."

"What the shit is that!" the penis inspector exclaimed.

Seeing him as a threat, Penis Floyd lashed at him like a venomous snake and then proceeded to wrap around him like a boa constrictor. Penis Floyd squeezed, attempting to asphyxiate the penis inspector.

"You can't breathe in mah grip hehehe," Penis Floyd laughed.

The penis inspector looked to the desk containing penis inspection equipment and then grabbed a vial containing a chemical that was labelled "anti-viagra". It appeared to be a drug that has the opposite effect of viagra. The penis inspector poured all of it onto Penis Floyd. Immediately, Penis Floyd began to shrink and soften, which allowed the penis inspector to escape. Within seconds, Penis Floyd was now as soft and delicate as a flower stem. The penis inspector then did the final blow to defeat Penis Floyd, kneeling precisely on the area where the head of the penis starts.

"Ah Shiite lemme go mayne I can't breathe!" Penis Floyd choked.

The giant nigger dick then turned pale in color, indicating it died and no longer had oxygenated blood in it due to a combination of the anti-viagra and the knee.

"This must be a call for my retirement—a final boss I just defeated," the penis inspector said, as he held the now officially dead Penis Floyd and stuffed it into the trash can, which as a result became as full as a garbage bin owned by a family with severe spring allergies.

I am now typing this to warn you readers to never try 3 AM challenges. Even if they seem harmless, they actually aren't and the consequences will always outweigh the fun.

The Breathtaking Man

By Gorg Floydson

We have this urban legend in my city called the Breathtaking Man. Supposedly, you might see him standing on the side of the road when you're driving. Some say it's always when you're on your way home.

I've seen pictures of the Breathtaking Man. They circulate among us by telegram messages. They circulate among students, workers, friends, and family here. Oddly, I've never seen any of those pictures posted online. I'm not sure if it's because of fear, because those who've taken the pictures want to perpetuate the mystique of our local urban legend, or because of something else.

I was pretty sure those pictures had been a hoax, just someone dressed up as the Breathtaking Man. Maybe it was the same person every time.

As far as what the Breathtaking Man looks like—he was a nigger. He wears his tattered clothing backwards, an urban pipeline hoodie made famous by the iconic brick wall picture of the criminal ape George Floyd. He also wore jeans.

Those who I've met who claim to have spotted the Breathtaking Man say they waited a week before driving home, staying over at a friend's house or a hotel and not even bothering to go home to pack a suitcase. I've also heard, though, that you need to wait a month. The common consensus seems to be, if you see him while driving home, don't breathe. Turn around, go somewhere else, hold your breath, and wait until he leaves.

I thought it was a bunch of nonsense, until my girlfriend and I saw the Breathtaking Man when we were going back to my house from the movies.

It was Brenda who spotted him.

"Slow down," she said.

"I think I see that Breathtaking Man you told me about."

Brenda had only lived in my city for half a year, so one of the things I had told her on my quest to share with her as many interesting things as I could had been our local urban legend about the Breathtaking Man. Was it a coincidence that we'd just been talking about him a few days before?

I had never seen someone dressed as the Breathtaking Man in person. Pictures, sure. But never in person.

My foot was shaking as I eased up on the gas.

It was dark, nearing midnight dark, and there were either no streetlights or they were off.

My car's headlights lit him up. On the side of the road, he was facing us.

Actually, he had his back to us. The jeans and hoodie were all turned our way as well. His arms and legs looked wrong. They were shoved down in his clothing the opposite way like a dumb bug nigger who couldn't even dress himself properly. I wanted to be amused, but I was alarmed.

When we got to be about ten feet away in my car, he turned his head towards us. Those pitch dark eyes, realistic but forever held too wide, seemed to be staring right into mine.

As we drove slowly by, I rolled down the window and yelled at him.

"Hey you jigaboo, go back to your shithole Africa OOGA BOOGA!"

I did this to try to ease some of the tension. The Breathtaking Man did not say anything back. I looked at Brenda. She smiled a bit at my based remarks however she wasn't laughing and had a worried look on her face. I glanced back in time to see the slick side of that person's shaved head, and the optical illusion of a real face being there was shattered. Shattered, but somehow worse for it. Also, when I peered into the rearview mirror as we increased our distance, I thought I saw something glinting.

Then he was gone. Lost to the darkness. I picked up speed. He hadn't been walking, but somehow I was worried he would come after us too quickly.

"So what do we do now?" Brenda said.

"We can't go to your home, or mine."

I glanced at her, and soon we both started laughing.

"Well," I said, "after tonight we'll be able to tell everyone around that we saw the Breathtaking Man and went immediately home."

"I wonder who was pretending to be the Breathtaking Man?" Brenda said.

"I wonder why they were doing it? Do you think we should turn back around and try to talk to them?"

"I'd rather we didn't," I said.

"They could be dangerous. But I'm sure it's just someone looking to keep the urban legend alive."

"It's your car," Brenda said.

"But if it was mine—"

"Alright," I said.

"We'll turn back around. My based grandpa who used to hang niggers in his town said, if you're in doubt which turn to make, you can always take a U-turn until you figure things out. He used that as a metaphor for life."

But as I did my U-turn, my heart was thrashing in my chest. We drove down the entirety of that dark street without seeing that person again. It was a couple of miles long in that direction, so there's no way they could've walked or run the distance so quickly.

Brenda and I decided that the person dressed as the Breathtaking Man must have left the shoulder of the road for the surrounding woods. The idea of them hiding in the woods as we drove by again made me feel like I had spiders crawling over my flesh.

We did another U-turn, and during that whole time I kept glancing around in case that person jumped at us from out of nowhere.

But soon we were heading back in the direction of my house with no second look at the Breathtaking Man.

Brenda and I tried to laugh it out, and we tried talking about other things, but both of us were pretty scared. We couldn't stop chatting about everything and nothing or glancing out the windows or into our side mirrors.

We turned into my subdivision. Then we turned onto my street. And everything changed.

As soon as we turned onto my street, we started to go backwards instead of forwards.

"Did you put it in reverse?" Brenda said.

Her hand was gripping my arm. It was as cold as ice.

I stopped the car. Both of us were looking down. The car was in drive.

I took my foot off of the brake and put it onto the gas pedal again. The houses, familiar houses I saw every day when coming home, were moving away from us.

"Maybe something's wrong with my car," I said.

But when I tried driving forward again, I looked to the side and then in the rearview mirror. We were not moving. Not according to those views. In front of us, the houses receded every time I put my foot on the gas, but from the side and rear it appeared that we were standing still.

On my street, everything was well lit. There were tons of streetlights. So we couldn't argue it away as if it had anything to do with limited visibility.

"Let's get out of here," Brenda said.

Her voice was almost a whisper.

"Yeah," I said, in a similar way.

"But how are we going to leave?"

"Put it in reverse."

When I put my car in reverse and tried that, we actually moved forward. But to the side and rear, once again we seemed to have not moved, like we were caught just past the entrance to my neighbourhood.

It was when Brenda and I had stopped the car and were debating getting out that we spotted someone coming towards us on the sidewalk. They were approaching us from the front of the vehicle, so I'm not sure how accurate the distance was. It seemed like they were already about twenty feet away.

I don't know why it took me so long to realize this, maybe it was because I didn't want to, but I recognized my neighbour by the back of his head and by his body shape, which was somewhat atypical. I'd seen him often stooped working in his garden while I was driving by.

He was walking backwards towards us.

When he got closer, he stopped.

Then he began shouting:

"Em pleh! Em pleh!"

Over and over again. Standing stock-still. His back to us.

Only later would I realise it was my cuck neighbour Ronnie McNutt and he had been saying "help me" in reverse.

I rolled down the window.

"Ronnie," I said.

"What's the matter?"

He stopped shouting. Now that my window was down, I could hear his body creak and snap. Blood poured out of fissures as the joints of his arms and legs changed drastically. When Ronnie's head twisted all the way around towards us, then proceeded to fall off his body completely leaving a mess of blood and gore. I was sure that I saw the light go out of his eyes.

Then, whatever had taken over Ronnie made a first step forward with the new architecture of his body.

Brenda and I both began to scream at that first step.

I rolled up the window as Ronnie McNutt loped around on strange, inhuman legs. His kneecaps and elbows had become stretched and exaggerated from being reversed. His skin became pitch black, the same colour as nigger skin. I put my foot on the gas, with the car still in reverse, and through the front windows we seemed to be careening forward. Even though a glance out the sides or in the rearview showed us to still be stationary, we slammed into Ronnie.

Blood slashed across the windshield. The car rose and fell as we went over his body.

To the sides and rear, there was no indication of the car rising and falling. I did not see a lump appear behind us.

I kept my foot on the gas, still going forward in reverse.

I saw a window of a neighbour's house shatter. A couple I barely recognized crawled out like baby spiders out of eggs, leaking blood and more blood as they scraped themselves against the shards in the window frame. I don't think it was that they didn't know how to open windows. When the wife paused in the window, she smiled. She intentionally rubbed her scalp against a particularly sharp looking piece of glass. Meat and blood came away. I think I could see the white of her skull. By then her husband was already on the ground running towards us.

I sped forward.

They and their house vanished in the sides and rear of the vehicle, which were, again, still stuck near the street's entrance.

More people were coming out of their homes. They came out all twisted and broken with dark skin despite the fact that everyone in this city was white aside from some Asians and jews. The people, if that's what you could call them, were damaging themselves further as they exited. They ran towards us on backwards legs, churning their backwards arms. Everything about them was the wrong way.

Before long, I found myself slamming on the brakes.

"Keep going!" Brenda yelled.

"They're going to catch up with us."

Ahead, I saw my own driveway. Someone that looked like me was talking to another person with a dark face. The face nodded. Up and down it nodded. Then, when I saw it, I realized that the face was talking. Moving its large sausage-like lips. Breathing. The Breathtaking Man was talking to me or someone who looked like me.

At the same time, Brenda was reaching over me, trying desperately to put her foot on the gas.

A couple of twisted pieces of bone and meat collided with the windshield. Two faces with bunched up folds of neck leered at me out of glazed eyes. These were faces I should've recognized. Their twisted arms continued to beat at the window even though their eyes told me that no one was home. A spider's web of cracks spread across the windshield. Its grooves caught blood.

I slammed my foot on the gas while helping to steady Brenda back into her seat.

We flung those two off, and right after we ran over an entire Asian family in quick succession. I didn't have time to feel guilty. These were not my neighbours. These were not my neighbours. These were not—

Brenda and I both began to change.

I heard some of my bones break. I felt it a moment later. Like the reverse of lightning before thunder.

Brenda and I started screaming, almost in unison and about in the same tune. It was like a choir of pain and fear and fear and pain had risen up with us as instruments.

"Keep your head back!" I yelled as I strove to keep my head pinned against my seat.

"Don't let it twist around. No matter what happens to the rest of our bodies, we can't let it kill us."

"I know!" Brenda said.

"Just get this car out of here! Make a U-turn or something."

Make a U-turn, I thought. What was it my grandpa said about life and how if you didn't know what to do, you could always make a U-turn?

Still in reverse, yet still going forward, I wheeled the car screeching around.

I didn't glance out the sides or rear. I gunned it, heading back towards where we had come from.

The Breathtaking Man waited. He waited for me at the juncture of my driveway and the street. His mouth grinned forever. His bloodshot eyes were too wide and incapable of blinking and lacked any semblance of intelligent thought.

We passed him and drove out of the neighbourhood.

Brenda and I weren't out of the woods, though. I was able to get us to a nearby gas station before my legs and arms, which were part way reversed and leaking blood, completely gave out. We crawled out of the vehicle and onto the cold, hard concrete of the gas station.

I blacked out almost at once, but Brenda tells me she retained consciousness until the ambulance arrived. I don't envy her.

We spent months in the hospital with broken bones and torn ligaments and muscle. I think the only thing that had saved us permanent damage might have been the seats of our vehicle resisting our changes. We told the doctors we had been in a car accident. They shook their heads at us and kept asking questions.

I did go back home, eventually. We both did. The reason I went home was because one of my neighbours that we had run over with my car came to the hospital to visit me. They seemed completely fine and their skin was back to a clear and fair complexion rather than dark nigger

skin, as if nothing had happened and the Breathtaking Man had never changed them.

But damage was done to my vehicle and to Brenda and me, both physically and psychologically, and while our bodies are on the mend, I don't think we'll ever be the same. It's been months now and even though my wounds have healed, I feel that my skin is slowly becoming darker.

The Floyd Walker

By Jordan Cleeman

The skinwalker, based in native America, is a fairly well known urban legend. It is scary as shit and lives in the woods. The legend itself is quite scary, causing people to be hesitant to camp in the woods. This is because the skinwalker is said to have the ability to shapeshift, read minds, and make any human or animal noise. In addition, mentioning the name of the skinwalker could cause one to hunt down whoever mentioned it. The premise of it gives off a helpless feeling to many, as if there is a being far above humans in the food chain. I don't blame people who get nightmares about the skinwalker, because believe it or not, I've actually encountered one in real life. Let me tell you, it is even more terrifying than how the media depicts it; uglier in appearance, more dangerous abilities, and more difficult to evade. I will tell you about my experience with the Floydwalker.

On May 25th, 2021, I was a 23 year old who has never experienced camping before. Most of my peers have already by then and it made me jealous. My parents never took me camping—they'd tell me they don't have the necessary experience about the wilderness and they feel they wouldn't be able to protect me from wildlife danger. I didn't blame them though, since anything can go wrong; Black bears, cougars, and poisonous plants.

That day, I decided it was about time I went on my first camping trip. I no longer lived with my parents, just graduating university and lucked out on a cybersecurity job. I could never dream of a better life. The pay is amaze-balls, and I enjoy defending information systems from pajeet hackers.

I got a lot more time off work because a YouTuber named Mark Robber raided a pajeet scam call center, which scared away many hacking organizations that are based in India. The manager at my company is very lenient with work schedules and allowed me to have an entire paid week off. I instantly texted my online racist friend, Liberal Terminator, to see if we could go on a camping trip. He agreed, and so we decided on a location to camp. I browsed around on google for any good sites to go to. I came across a place in Northern Canada. From the images, it had nice-looking trees and instantly, I decided this was the place.

I live all the way in Minneapolis, so it was going to be a long way to Northern Canada. Liberal Terminator was fine with it though, simply

due to the fact that he is actually a powerful racist cyborg. He is designed similar to the Terminator from the Arnold film Terminator, except his head is that of a George Floyd plush with laser eyes that are designed to fry anyone who has a certain amount of pigment in their skin. He is able to fly at great speeds with his built in jetpack, so getting to any place in the world is no problem for him no matter how far. Liberal Terminator was engineered at a based racist tech company called Golden Nigger Corp, whose scientists implemented a computer chip programmed to search and detect the most threatening liberals.

The far distance wasn't going to stop me though. I decided to take a plane to Northern Canada and rent a trailer there, then drive it over to the campsite to meet Liberal Terminator.

After a few long hours after boarding into an American Airlines jet at the Minneapolis airport, I was at last in northern Canada. I could already sense the smell of people who are as cucked as Ronnie McNutt and I couldn't wait to drive to the wilderness so thirst I don't have to be around them. I took a cab from the Canadian airport to an RV rental place. I selected a class-A RV and then headed to the campsite.

The place where Liberal Terminator and I were to camp was near the snowy mountains. The smell of alpine wood can be noticed even inside the enclosed RV as I drove near it. I began seeing a group of 10 deer going about their day, one of which had a unique black shade of fur that I could never have imagined a deer having. It glanced at me, as if it noticed me as much as I noticed it amongst its other deer family members. The soil in the woods felt crusty; the drive here was bumpy compared to the road on the highway.

It didn't take me long to spot a tall mass of silver metal, which connected what looked like thousands of gears. On top of it was a blueish brown face with red eyes. It was standing in a small space where no trees stemmed. The figure noticed me and then waved.

"Hello, good to see you," I said to Liberal Terminator as I rolled down the window.

"Hello, I am the Liberal Terminator," Liberal Terminator said.

"I am excited to finally camp for once. The woods here are even cooler than I expected. I even saw a super cool looking deer just seconds before I arrived here."

"A black deer?" Liberal Terminator said, in a somewhat shocked manner. "I never seen it?"

"Wait, how did you know it was a black deer if you never saw it?" I questioned the cyborg.

"Just a lucky guess I'd say."

"I'll show it then. Follow me."

Just when I thought I was going to lead Liberal Terminator to the area where I saw the deer, I was the one walking behind him. He sped walked to the correct direction where the black deer was.

"How do you know where I saw the deer?" I said.

Liberal Terminator just glanced back, but didn't respond to my question.

We eventually stumbled upon the pack of deer. However, the black one was nowhere in sight. I could tell it was the same pack, because there were 9; initially, there was 10 including the black one.

"Damn I don't see the black deer anymore," I said. "I bet you would have been intrigued by it."

"Yeah I would have," Liberal Terminator said. "It's a shame I missed it. Let's go set up camp, it is getting late."

We went back to the site next to the RV and then began collecting wood to initiate a campfire.

After we built a solid stack of logs, it was time to light it up. Liberal Terminator and I didn't bring a lighter or matches because we decided only cool people find and use flint to make fires, just like in Minecraft. We spent the next hour searching for pieces of flint. However, we didn't get lucky; there weren't any traces of the stone.

"God damn cucknada strikes again," I said. "They don't even have flint here. Wait a second, could you just use your laser vision to light up the fire?"

Liberal Terminator looked at the pile of wood and then squinted his eyes. To my surprise, no laser shot out.

"Fuck, for some reason my laser vision isn't working right now," Liberal Terminator said.

"Ok I guess we are going to have to stay inside the RV for the rest of the night," I said in disappointment.

I remotely opened the motorized door of the trailer and then we went inside. Liberal Terminator is 8 feet tall, so he had to duck a bit just to be able to fit inside.

We went on our phones, doing some fun Telegram raids and trolling Instagram BLM whore accounts. It went on for hours, until I noticed something interesting going on in Liberal Terminator's phone screen. He was no longer on Telegram nor Instagram; he was on a dating app called Tinder. He was chatting with a chick whose profile looked to be a fat nigger sheboon. I focused my eyes on the messages; they were gross and I'll leave them out of the story because you get the picture.

"Um Liberal Terminator who the fuck are you talking to?" I asked him, concerned.

Liberal Terminator quickly exited the Tinder app and then went back on Telegram. "Um, nobody," he stuttered.

"Bro I know what you were doing. You're dating a fucking nigger."

"No I'm not bro I was just trying to prank you."

Liberal Terminator looked at me, trying to play dumb. I looked him to the eye, and said "you better be—"

I stopped my sentence when I noticed something about Liberal Terminator. I'd just noticed it then, since we hadn't had such intense eye contact prior. His eyes were red, but not glowing red as they usually were. It was as if somebody replaced his laser eyes with painted opaque beans.

"That was a fine chick—wait I mean—she was ugly. Like I said, I was just trying to mess with you," Liberal Terminator said.

"You're not you!" I said aggressively. "The real Liberal Terminator would never find a nigrass attractive, let alone date her."

It was then, Liberal Terminator's face began to shift. His nose that was initially just printed on fabric transformed into a real 3-dimensional nigger nose. His nose and face folds underwent the same process. His eyes went from being red and circular to becoming a pair of dark bland eyes that signified evil and an IQ of negative 250. His face as a whole turned completely brown, eliminating the bluish hue. His metallic body went from a system of shiny silver gears and bolts to an animalistic theme, with black and curly fur. What used to be weaponized iron claws as hands became hooves. Two large antlers the length of hockey sticks grew from both sides of the head. What was now in front of me looked nothing like Liberal Terminator; it was a freakish bipedal monkey-deer hybrid with the face of George Floyd.

"Hehehe, I be shapeshifting and sheeit," it cackled. "I, the Floydwalker, tricked you mayne!"

"What did you say? Floydwalker?" I said.

"Yeah I be a species of a skinwalker," the Floydwalker said. "I was gunna pretend to be yo nigguh Liberal Terminator to trick you into becoming a lover of chicks of mah race but I guess you didn't fall foe it."

"What the fuck did you do to Liberal Terminator!" I demanded the monkey deer.

The Floydwalker reached its hand in front of my eyes, revealing a round marble-like crystal in its hoof.

"You see mayne, I found him in the woods a while ago today and I used this magical shapeshifting stone right here to breathe in his soul so that I can have access to his disguise."

"You better bring him back!"

"Tee hee hee mayne, you really think it'll be that easy?" the Floydwalker giggled. "I guess imma have to do the same thing to you and then attempt to trick a niggie of yours."

I turned back and then ran out of the trailer. I screamed and ran as fast as I could. I felt like I was running faster than what is humanly possible, but realized I really wasn't when I heard the trotting behind me get louder. I glanced back to see the Floydwalker on all fours charging in my direction. Once it got close enough, it leaped at me and then tackled me into the ground. I tried to wrestle it to escape, but it couldn't. It was then, I noticed the shapeshifting stone still in its hoof. Knowing it was now

or never, I grabbed it.

"Ayo mayne gib dat back!" the Floydwalker chimped.

Whilst gripping the shapeshifting stone, I imagined the next being that the Floydwalker was to transform into; a blobfish.

Within seconds, the Floydwalkers fur started to retract, revealing its bareskin. Its hooves flattened into fins. It rapidly shrunk in size, while its skin turned smooth and slimy. Its nose lost all its definition, now being just a half oval. Its eyes no longer had whites; now 100% pitch black and beady. Its silhouette was now shaped more like a ball rather than a humanoid figure. It was now a blobfish that is even uglier than the ones I see on google images and a *Ripleys Believe It Or Not* book. I launched it off my chest, causing it to fly into the air until it went *plop* on the ground. It helplessly jumped around seeking the nearest water source.

"Please transform me back!" the George Floyd Blobfish begged me in a wheezy voice. "Mah gills can't take it any longer! I can't swim in land!"

"Only if you can help bring back Liberal Terminator," I said.

"It's easy, just look into the shapeshifting stone and say his name."

I stared into it, reciting the based cyborgs name. It then glowed, emitting a blue light. It shined onto a random spot in the ground and then expanded, until Liberal Terminator formed into physical matter.

"Wha-what happened?" Liberal Terminator asked, looking around like the confused Mr. Krabs meme.

"This little nigga," I said, pointing at the George Floyd Blobfish. "He used your soul to disguise himself as you. He did all sorts of dumb shit like hooking up with a nigger on tinder."

What I said infuriated Liberal Terminator. He looked at the George Floyd Blobfish angrily and then lifted his foot above it, then pressed his metallic soles on it, crushing it completely.

"I don't remember anything since I saw a black deer somewhere," Liberal Terminator said.

"It's a long story dude," I said.

For the rest of that night, our hatred toward niggers only grew even more. I kept the shapeshifting stone with me ever since but I guess it's shapeshifting properties only works on the Floydwalker himself, because it never functioned at all beyond just being a pretty stone.

I am typing this as a warning to those who don't believe in the skinwalker; I can now confirm a subspecies called the Floydwalker exists. It may be dumb as fuck in the sense it was so obvious it's disguise was fake, but it's motives are what perhaps makes it more dangerous than other types of skinwalkers—it will try to manipulate into becoming a nigger lover, which in my opinion is even worse than death.

Siren Floyd

By Jordan Cleeman

My dad's friend named Laurence invited my family to go fishing one day. We live near the ocean, so it is very accessible. Laurence owns a nice boat that can travel at speeds up to 100 miles per hour, so it is capable of going very far from shore in a reasonable amount of time. I was very excited because my life is pretty fucking boring.

My mom and brother were not able to go because they were both vegan normies, which left my dad, Laurence, and I the only ones to come.

Laurence picked us up at 8:00 AM with his truck and then we began driving over to the coast of the ocean. I knew we were almost there when I started to smell an odor that is similar to pussy; the smell of raw fish.

Once we made it to the parking lot of the boat place, we exited the truck and then headed to Laurence's boat. The boat was big and can hold up to 10-15 people at once. It was well taken care of, maintaining its shiny white paint and windows as clear as the skin of non-race-mixed White people.

Once we boarded onto the boat, Laurence initiated the motor and it began making a loud rumbling noise. It hurt my ears at first but it didn't take me long to get used to it.

Once the boat was at top speed, I could feel the skin on my face being blown back. The ocean water splashed on the top of the boat due to all the friction. It was all well worth the speed so that we can get to the good parts of the ocean fast. Unfortunately, I later came to learn that things can never be too good.

After around three hours of the boat driving, we decided to stop and begin fishing. Laurence handed my dad and I a fishing rod each, and then placed a bucket of fish bait. The pile of bloody bait consisted of worms, cow meat, and some piece of flesh I couldn't identify that kind of reminded me of Ronnie mcnutts brain matter after he made his head go kaboom with the rifle. We started with pushing the worms into the hook of the fishing rods and then we casted them. Our bait made it approximately 15 feet away from the boat. As we waited, we tried to stay as still as possible while keeping our noise volume at a minimum. That was when we began to hear a very subtle female voice. The voice was high pitched and was rather beautiful.

"What the heck is that voice coming from?"my dad asked.

"I've never heard it before," Laurence said. "Must be the way the wind is moving through the air."

We continued to mind our business fishing. However, the mysterious voice got even louder, now recognizable to be some kind of opera song. It went like, "tika tika tika tika tee tee tah, tika tika tika tika tee tee tah!"

I have to admit, the song was so beautiful, it sounded like it was being sung by a hot nurse from my local hospital named charlotte.

"Damn that is a sexy voice," Laurence said. "I want to drive the boat closer to wherever it is coming from. I think it's coming from north east."

We all collectively agreed that the voice was so nice, it was worth pausing our fishing for a moment to listen to it more closely. We recoiled our fishing rod strings and then Laurence resumed the boat's motor. He drove it to the north east direction. The singing voice eventually became audible even through the boats loud ass motor, which indicated we were now really fucking close to the source. Laurence stopped the boat, and then we looked around. Soon enough, our eyes landed on a peculiar rock that seemed to be completely stationary in the water—it was as if it was connected all the way to the ocean floor, not just floating by itself. At this point, the singing was now loud enough to the point where it was irritating and I'd rather listen to the horse boat motor all day.

"TIKA TIKA TIKA TIKA TEE TEE TAH," it continued.

A pair of devilish wings then protruded from each side of the rock from our perspective. It was at that moment, the voice began to shift into a more unappealing pitch. It deepened rapidly, until it sounded like an ogre was singing it.

Next, a head popped from the top of the rock. It had a face that I would never expect a beautiful singing voice to come from. Its skin was an ugly dark brown and Its nostril's circumference were so fucking huge, a large portion of its now ugly voice probably travelled out of it, having to go through nasty nigger boogers. Its fat lips vibrated as it continued to sing that ogre voice, mildly spraying its saliva all over the rock it was behind.

It noticed us, grinning seductively and the began speaking while singing. "Tika tika Ayo tika maynes, tika you maynes tika fell for mah tika voice trap tee tee hehehe tah!"

It didn't happen to my dad and I, but Laurence was already in a trance-like state. His eyes had a spiral pattern within, indicating he was hypnotized. He walked toward the edge of the boat, until he fell into the

water over the railing. Dad and I worked together to pull him back into the boat. However, Laurence worked against us, trying to swim down.

"Fuck, we need to save him," I said.

While we kept Lawrence at the surface of the water, I noticed that I started to have the urge to dive into the ocean. It was then I realized the singing voice was driving me to do so.

"Cover your damn ears!" My dad yelled, as he realized the same thing.

We used our shoulders to block our ears, and thankfully it worked. The urge faded away.

"Tee tee tah, ah shit I've been singing for way too long at once I am out of breath!" The winged creature on the rock said.

I watched as it used its bat-like wings to fly up into the clouds, until it was no longer in sight. At this point, Laurence was now unconscious due to being submerged in the water for so long and so he no longer resisted. My dad and I lifted him back into the boat and then performed CPR, until Laurence spat out water into our faces.

"What happened?" Laurence said, while choking out the last bit of salt water.

"It was so weird," I began. "A voice that started out beautiful lured us near it. It then revealed itself to be a hideous creature with the facial features of a nigger who looks like he injects plastic into his lips. It appeared it's voice was soothing enough to completely hypnotize you into jumping into the ocean. Dad and I experienced it similarly, but not to the same extent."

"No... this can't be!" Laurence said, shocked.

"What?" My dad said.

"I thought the story of Siren Floyd was just a myth. I have never heard of a 'true' account of it; only what I thought were just old wives tales."

"What exactly is Siren Floyd?" Dad and I asked simultaneously.

"Siren Floyd is a legend that originated from niggers who live in Greece," Lawrence explained. "It is a creature that can easily manipulate its voice to sound like that of a beautiful woman to lure in sailors, singing a tune that goes like tika tika tika tika tee tee tah. Siren Floyd would then change the pitch of its voice to throw them off, hypnotizing them. Hypnotized victims will have a strong urge to dive deep in the ocean, drowning to death."

"So you could have died if it weren't for us!" I exclaimed.

"Yep," Lawrence said. "Now that we know it's real, it can't be safe to fish so far from-"

Laurence was interrupted by a loud swooping noise from above. We all looked up, to see a dreaded winged creature gliding down. It was Siren Floyd.

“Okay I just finished refilling mah voice boxes with air,” Siren said once it landed into its rock. “Now y’all maynes gonna get drown hehehe. Tika tika tika tika tee tee tah, tika tika tika tika tee tee tah!”

We all immediately covered our ears.

“I’m gonna drive us away right now!” Lawrence yelled over the singing.

“Screw it i’m gonna slay this beast!” I said.

Siren Floyd had its eyes closed while it concentrated on its singing, which gave me an opportunity to do a sneak attack. If you had the misfortune of watching a kyked marvel movie called Doctor Strange in the Multiverse of Madness, there was a scene where a superhero named Black Bolt had his mouth obstructed as he did his master blow ability, which caused his face to explode. I figured I could do the same to Siren Floyd as it did it’s powerful singing voice.

I ran, jumped from the boat, and barely landed on the rock. I then used my palm to cover the mouth of Siren Floyd as it sang its now ear rape tune. Using all my strength, I fought against the force of its vocals. This persisted for over 10 seconds, until I noticed Siren Floyd’s chest begin to expand. Before long, it’s lungs exploded, releasing the rest of the air that it was going to use as singing fuel. As Siren Floyd’s body fell dead, so much guts spilled from the large open cavity on its chest.

“Quick, get all that meat so we can use it as fuel!” Laurence exclaimed.

We worked together to collect all the remaining innards of Siren Floyd and then put all of it in the fish bait bucket.

And for the rest of the day, we spent time fishing peacefully without interruption.

George Floyd Was a Conjoined Twin

By Gorg Floydson

In light of some recent events, I have decided to share a story that happened back in 1988. My encounter with the Floyd twins which still haunts me to this day. Many if not all of you have heard of George Floyd. He was a nigga monkey that died of a fentanyl overdose in 2020. However what most people don't know was that George Floyd was actually a twin and what might shock you even more was that he was a conjoined twin. But before I begin, I must provide some context. I am a surgeon who worked at Houston Methodist Hospital since 1983. I was known as the only based and racist surgeon in the entire hospital who refused to operate on niggers, jews, spics and fags as they are useless subhumans who do not deserve my gifted ability. One day, I was on my break when the hot nurse Charlotte walked into my office.

"Doctor, we have a problem," she said.

"What is it Charlotte? And didn't I tell you guys to phone me if something is going on and not to barrage into my office?" I said.

"I'm sorry Doctor but this is really urgent, there's a family outside, they said that their twin boys aren't breathing and need your help."

"Hmm, I see but before I see them, can you tell me what racial demographic the family belongs to?" I asked.

"They're African American," Charlotte replied.

"Then sorry not sorry but I cannot see them, have Doctor McNutt do something about it instead."

"But Doctor, you're the only surgeon available at the moment, please just hear them out," Charlotte said.

"Fine, I'll do it for you Charlotte," I said before walking it.

Charlotte was the hottest nurse in the entire hospital and had some kind of magical charm or spell that made men do whatever she wanted. Only in this day and age did I realize that she was using her charm and sexual appeal to manipulate men which is to say she's a whore. I walked to the front reception where a fat ugly nigrass was screaming at the receptionist.

"Please mayne, help ma kids mayne, they finna die n shit and they wuz not breathing and shiet!" The sheboon yelled at the top of her lungs.

"Calm, down nigger. My name is Doctor Adolphus Himmler but you can call me Doctor AH for short," I said.

"Now what seems to be the problem?" I asked.

"Oh thank da lord and all dat be good mayne, ma baby boys be not breathing and shit," the nigress said.

The fat nigger bitch brought up a deformed brown blob which looked like nigger poop from afar but upon a closer examination, I was shocked to see two heads attached to one body.

"Conjoined niglets?!" I exclaimed having never seen anything like this in my whole career.

If you didn't know, Conjoined twins - sometimes popularly referred to as Siamese twins - are twins joined in utero . A very rare phenomenon, the occurrence is estimated to range from 1 in 49,000 births to 1 in 189,000 births, with a somewhat higher incidence in Southwest Asia and Africa. Approximately half are stillborn and an additional one-third die within 24 hours. Most live births are female, with a ratio of 3:1.

Two theories exist to explain the origins of conjoined twins. The more generally accepted theory is fission, in which the fertilized egg splits partially. The other theory, no longer believed to be the basis of conjoined twinning, is fusion, in which a fertilized egg completely separates, but stem cells (which search for similar cells) find similar stem cells on the other twin and fuse the twins together.

"Yes mayne they be ma beautiful baby boys George Floyd n Jessie Lloyd," the nigress who's real name was Larcenia "Cissy" Jones Floyd said.

Only a dumb low iq she nigger would give her twins different surnames.

I brought the conjoined niglets to get an X-ray. When the results came back, I was shocked to see that the twins in fact had two pairs of lungs, however they were sharing a body. To add on, the lungs were twisted due to the oddity of the conjoined body.

"Holy fucking nigger monkey balls!" I said having never seen anything like this in my entire career.

"So doctor, can you help ma babies?" Larcenia asked.

"I'm not sure, I've never dealt with anything like this, operating on the lungs might result in both of them dying."

"Mama mama, I can't breathe!" One of the heads yelled.

"Oh I know baby, dats why I got da nice cracka doctor to help you," Larcenia said comforting the niglet.

I observed the niglets seeing that only one was making baboon monkey noises about not being able to breathe while the other did absolutely nothing.

"Wait nigger, only one of the twins can't breathe?" I asked.

"Yes mayne, you see ma precious George couldn't breathe since the day he were born however Jessie on da other hand were fine n shit. N Jessie be quite da smart n gifted black child, talking about Jesus and sum ting about being a life couch."

"Ok well the best I can do is remove both of their lungs and replace them with two artificial lungs but it'll cost you niggers a fortune," I said.

"Alright mayne, I promise to pay you back n shit," Larcenia said.

I got to work quickly and began operating on the conjoined niglets. However it was hard as fuck as the one named George Floyd kept moving around while making monkey noises about not being able to breathe. Eventually, I was able to finish the job installing both artificial lungs. However the tricky part came after as Larcenia Floyd also asked to separate the twins as further complications might arise later on in their life. I knew this would be nigh impossible as George Floyd and Jessie Lloyd were Thoraco-omphalopagus conjoined twins meaning that they are connected from the upper chest to the lower chest and share a heart and liver. However I was called a miracle man having done the impossible countless times in the past. In order to split the twins into two separate bodies, I needed two sets of artificial lower bodies to transplant onto the niglets. I called up my friend Nate Higgers, a member of an organization called Golden Nigger Corp as they possess highly advanced technology which made it possible for me to perform my miracle surgeries. After a 17 hour long surgery, the two niglets were separated. Everyone in the operating room cheered and I collapsed from exhaustion. When I awoke, I heard screaming coming from outside the operating room. I stumbled out, still half asleep. However my eyes quickly widened seeing the bodies of nurses and staff members laid out on the floor. I made my way to where the screaming was coming from. I saw that one of the hospital room doors was wide open and when I walked inside, I saw a pregnant woman screaming.

"Help, make this niglet stop, oh god!" The pregnant woman screamed.

I turned to see a niglet sitting besides the pregnant woman.

"Praise be to God, it was all because of him that I was able to breathe, because of Jesus!"

I recognized the niglet as one of the conjoined twins, it was Jessie Lloyd. I was confused as fuck as the niglet wasn't doing anything inherently violent, all the niglet did was talk about how great God and Jesus were and to my greater shock and surprise, the niglet didn't even speak ebonics.

"I sought the LORD, and He answered me and delivered me from all my fears. Those who look to Him are radiant, and their faces shall never be ashamed. Oh, taste and see that the LORD is good! Blessed is the man who takes refuge in Him!"

"Shit man, I should really become a life coach and shit," Jessie Lloyd said.

I ignored the niglet and the screaming pregnant bitch and continued on. There's no way that Jessie Lloyd could have caused the carnage that I had seen earlier. Suddenly, I heard another scream followed by a gun shot. I quickly ran to where the shot came from and grabbed a fire extinguisher as protection. It was another hospital room, I kicked the door down with my chad strength and what I saw still haunts me to this day. In front of me was a pregnant woman clutching her belly which had been shot.

"I fucking hate niggers!" The pregnant lady said before she collapsed to the floor.

"What animal could have done this?" I said out loud.

"Ayo mayne, dat me racist n shiet, you can't be calling a nigga animal anymore cuz we be just as human as ya crackas," an ape like voice said.

A dark shadow jumped onto the bed. It was George Floyd.

"OO OO AA AA, ya dumbass cracka forgot to properly install ma artificial lung, ma lungs aren't clearing da carbon dioxide so I can't breathe!"

"Is that why you are being so violent and attacking innocent White people?" I asked.

"Now ya getting it, dumbass cracka, if I can't breathe then I gotta commit da crimes, just like ma daddy before me," Floyd said.

George Floyd quickly charged at me but I easily kicked the niglet away.

"Ah fuck, kicked in the lungs, I can't breathe!"

I threw the fire extinguisher at the niglet's face, flattening his lips which now looked like the lips of Kevin the Sea Cucumber from SpongeBob. The niglet jumped onto the ceiling and then jumped out the window like a spider monkey. I looked out the window to see the niglet running into the woods and quickly disappeared. I called the police after this. Two officers arrived within 5 minutes, one of which was a new deputy named Derek Chauvin. The police arrested Jessie Lloyd after finding him still talking about Jesus next to the dead body of a pregnant woman. The pregnant woman who's name was Susan McNutt, the mother of Doctor McNutt had killed herself with a shotgun blast to the face after the niglet wouldn't stop talking.

It's been 32 years now, I've since retired and moved to Minneapolis, Minnesota. Now enjoying my retirement by bullying fags and trannies in a video game called Minecraft. I am now typing this as breaking news just reported the death of 46 year old George Perry Floyd. I was shocked to see the name, still remembering the events of 88. George Floyd had been able to live for 32 years despite not being able to breathe for all that time. I believe that George Floyd screaming "I can't breathe" was a lie.

Curious George

By Jordan Cleeman

You've probably heard of the spider monkey that was killed in a Mexican cartel shooting. It's actual cause of death is currently unannounced, because an autopsy has yet to be done on it. However, I know the true reason why it died and no—it wasn't a bullet wound. I've witnessed it and I know it was much more complex than what people are speculating.

My name is agent KHZ I am an agent who works for an organization that hunts down Mexican drug cartels. If you aren't aware, there has been a raging drug war between Mexican drug traffickers and the Mexican government. We aren't actually affiliated with the government but our mission is driven by the fact that we hate two things; spics and drugs.

Anyways, I was on a drive with one of my colleagues, Agent Hound, searching around the spic city in the spic country Mexico City. We were in an armoured SUV because as many of us know, Mexico City's crime rate is insane and it is easy to run into a bullet. The actual SUV itself is an ordinary Mercedes Benz but with adjustable titanium and bulletproof glass plating attached on all sides except the front window. Whenever a driver or passenger enters or exits it, they have to push the plating up to make room for the open door. It is a bit of an inconvenience especially in dangerous situations when we need to mount onto the SUV while being chased. It's benefits do outweigh the drawbacks, however, as numerous times we'd find bullet marks on the plating after a long day of driving. It is a good way to stop somebody in the car from suddenly being Ronnie McNutt.

As we drove, we heard the sound of gunfire. With my 3 dimensional hearing, I could tell it was coming from south east from where the car was facing. I did a quick turn and then began driving at that direction.

"How do you turn the SUV like that?" Agent Hound asked me, puzzled. "It can't usually turn like a dime like that."

"Well, with a larger car, you can see from above better," I said.

Agent Hound is one of those agents in the organization who doesn't know how to drive because he has a disorder which fucks up his reaction time and so he is not legally allowed to have his license. However, he makes up for it with his excellent ability to think in a proactive manner, which is something niggers completely lack the ability of.

"The sounds the gunfire is around 50 meters away now. Prepare to stop any time," Agent Hound said.

I slowed the car down in order to gauge the gunfire better. I heard the explosions coming from the rifles and snipers, and from that point, our action plan would have to be executed at any time now for a sneak attack to be successful.

After I drove for long enough which was 30 seconds—that was how slow I was driving—the sounds seemed to be coming from behind a brick building that had grass growing between the bricks in the cement and broken windows

I drove by the worn out structure, to see what was going on behind it. What I saw was the most batshit random thing. There was, of course, a shootout going on. However, the things going on behind the scene made me scratch my head in confusion. There was a man in a yellow raincoat, pants, and hat, and on top of his left shoulder was a monkey. The monkey was wearing a bulletproof vest. And then I noticed it wearing something on its face—it was a breathing mask that had a tube stemming from it. My eyes traced along that tube, until I saw the other end attached to a metal capsule-shaped device that had the words "breathing machine" printed on it. The monkey that was on the man's shoulders needed some kind of an oxygen tank to assist with breathing. They were both halfway behind another building, watching the shootout. It was then, the monkey began speaking.

The cartel members didn't notice them watching due to the gunfire being so loud and

"Agent KHZ, get the microphone out so we can listen in," Agent Hound said.

Everywhere we go, we'd bring a small computer chip that is able to pick up dialogue more than other sound sources. It is useful for situations where voices are drowned out by gun sounds. I rolled down the window and placed the chip on the car door in between the armor plating and the actual car itself. I the. Hooked it to the cars radio. Suddenly, voices can be heard from the cars speaker.

"Oh oh ee ee ah ah, me be curious about dat shooting and sheeit," the monkey said. "I want them drug cartel fentanyl and guns!"

"No no Curious George, this is not a safe place," the man in the yellow outfit said. "We can't go too close or else they will notice us."

"WAH WAH WAH, ME WANT DRUGS AND GUN! I AM TOO CURIOUS ABOUT DRUGS AND GUNS MAYNE!"

"You better shut your mouth or else I am going to take your breathing mask off," the man in the yellow outfit threatened. "Curious

George, I am getting sick of having to constantly prevent you from getting yourself into dangerous situations!”

Curious George then began jumping up and down on the man’s shoulders, beating his chest and then chimping out loud. It was so loud, it ear raped Agent Hound and I through the speaker. Curious George continued doing his chimpanzee call, looking up into the air; it gave me an opportunity to look at his face more closely to see his facial features more clearly through the translucent breathing mask. He had an unusually fat nose and lips for a monkey with eyes that looked somewhat “human”. And by “human”, I don’t mean actual real human eyes; I mean eyes that are those of a subhuman nigger. Then I realized Curious George had a face that closely resembles that of George Floyd

“Hey that looks like the nigga monkey George Floyd!” I pointed out. “And it can talk. What in the world?!”

“Yeah what the fuck that’s so hilarious,” Agent Hound said. “And his owner calls him Curious George too. Go figure!”

Curious George’s chimping got louder as time went by, until one of the shooters in the cartel shooting overheard

It then stopped and noticed the man in the yellow hat with the monkey on his shoulder. He looked at them confusedly and then motioned his hand into the air, doing a specific hand gesture. The rest of the shooters saw the gesture and then stopped in their tracts. The individual shooter who first noticed the yellow outfit man and Curious George pointed at them. The shooters then pointed their guns accordingly.

“Dammit Curious George, now you’re gonna get both of us killed because of your dumb nigga screams!” The yellow outfit man said. “Now I am gonna take your breathing mask off as punishment!”

The yellow outfit man then grabbed the breathing mask of Curious George, plucking it off like a suction cup, which elastically pulled on Curious George’s face, expanding his already prominent nose and lips for a brief second.

“Oh oh ee ee ah ah, you better give that shit back mayne!” Curious George chimped.

It was at that moment all hell broke loose. Curious George’s face turned blue, indicating his instant deprivation of air. He suffocated, dry heaved and vomited while making chalkboard-irritating chimps. The yellow outfit man reached the breathing mask in ways so that Curious George couldn’t reach it. Curious George then twisted his ballsack which caused him to drop the breathing mask. Curious George jumped from his shoulder then onto the ground to put the breathing mask back on his face.

"Ah much better now I can breathe," Curious George said, as his face transformed back into its default brown color.

Curious George gave off a threatening evil eye look at the man in the yellow outfit, saying "how dare you invalidate mah curious personality mayne," to which the latter got scared and ran away. I wondered why he thought his own pet monkey could be such a threat. After all, Curious George was only like a foot tall and weighed 25 pounds at most. But what happened next answered my question. The cartel members began shooting at Curious George; well, at least they attempted to. Curious George easily dodged the bullets with inhumane speed. He then latched onto his first victim in the snap of a finger as if he teleported and then grabbed the butt of the rifle the gunman was holding. Curious George rammed it into his face, which knocked all his teeth out. The monkey proceeded to do the exact same thing to the 10 other shooters in the same manner; he went from victim to victim in an instantaneous manner and killed them one by one. Again, he was too fast for any of the shooters to successfully land a hit on his flesh. It looked like something SCP-173 if all those shooters were guards at the SCP foundation who unfortunately looked away from it (in case you didn't know, SCP-173 is an entity that can kill its victims at lightning speed the moment nobody is looking at it).

The resulting scene was a bloody mess, consisting of 11 lifeless spic corpses with a monkey in the middle doing a victory dance. That victory dance, however, didn't last long. As Curious George continued to move Like an autistic 5 year old, I noticed a hole on the breathing mask which was approximately the size of a rifle bullet. It then dawned on me that one of the bullets from the shooters managed to pierce through the breathing mask. It didn't take long for Curious George to take note of this and so he used his finger to block the hole. It didn't prove to be an effective solution though, because dust from the dirty ass furry hands of Curious George began contaminating the air that came from the breathing machine, which caused Curious George to breathe in the toxic fumes, forcing him to remove the breathing mask.

"Ah sheeit I shouldn't have been dis curious," the dumb monkey said as he accepted his death.

Curious George's nose and lips started to shrink in size, to the level of normal-size proportions resulting in him now looking like a regular monkey. I think it was due to his lack of oxygen; I theorized it was because his nose and lips are actually backup oxygen reservoirs; the air that probably inflated his nose and lips to their initially gargantuan sizes was drained by his lungs for the use of emergency air supply.

Once Curious Floyd presumably used up all of his nose and lip air, his face turned blue again and then he dropped into the ground dead. Now, everybody in the scene was dead. Agent Hound and I decided to flee the scene because it was such a disgusting and sickening sight.

We reported the whole thing to the organization and then I was requested to write an entire account of everything that happened; being the story you are reading right now.

And that my friends is the true story behind the dead spider monkey in the drug cartel shooting. It was actually George Floyd as a curious spider monkey reincarnate whose breathing mask was blown apart by a bullet, resulting in him dying due his inability to breathe without the assistance of a machine. In addition, the monkey didn't have anything to do with the cartel; he along with the man in the yellow outfit were just third parties who just happened to stumble upon the shooting as it was happening and the George Floyd spider monkey got too curious to the point of giving off their location to the shooting participants.

The George Floyd Slave

By Hthenwordhater

My names Menito Bussolini and this is a well documented urban legend passed down to me through several generations of my family. My ancestors were immigrants to America from Italy who'd moved in the 1700s. They brought along with them several slaves from Africa. My great great grandfather, Henry Bussolini was well known in the slave trade community. He used to buy them by the dozens, overwork and starve them to death, then by new ones. It was like a hobby for him. One day he realized that he needed a tall and muscular slave to pick fruits from the taller trees in his backyard and chop down wood from them. He went to the slave market and signed up for the next auction. The exact details are unclear but they held auctions every week or so.

The day of the auction finally arrived. It was a windy afternoon and several upper middle class and rich slave owners were seated in chairs across a makeshift stage. Henry sat in the front row because he was prepared to make a bid. A few moments later the auctioneer arrived. After introducing himself he called upon to the stage the first set of slaves. Five meek niggers in chains walked over to the stage. They were scrawny and weak possible because of being starved since the time they were stolen from Africa. Henry did not make an offer because he was looking for a tall and strong one. Several hours went by with dozens of sets of slaves getting auctioned off to people in the audience. By the time the sun was about to set, Henry was starting to lose hope. While he was about to leave and go back home dejected, the last set of slaves were brought on the stage. One of them stuck out to him. He was tall, about 6 feet 5 inches and very muscular, albeit his facial features were extremely ugly with massive duck like lips and a nose which was large even by buck nigger standards. The 4 other slaves were sold off, and the tall one was left for the end. The auctioneer said, " I present to you, George Floydicus, fresh out of an African slave ship, standing at 6 feet 5 inches tall and 223 pounds, the reserve starting price is 10 dollars." For those of you that aren't aware of how inflation works, 10 dollars in the 1700s would be about 20000 dollars in the 21st century. That was way more than Henry's budget but he knew that it would be very profitable for him in the long run because those fruits from the taller trees were worth a lot of money. He held up his placard which was an indication of a bid. But because of the niggers stature several more people put bids up. The auctioneer yelled, "15 dollars". There

were still many bids, but Henry was determined. After a fierce battle he won the slave at a price of 25 dollars, which was a lot of money in those days.

After the auction was formally put to an end. The slaves, tied up in chains were handed to their owners. When it was Henry's turn, the auctioneer handed George Floydicus over to him. Henry grabbed the rope and took him to his horse carriage. It took a while because the tall Buck nigger kept stopping on his own randomly and wasn't very cooperative in general. When they finally got to the cart, Henry planned to put him inside the carriage while he sat outside and led the horse back to his farm. Upon instructing him to enter the carriage, the slave began to panic. He yelled, "No massa I be claustrophobic and sheeit. It be too small fo me masta." If you're wondering, yes Ebonics were common among niggers even back then. Henry was starting to get annoyed. He yelled, " Get the fuck in before I pull my whip out." The slave began to cry loudly, " No mama it be too small mama it be too small. Big Floydicus needa be free." This began attracting the attention of passerbyers. Henry, who was starting to get embarrassed and was already annoyed pulled out his whip from the carriage and whipped the slave thrice. He fell to the ground and screamed for his mother, which was extremely childish considering he was in his 40s or 50s. He then got on his knees and started banging the ground with his fists and crying even louder. Concerned citizens came by to help restrain him as he started getting more violent. After he was pinned to the ground, Henry put his knee on the slaves neck to keep him down till law enforcement arrived to help contain the situation. After a few seconds, Floydicus yelled "I can't breathe massa I can't breathe." Henry ignored this because he knew it was probably a tactic and if he let him go he'd chimp out and destroy his carriage or attack him. After about 9 minutes of kneeling on him, nearby law enforcement from the sheriffs office finally arrived. That's when Henry took his knee off his neck. Floydicus wasn't conscious, so a nearby physician took a look at him, and pronounced him dead shortly after. Upon rolling his torn cotton sleeves up, the physician discovered a makeshift needle stuck inside his arm with a label on it that read, "Fentonylin" which was a popular drug among nigger slaves made from piss and herbs. The physician attributed his death to the drug, which Floydicus had injected lethal doses of.

Henry sighed. Not because of the dead Buck nigger, but because of the fact that he'd just wasted 25 dollars that he could've used elsewhere. Back then when slaves died their owners were responsible of burying them, and since Henry had technically owned Floydicus at

the time of his death. He was required to take him home and bury him. He reluctantly dragged his body onto the carriage which was heavy as fuck. After a 20 minute horse ride he finally got home. Since it was already nightfall and he was tired, Henry left Floydicus in the carriage outside a barn in his farm and decided to deal with it the next day. After eating dinner, he headed to his room and fell asleep. After a few hours, at what appeared to be midnight he woke up sweating with a jolt. He'd had a nightmare, in which the dead slave Floydicus wasn't dead and said "Cracka you is finna regret killing me. Ain't nobody mess with big Floydicus. I be the landlord not you. I be coming fo yo oxygen soon nigger." He didn't think of it much and went back to sleep.

Upon waking up the next day he headed down the wooden stairs to the kitchen and made himself some porridge and poured a mug of beer. He grabbed the daily newspaper which was left under his front door. The headline was, "Nigger slave overdoses on lethal drug Fentonylin after auction." The article read that the other slaves who saw this attributed it to murder because of their tiny nigger brains and tried to riot but were immediately shot dead. This made Henry chuckle. After eating breakfast he remembered that he still had to deal with Floydicus' dead body. So he grudgingly grabbed a shovel and went outside to the barn where he left the horse carriage. When he got there he saw something extremely horrifying. The horses were laying on the ground, dead and appeared to be hollow as if all the oxygen and blood had been sucked out of them. Henry looked inside the carriage and the body was missing. He didn't know what it was. Perhaps thieves attacked his horses. But nothing was missing and besides why would they want a Buck niggers dead body. Henry was sad about losing his horses but the silver lining was that he didn't have to deal with the dead body anymore. As he turned around to walk back to the house, he heard a deep voice. "Turn around cracka." When he looked behind he saw something that gave him nightmares for a very long time. It was the dead slave, George Floydicus. His lips and nose appeared to be even bigger and his eyes were completely black, as if he were a zombie. "Now you is finna pay for what yo white ass did to me." He lunged at Henry who dodged the attack and swung the shovel across his head which made a loud metallic noise. Floydicus fell to the ground, and slowly got up. He had a weird grin on his face. "I be knowing about yo pregnant wife." He said. "Now all her oxygen finna be mine." After saying those horrifying words he ran in the other direction. Something that I didn't mention earlier was that Henry had gotten his girlfriend, who was my great great grandmother pregnant and in those days having a baby out of wedlock was a sin and would've brought shame to

Henry's family, which is why they kept this hidden and didn't live together. Henry had no clue how the nigger slave knew this, but didn't want anything to happen to his girlfriend or unborn child so he ran into his house, grabbed a shotgun, mounted another one of his horses and rode towards his girlfriends house as fast as he could. Upon reaching he saw that the door had been broken open. He ran upstairs to his girlfriends room and saw Floydicus standing over her bed while she was still sleeping and doing a weird nigger ritual, perhaps a prayer to his nigger gods before sucking all her blood and oxygen. Henry pointed his loaded gun at him and shot him 8 times which made him fall to the ground with a loud thud. This made his girlfriend wake up and he grabbed her by the arm and they ran downstairs, and out of the house to his horse. He explained everything to her, then went back inside and up the stairs. To his horror the body was gone again.

As the story goes, Henry never saw Floydicus ever again. He married my great great grandmother and loved a long happy life. He documented this story so that if anything happened to him people would know who or rather what was responsible. He never shared this with anyone and took it to his grave, after which the journal in which he wrote this was given to his family and handed down over several generations.

The True Symptoms of Monkeypox

By Jordan Cleeman

You all have probably heard of the monkeypox virus. It is an illness that originated from a monkey country called Africa and is disproportionately spread by faggots because of their disgusting acts of anal sex. While it is true that faggots are one of the leading causes of the monkeypox viral spread, the actual origin of the virus is actually a lot more complicated.

My name is Doctor N-wordSayer and I work as a scientist at a scientific research company called Golden Nigger Corp. In light of the very recent monkeypox outbreak, we decided to conduct some experiments to delve deeper into the virus. Since monkeypox originated from monkeys, we figured that Golden Nigger Corp is an excellent fit to study it since niggers are extremely genetically close to monkeys. Golden Nigger Corp has access to virtually unlimited nigger prisoners to use as test subjects, making it more cost-effective to use them rather than chimpanzees for our experiments.

It all happened a week ago when we discovered the truth about monkeypox-Its true nature and origin. I will begin the story with me speaking to one of my superiors, Ayoub. Now, you may be wondering why a man with the name Ayoub is working at Golden Nigger Corp since Ayoub is a nigger last name. The thing is, Ayoub is actually White but he decided to change his name to that of a nigger in order to get away with saying the word nigga anytime he wants by using his name to disguise himself as part African. He is one of the company's ambassadors, so if we ever get found by the kyke government for having the word nigger in our company name, Ayoub could just use his name to justify it as libtards don't get mad at niggers when they use the n-word.

I was talking to Ayoub about how we were going to execute the monkeypox experiment. It was a long conversation spanning so long that I needed to eat one of my daily meals to maintain my three-hundred-pound shredded physique, so I will only spare the critical details of the conversation. Essentially, we were discussing the possibilities about the virus that we should keep in mind during the experiments. Those include how exactly monkeypox formed in the first place, the underlying effects that haven't been documented yet, the plausible cures for it, and why monkeys are such an important subject.

The next day, I headed to the master lab to begin conducting tests on the select test subjects. Virus testing is considered a very deadly prospect regarding test subjects, so we decided to use the worst of the worst bigger prisoners as the test subjects for the monkeypox virus experiments. All four of them had a history of horrible things such as rape and murder of White people, so I felt zero sympathies. They were locked in bulletproof glass cages with metal chains binding their necks, wrists, and ankles. Even though all those security measures should be more than enough prevent those four poop-colored apes from breaking free, there is a line of security guards keeping watch of the thick glass cage in case one of the experiments goes wrong and one of the buck negroes enters rage mode but that is a matter that should be discussed in more detail in a future Golden Nigger Corp journal entry.

The first experiment I conducted was one to see if monkeypox can cause any behavioural differences in niggers. You may be wondering why this is a necessary step to take when theoretically, all of monkeypox's key symptoms should be known to the public. Well you see, certain symptoms for some viruses can take an insanely long time to show and the vast majority of the time, the patient is cured before those symptoms are prominent enough to be considered material. It is similar to how rabies symptoms can take years to show up. In order to find such symptoms in experiments, Golden Nigger Corp developed a neat technology in the form of a simple pill that can accelerate the stage of a virus to maturity instantly. That means being able to show all the symptoms of a given virus at the same time.

I began preparing the gas tank of monkeypox samples by injecting the virus into them, which we obtained by getting infected African mud hut villagers to cough on a petri dish by giving them 1 U.S dollar which is equivalent to their 1 year salary. After I filled up the gas tank with monkeypox pathogens, I lined its opening to one of the breathing holes of the glass cage and began to release the virus inside the enclosure for the nigger prisoner test subjects to breathe in. They all inhaled the mist-like cloud, until everything in the cage became crystal clear again.

I watched as the test subjects started to develop monkeypox symptoms rapidly. I saw bulging rash lumps form all over their bodies, their eyes turned bloodshot, and drops of sweat leaked from their foreheads. It was a nasty view seeing a body transformation this rapid. Soon enough, the subhumans that stood in front of me were now suffering every theoretically possible symptom of monkeypox. They coughed so hard and loudly that it was almost as ear-piercing as the chimps of yelling sheboons, and I had to immediately grab a pair of lab headphones to prevent my eardrums from bursting.

Once I was ready, I started to observe the nigger test subjects closely. At first, they looked to be behaving normally-normal in nigger standards of course-and I began to expect a boring lab experiment that will yield no significant discovery. However, I started to notice something peculiar about the ugly rash lumps on their skin; they began glowing white which contrasted so much next to their skin. After that, and to my disgust, the nigger test subjects started to chew on their rash lumps at the same time. It was as if there was something inside the pockets of the rashes that they wanted to access. They ripped the rashes off their skins with their bare teeth one by one, and strange white powder would squirt out each time the outer layer of the rashes was punctured. I cringed hard at the nasty sight because I initially thought the white powder was powdered nigger semen that somehow traveled from their balls to their rash lump sites. While the niggers were still heavily focused on scraping their rashes off, I sneakily went inside the glass cage and collected a small sample of the white powder, then close the glass door behind me as soon as possible. I then inspected the substance more closely. It was fentanyl, a drug common amongst niggers. It was impossible though because there is no way it could grow in living things, so I was quite hesitant to write fentanyl growths as one of the symptoms of monkeypox. However, what happened next confirmed the unbelievable concept.

At this point, the niggers have pretty much finished knawing off all of their rash lumps and they stopped chewing. But then, I noticed the rash lumps started to grow back in their original spots, this time even larger. They didn't seem to have a designated size limit, however, so they continued growing beyond what their size was before they were knawed off. As this happened, the niggers screamed in agony because the rash lumps not only grew outward, but also grew inward, which literally caused the growths to overlap their flesh and eventually their internal organs. I closed my eyes because I could no longer handle the grossness of all this. After a minute, the screams stopped and all I could now hear was heavy deep breaths that sounded like they came from an elephant. I gained the courage to open my eyes and what I saw still haunts me to this day. The things that were now in the glass cage were burned into my memory forever and even thinking about their physical attributes to describe them on paper gives me goosebumps that are comparable in size to the average monkeypox rash lump.

The four nigger test subjects were no longer what they used to be. I was now staring at what looked to be four gigantic round beige-colored biological organisms. They were each seven feet in diameter and had no sign of visible limbs. I thought they somehow transformed into single-

celled organisms until I noticed intricate-looking patterns they all similarly had. Each of their patterns sported a fat-mushroom-shaped silhouette with what looked like two worms having sex below it-the male worm directly on top of the female worm fucking it in its worm pussy. Above their mushroom silhouette patterns were two beady dots on the left and right sides. The patterns as a whole looked similar to the fancy patterns that butterflies and peacocks evolved on their wings to scare off predators. And that was what I assume they were, until I barely noticed that one of the giant round blob's pair of beady dots blink. I almost missed it, but it was undeniable. The dots blinked exactly how human eyes would and it was at that moment my false reality shattered like glass. My new perspective of what the patterns actually were had a major shift and I felt like I had a near heart attack. What I thought was a mushroom was actually a humungous nose. What I thought were two fat earthworms having sex were actually a set of nigger lips, the male top worm being the upper lip and the bottom female worm being the bottom lip. The two beady eyes above the blob's noses were soulless eyes that showed absolutely zero semblance of intelligence. They were the faces of George Floyd. I thought the four George Floyd blobs' actual intelligence was going to precisely match their eyes, meaning they couldn't have the ability to speak, but boy was I wrong.

"Heyo mayne, you must join us hehehe," they all said in unison, as if they were controlled by a hive mind.

I was so scared that I couldn't utter a single word, so all I did was slowly take backward steps, also too shocked to outright run away. My back eventually hit the wall that was behind me and I had nothing else physical to do to cope with my fear, so I let out a set of words at last.

"Wha-what the?" was what I managed to say.

"We are the George Floyd Monkeypox Rash Lumps mayne!" the four blobs said at the same time. "Please join us and we promise you will forever have our company! Unlimited self-producing fentanyl bodily functions included too, yooohoo!"

"Fuck off you disgusting sacks of nigger drug trash!" I clapped back at the giant George Floyd Monkeypox Rash lumps.

My aggressive rejection against the George Floyd Monkeypox Rash Lumps clearly pissed them off, because they, at last, began to slither around the cage and started to bang at the glass trying to break free. I just laughed at them because they looked like fat Timmy Turner in that one Fairly Odd Parents episode where Timmy Turner wished everybody could eat unlimited junk food and every character in the episode ended up fat as fuck so they all had to roll in order to move. I regret making

fun of the George Floyd Monkeypox Rash Lump's hilarious body proportions because that further angered them, which lead them to enter nigga rage mode, and they finally managed to break out of the glass cage.

"Uh oh," I said.

The security guards positioned at the lab's doorway were alerted by the crashing sound, and they got into position pointing their guns at the four George Floyd Monkeypox Rash Lumps.

"Hehehe, those guns ain't gonna stop us," the George Floyd Monkeypox Rash lumps said at the same time.

The four giant nigger blobs began to roll their way toward the security guards and easily squashed them like insects. I knew I was going to be the next victim, so I ran out the doorway and sprinted across the hallway with one goal in mind: to get away from the George Floyd Monkeypox Rash Lumps as far as possible.

I passed through countless doorways, losing count of them quickly. I glanced back to see the four humungous rash lumps rolling after me. They were rolling at a rate noticeably faster than I could run, so I decided to dive into a random room and lock the door and hope the George Floyd Monkeypox Rash Lumps don't manage to break in. I got up to discover I was in the main Golden Nigger Corp equipment room, which stores all our inventions, many of which the public doesn't know of. Shortly, I heard rough banging against the door and the sheer volume of the bangs made it obvious the George Floyd Monkeypox Rash Lumps were cursing them. I began vigorously searching through the equipment room for any weapon that could potentially defeat them. My eyes eventually landed on a large piece of machinery, which was the official Golden Nigger Corp giant pimple popper. You may be wondering why we needed to build an oversized device designed to pop large pimples. This is because one of our employees, Ronnie McNutt, had a severe acne problem causing inhumanely large pimples, due to the cuck's shitty skin hygiene, so our scientists needed to build a kaiju-size adjustable pimple popper that can pop pimples up to one-hundred-feet in circumference. I figured that it could perhaps pop the George Floyd Monkeypox Rash Lumps like pimples, so that was the piece of equipment I decided to use against the creatures behind the door. Because the device is so big, only three hundred pound shredded chads can comfortably use it, but thankfully I am one of them, so I lifted it and positioned it directly in front of the equipment room door. Uncertain whether my plan was going to work or not, I opened the door, and all four of the George Floyd Monkeypox Rash Lumps rolled in. Thankfully, they are dumb as shit, so I easily kited them all on the giant pimple

popper's popping site and then pressed the "crush" button when the perfect time came. In half a second, the handy machine crushed them all at once, producing a popping sound one hundred times louder than the pop of a regular balloon.

"Awe sheeit, giant pimple popper popping us we can't breathe!" the George Floyd Monkeypox Rash Lumps all screamed.

Before I knew it, the entire room was now covered in fentanyl-infused rash puss, which was guaranteed to contain monkeypox pathogens, so I left the equipment room as fast as I could.

I am now typing this on my phone while I am waiting to be tested for monkeypox. I am not going to straight-up tell this to anybody in the hospital at least for now anyway, but from what happened at the lab, there are several conclusions I am ninety-nine percent certain are factual. Monkeypox is a virus that is connected to the Minneapolis criminal monkey, George Floyd. If given enough time without cure or death, the virus could eventually advance enough so the infected transforms into a giant monkeypox rash lump that is controlled by a single hivemind which is perhaps George Floyd himself. I firmly believe the disease should have a more fitting name, like Floydbola.

George Floyd Was Part of the Waffen-SS

By BuckFlackPeople

During the Second World War, Germany fielded an elite group of troops called the Waffen-SS. These men were often the best of the best, as not only were they trained well, but they were also extremely devoted to the Nazi ideology, that is the idea (or better yet, fact) that the Jews want to wipe out White civilization to impose a world where they are the dominant group, and can exert control over all the world's finances and properties. One unit of the Waffen-SS was so brutal that it gave the entire Waffen-SS a reputation for brutality. It was called the Dirlewanger Brigade, and it was made up of convicted criminals. The Dirlewanger Brigade, also known as the "Black Hunters" would mainly conduct missions against partisan groups behind their own lines, however they rarely showed any mercy, even to people who had nothing to do with the partisan movements. One may ask how Whites could brutalize other Whites in such a horrible way, however, I know why. It was because the criminal nigger, George Floyd, was a member of the Waffen-SS.

Let me begin by introducing myself. My name is Chuck Suckandfuck, and I am a historian at an undisclosed, esteemed university. I recently found a collection of journals and diaries from members of the SS as well as members of the Polish Resistance dating from around the Warsaw Uprising, which if true would indicate that the Waffen-SS was innocent of many of its alleged crimes against humanity. They shed light on a figure who should have never even been there to begin with: George Floyd. I think it is best if I start from the earliest journal entries I could find, as together all the journals piece together a larger overall story.

In 1940, German high command was seeking the formation of a special unit that could counter insurgencies in places like France, Austria, and Yugoslavia. From the very beginning, the unit was formed out of convicted criminals. These criminals were mostly convicted of poaching and illegal hunting, as Nazi Germany had a very restrictive set of hunting laws in an effort to conserve wildlife. However, as the war progressed, the need for more men to fill this unit out arose, eventually leading to the drastic tactic of recruiting men convicted of violent crimes like murder into the unit. The following passage is from the journal of Oscar Dirlewanger himself, describing a hand selection of convicts, translated to English of course.

September, 1943. I was walking through a prison, one where the Third Reich throws the most foul and wretched of our kind. I was presented a record book from the prison detailing the crimes of each of the convicted. I had previously selected poachers for my unit due to their expert marksmanship, however their kind had been exhausted from this prison for quite some time. I started looking through the records for those I could expect to carry out the most ruthless of orders, people who would not be affected by the moral dilemmas that come with modern war. As I walked through the prison, I stopped at the sight of a peculiar looking prisoner. The first thing I noticed is that he was the only negro in the prison, and a very, very fucking ugly one at that. His nose was as wide as the Kursk Salient, and his eyes just as deep. His massive nostrils looked like 2 muzzle brakes from Pak-40's. His gargantuan lips looked like an indescribable gelatinous mass that violated every fact of nature that we as humans know. I asked the prison guard who the negro was. The guard told me he was an American named George Floyd who had been captured during the Invasion of Italy. Apparently he and a few other blacks had attempted to sexually assault some local women. While the other ones were tried and hung, George managed to escape to Axis lines where he was captured and sent here. At first, I was going to leave him there at the prison. After all, why would we want some kind of violent, subhuman savage fighting among us? Then, it hit me: these new missions I would be overseeing were bound to be incredibly dangerous. At the very least, I could be certain that this negro would die on the job if he did not contribute in any meaningful form.

I spoke my best English and asked him 'Hello Mr Floyd, would you be interested in commuting your sentence in exchange for military service? Your contribution would be - '

Before I could even finish, Floyd interrupted me, 'hell yeah nigga, I wanna kill whypeepo mane. Das why I be in da army n shiet. I finna be running up on white niggas right mane?'

I told him he wouldn't be up against whites, just Jewish partisans for the most part. He told me, 'yeah nigga, dems is whypeepo.'

I wasn't about to stand there and attempt to explain to him why Jews aren't White. It really didn't matter to me at that point. All I cared about was that I had a negro as part of the unit. I was interested to see what he was capable of, as the French had used the brutality of the African against Germany during this war and the last one too."

As for Dirlewanger's mentions of George Floyd, this is as far as they went. He was never mentioned in any of Oscar Direlewanger's subsequent journal entries. One may think his mention of George Floyd

was simply faked. However, I have an additional journal from about a year later from a man, Reinhard McNütte, who was serving in the Direlewanger Brigade, reporting suspicious activity.

“August 1944. My 5th month with the Dirlewanger Brigade. We have been deployed to Poland to stop the uprising in Warsaw, as we cannot afford such insurrections to disrupt our logistics and rear lines while we fight the Soviets. While I feel sorrow for the Poles, I have a duty to my nation I must fulfill. We have been taking heavy losses lately, and so we were sent transfers from other squads that lost their men. They also seemed completely unhinged. One of the new recruits, Sam Hyde, was a convicted rapist. However, he paled in comparison to one of the reinforcements. He was a heavily decorated soldier who had clearly been serving with the brigade for quite some time. He had an MG42 with the inscription “Hitler’s Breathtaker” on it, which was a play on the nickname for the MG42, “Hitler’s Buzzsaw”. He had a stahlhelm with writing on it that said “Waiting for the Exhale”. The most interesting thing about him was the fact that he was a nigger. He came up to me to speak, and at first I thought he was going to speak English or Ebonics, neither of which are languages I understood. However, he spoke German somewhat well. He said, ‘yo what’s up mane I’m Floyd, Big Floyd the Landlord nigga, Houston Projects nigga, the third ward.’

I had absolutely no idea what he said. ‘I am Reinhard McNüss, pleasure to you’, I said. I also met another member of our group who would be tagging along. A beautiful blond haired, blue eyed woman named Lauren Southern. She was a local of the area and supported our cause, and she was going to lead us to where the partisans were. We were soon deployed to the one of the hottest areas of Warsaw to hunt partisans. As we were walking through the streets, we spotted a fat heeb standing in the road, yelling at us. He said ‘Oy vey! What do you goyim think you’re doing?! You better leave us chosen people alone or my name isn’t Ethan Klein the First!’

I immediately shot him in the face, relieved to not see that disgusting pudgy kike anymore. Little did I know that his offspring would survive and flee to Israel, where his gross bloodline would go on to birth the deceptive and disgusting jew, H3H3 Productions. After I shot him, the buildings all around us opened up in a hail of gunfire. We took cover and picked off the partisans one by one. I saw Sam Hyde standing in the road, firing an MP-40 from the hip wildly, before he got shot in the chest and bled out. George Floyd started chimping out and screamed “Nah mane! We wuz gonna rape why bitches tuggetta and shiet!” He started firing his MG42 from the shoulder, which I had never seen anyone do before in my life. Once all the partisans were dead, George

Floyd was still in nigger chimpout mode. He dropped his gun and set his eyes on Lauren Southern.

He said "Hehehe, I's boutta get dat ooga booga on with dat white biatch right der mane. Get yo ass ova here white ho." He started sprinting towards Lauren Southern like a locomotive going full speed. I shot him in the stomach with my Kar98, but he kept running, similar to criminal nigger Michael Brown after he robbed a convenience store. Suddenly, a bullet passed through George Floyd's neck.

He said "ah shit mane, there be a hole in my neck which be preventing me from breathing and shiet, I can't breathe mane." I looked at where the bullet came from. It was from a Polish Partisan, a blonde haired, blue eyed man who looked like the embodiment of the Avalonian Aryan man. He was certainly not a jew. He looked at me and walked away. I realized I could no longer fight against the poles in this brother war. I realized in that moment that my only enemies are the eternal jew and the eternal negro. I went AWOL and fled to Switzerland where I am now writing this. Please be careful of where you place your allegiance as even the most based seeming organizations may unfortunately employ niggers."

Reinhard McNuss seems to have ended his journal entries there. As we know, George Floyd died again in May 2020, via the boot of Derek Chauvin. This is most likely because he is an invincible entity that reincarnates whenever he "dies". I would beware because George Floyd is almost certainly out there right now, certainly up to no good.

The George Floyd War Tank

By Jordan Cleeman

One of my favorite types of memes is George Floyd memes. The reason is that George Floyd is a nigger who died from a fentanyl overdose. However, he is a criminal who robs pregnant women. The nigger loving media portrayed him as a hero who got murdered by a cop. This led me to become a Floyd meme enjoyer, who loves to joke about breathing and fentanyl. The main platform I use to view Floyd memes, is Instagram. Even though Instagram bans Floyd meme accounts whenever snowflake fags report them, that's where the best memes seem to be. Recently, there has been a trend where Floyd meme creators make accounts where George Floyd has some sort of a profession. This includes the teacher Floyd account, the George Floyd airlines account, the George Floyd finance account, and more.

It was one day, when I was scrolling through the George Floyd airlines account, when I came across a comment from a BLM chick, named Heather Wilcock, criticizing the recent post. She commented the word "disgusting". That infuriated me, as the George Floyd airlines is one of the best airline pages on instagram. I kindly replied "okay, heather wilcock suck", as a way to make fun of her name. Get it, Cock Suck? Anyway, I went on with my day after that.

When it was night time, I checked my direct messages, and got a message request from heather wilcock. I took a quick read, and it was captioned, "racist motherfucker" with a screenshot of my comment. I was confused. I did not remotely say anything racist. All I did was make fun of her name. To be frank, those BLM whores will always associate anything with the idea of racism. I just replied asking her for proof of my quote on quote racism. She didn't even reply, however. I went to bed, having no faith for an answer. I had to go to work early, so I needed to sleep early anyway.

The next morning, I saw accounts posting raid stories, which were directed at heather wilcock. They were instructing followers to go to her one and only post, which was of her with her phone covering her face. I read the comments which the raiders posted. Many of them were pretty hilarious, especially the floydsexual comments. Heather wilcock got so triggered, that she posted a story for every raid comment that was posted. I had to get to my job soon, so I got ready, and ate my cereal. I work as a biologist for the university redacted. As a biologist, my daily job spans from 8 o' clock AM to 10 o' clock PM. It is very long,

but I enjoy it anyway. During work, I was so excited to participate in the raid all day. I was so distracted, that I almost screwed up a mitosis study. When it was finally 10 o' clock PM, I left the university. I was quite hungry from a long day of work, so I picked up a few pounds of steak from the grocery store and a spicy Popeyes chicken sandwich to feed my pet lizard on my way back home.

Once I was finally home, I devoured through the sandwich. It was a special dinner for me. I played a few games of war zone, playing in the African servers to pawn some niggers. It was around 2:55 AM when I grew tired from playing. I was about to go to bed, when I realized that I forgot to join the heather wilcock raid. I turned on my phone and opened instagram. I went on heather wilcocks page and saw that she posted a million new stories. I looked through all of them and laughed at the funny comments. I noticed that her boyfriends Instagram page was tagged in one of them. I visited it. It turns out, he is a shit skin Indian pajeet. I was in disgust because that meant Heather wilcock is a race mixer.

I then posted a comment on her post, saying that she shouldn't be dating monkeys. Shortly after, I got a direct message from heather wilcock. It said: "you'll regret this". I laughed. What could she do to me? I thought.

The next thing that happened was, Jayesh sent me a new direct message. I curiously tapped on the notification, to see it was a personal IG story. It read: "I fucking hate it when peeps demonize me for my skin color and call me a monkey. I swear to god I could shoot these bastards with a military tank."

I laughed my ass off after reading what Jayesh wrote for the story. The brown street shitter really thought he could intimate us Floyd enthusiasts by claiming he'd be willing to shoot us with a whole ass military tank. At that moment, I deemed my trolling session successful and decided it was time to feed the popeyes chicken sandwich to my lizard. I grabbed the paper Popeyes bag and fished it for the sandwich. Just when I was about to drop the spicy nigger sandwich into my pet lizard's tank, I heard a very loud sound coming from outside my home.

I looked out of my bedroom window. At first, all I could decipher was a large, blocky shape, on the road. Large is an understatement. It took up over the entire width of the road. I had no idea how any car could pass such a wide object. I took a closer look and managed to make the large mass out as a giant military tank silhouette. At the time, I couldn't pinpoint its precise colors because it was outside the reach of the street lamps.

I recognized the long nozzle, which acts as the gun. I was perplexed. What on earth is such a behemoth doing in my neighbourhood?

I then heard the loud noise again, then saw the tank moving, closer to my home. The upper compartment of the tank then rotated, until the nozzle was pointed directly at my home. Strangely, the tip of the nozzle was much fatter than that of a normal tank. My blood froze. Why was it targeting me? I thought.

I flashed back to Jayesh's threat on Instagram. That was when everything began to make sense. He was not actually lying when he said he'd shoot all the online racist trolls with a tank. Even if heather wilcock called the cops on me, they would not bring the military after me. I inspected the tank more closely.

Once the tank moved enough so that one of the street lamp's light was able to shine on it, I began observing the details beyond just the tank's silhouette, and I got a near heart attack. The reason the nozzle was much fatter than normal is that it was literally a humungous mushroom-shaped mass. This is something I would never expect to see on a piece of heavy machinery. I just assumed it was some unusual supplementary attachment for military tanks that were manufactured by a company that intentionally designs ugly military tank upgrades.

I traced my eyes along the rest of the nozzle, until my line of sight reached the main body of the tank. Instead of the large piece of metal I was expecting to see, it was a humungous chimpanzee-like nigger face that took up the entirety of the front of the tank. It resembled that of the criminal monkey that I and the fellow internet trolls love to make fun of. Where its nose was supposed to be was where the nozzle extended from. That was when I realized, the giant mushroom-like mass at the tip was actually the nose of the gargantuan George Floyd face, except it was actually placed all the way at the end to act like a powerful snot gun that works similarly to god tier hydraulic systems.

It was then, that a figure popped out of the upper component. I recognized him. It was heather wilcocks boyfriend, Jayesh.

"There is no way he could have gotten here so soon after trolling him", I thought.

I needed to do something. My home costed my one million dollars. I didn't want some shit skin to blow it up.

"Go destroy that bigot," Jayesh demanded the George Floyd tank. "I already let you fuck heather so you better fulfill our deal."

For a moment, I chuckled. Apparently, Jayesh let the fifty-ton nigger tank fuck his mudshark girlfriend. It didn't come off as a surprise to me

though because only an eternal BBC whose such as Heather Wilcock would be able to do such a grotesque thing.

The George Floyd tank opened its mouth, revealing sets of metallic teeth and then began to speak.

"Yooohoo time to destroy that sheeit," the George Floyd tank howled.

The giant biological war machine then extended its nostrils and took aim towards the window I was looking through. Preparing for impact, ducked. I was expecting to hear a loud explosion. However, I was surprised to hear a giant splat instead, which sounded exactly like when Tyre Sampson fell off the carnival ride. Whatever the George Floyd tank shot flew into my room and made a similar splat found upon striking my floor. It was a gooey substance that smelled extremely bad. Plugging my nose, I took a closer look at the mysterious goo. It was a mixture of soft fecal matter and greenish brown snot. After realizing what it was, I returned to my window to remedy the putrid odor.

"What the fuck did that tank just shoot?" I shouted out the window.

"You see, I couldn't afford any real tank ammunition, so I am using my own poop and Floyd's snot as a substitute instead," Jayesh explained.

Even though what the George Floyd tank was shooting is fucking gross, it was sure as hell better than being blasted by actual tank ammo.

"George Floyd tank, finish that racist off!"

"Okey dokey mayne!" the George Floyd tank agreed.

I ducked below my bedroom window as the George Floyd tank began shooting the Jayesh pajeet feces mixed with nigger snot, this time continuously. After thirty solid seconds of shooting, the vile projectile began to decrease in velocity and magnitude, until the George Floyd tank completely stopped shooting.

"What are you doing you stupid tank?" Jayesh growled, "His house is not even destroyed yet!"

"I'm trying mayne!" the George Floyd tank said, now in tears. "But it be hard as sheeit to breathe after shooting for that long. I need fuel mayne!"

I then watched as Jayesh got up from his seat, opened the cap of the fuel tank and stuck his ass on it to refuel it with his shit.

"Ah much better, now I can breathe again," the George Floyd tank said, relieved.

I didn't want the inside of my bedroom to get any dirtier, so I did what I could to stop the nigga tank from shooting again. I took the two closest objects: the popeyes chicken sandwich and a rotten apple that I

left on my drawer for a year. I threw them at the George Floyd tank as hard as I could. To my luck, I managed to land both of the objects in the barrels of the George Floyd tank's nose, which plugged them.

"Ah shit, now I can't shoot nor breathe!" the George Floyd tank said.

"Shoot anyway you idiot!" Jayesh commanded.

The George Floyd tank attempted to shoot, but failed due to the apple and popeyes chicken sandwich blocking its barrel nostrils. I could tell it was still trying, because its face was clenched hard. That was until it exploded, causing a burst of fire, frying Jayesh into ashes. Thankfully, the tank was far enough from my house so the explosion didn't severely dent my home. Bits of metal were now scattered throughout the driveway, along with flesh from the biological George Floyd component of the tank.

I am now typing this on my phone as I am cleaning up the entire mess the explosion created. Moral of the story, even though being a racist troll is fun, there is such a thing as doing a little too much trolling.

Hanuman Floyd: The Monkey God of Pajeets

By Thomas Manwise and Gorg Floydson

I am a wildlife photographer who specializes in photographing minorities because they are wild animals. My most recent trip has left me out of breath, and I am now contemplating whether or not I should kill myself with a rifle similar to Ronnie McNutt. But before I tell all you fine readers about my horrific event, I must provide some context.

One day, I was looking at my recently published wildlife magazine, which had hundreds of photos of niggers being burned alive as well as Mexican cartel executions. I noticed there was a lack of diversity especially because all my photos were taken in Africa and Mexico. I missed out on some key minorities such as Australian Aboriginals, who are closer to monkeys than actual humans. I was also missing out on some Indian tech support pajeets. So I decided for my next trip I would go to India during their cow dung festivals, in which pajeets throw and bathe in cow shit and no I am not joking, this is a real thing that you can Google search. They even go as far as to throw children in piles of cow shit for their barbaric rituals.

I called up my **based** friend and fellow photographer Andrew Burrows, a former cryptozoologist who recently escaped from hell after a harrowing counter with the cryptid Krampus Floyd. We booked two first class flights to New Delhi as we are both White privileged males. When we landed, I immediately caught a whiff of a putrid stench and noticed pajeets shitting on the floor of the airport. There were also cows roaming around in the airport with no one batting an eye. Andrew and I pushed away a group of pajeet scammers who were offering to guide us through the city.

"God, tell me why the fuck I'm in this shithole again?" Andrew asked as he kicked a pajeet beggar away from him. He didn't punch or push him because the pajeet was covered in poop.

"I need some good photos of pajeets molesting women and bathing in cow shit for my next magazine," I replied.

We made our way into the city to see pajeets throwing cow shit at each other.

"Oh the festival's already begun," I said as I began to take photos.

We got plenty of photos of pajeet males harassing any female pajeet who had a skin color that was paler than the color of poop, bathing in cow shit and drinking cow piss. We also got to photograph the **quote and quote** holy river of India, the river **gan-geez**. For those who don't

know much about India, the river **gan-geez** is the holy river of pajeets and is deeply tied to their religious beliefs. However, if you have ever looked up what the river looks like on Google, you'll see that it isn't a river so much as it is a stream of literal shit. The river is overflowing with untreated sewage, industrial waste, agricultural runoff, remnants of partially burned or unburned bodies from funeral pyres, animal carcasses, and of course human excrement. It is estimated that over three million liters of garbage are poured into the river every day. And guess what. It's part of the pajeet religion to bathe oneself in the, and I say this without joking or lying to you, cleansing water of the river.

After we finished up taking pics of pajeets skinny dipping in the shitstream that is the **gan-geez**, we headed off next to watch the most disturbing thing we had seen by far. That was when a pajeet woman was forced to throw herself onto her dead husband's funeral pyre in a ritual sacrifice called Sati. Even I, who had been desensitized to gore after years of spending time in edgy Telegram chats, was shocked as the pajeets laughed and cheered as the woman was burned alive, the flesh melting off her bones and charring.

For those of you who don't know, there are many pajeet who believe that their religion tells them that a widow should kill herself by burning herself to death. This barbaric, animalistic practice was only clamped down on when India was a British colony, but even today many pajeets in rural areas force women into killing themselves because they are backwards and have low IQs.

After watching the funeral pyre get extinguished and the charred bones of the woman removed, Andrew and I decided to call it a day. We headed to an inn called Hanuman Floyd's inn, which was named after the Indian monkey god Hanuman. The inn smelled just as bad as all the other pajeet buildings we had been to, however it wouldn't be too bad for one night. I was checking us in at the reception while Andrew went out to get food that wasn't curry or other gross Indian food. The receptionist was a tall pajeet standing at an astounding 6 foot 5 inches, which is very uncommon as almost all pajeets are skinny fat manlets. This is partly because of genetics and partly because they are vegetarians, which causes them to develop no muscle mass whatsoever. He wore bedsheets and had a grey beard as well as a red dot on his forehead which is traditionally worn by pajeet women.

"Hey mayne, how I be helpin' you n shiet cracka?" The pajeet said.

I was shocked to hear a pajeet speak ebonics. I looked up at the pajeet's ugly face and immediately my blood ran cold. Although this person or creature or whatever the fuck this thing was supposed to be had dark poop skin, it wasn't pajeet poop skin, it was nigger poop skin.

The nigger pajeet hybrid had a large fat nose and large lips which were nigger facial features. The nose and lips were large even by nigger standards. I knew right then that it was George Floyd.

The first words that came out of my mouth were "Nigger, how the fuck are you still alive?!"

"OOGA BOOGA, I be Hanuman Floyd da Monkey God of India!. When I died in Minneapolis I reincarnated as a Hindu god and shieet!." The nigger pajeet hybrid said.

Before I could run out of the shitty inn, I felt a sharp pain behind my back. I pulled a small dart from my back.

"What the fuck?!" I said before noticing the white powder on the tip of the dart.

It was a fentanyl dart! I began to cough and my vision became blurry.

"Hehehe g'night lil cracka!"

Those were the last words I heard before I passed out. When I awoke, I noticed that I was in a dark room. When my eyes finally adjusted, I saw that I was in some kind of warehouse.

"Oh good you up mayne," a voice said.

It was Pajeet Floyd. He was surrounded by an army of stinking, ugly button-head manlets. They were armed with cricket mallets and centuries-old rifles that they had been given by the British while they were a part of the Empire. It was to be expected that both of their weapons were stolen from the British Empire, as if you look at the history of India it's just them getting conquered by Europeans over and over again. First by the Indo-Aryans (which is also why some high-caste pajeets look kind of White; they have a bit of Aryan admixture) and then by the British. Alexander the Great would've conquered them too if he hadn't died so young.

"Ma fellow Floydian creature, Krampus Floyd, wuz killed by yo' friend Andrew a few months ago," Hanuman Floyd said. "And although I kidnapped you and I wanna smoke yo' pale ass ta get revenge, I need ya fo' ma plans."

I grimaced as I tried to break free of my restraints, but it was no use. "What do you want from me, you monster!?"

Hanuman Floyd laughed. "I is gonna use ya ta bring about da Nigga Yuga, mane. And for dat, I need yo seed."

I squinted, unsure of what he was saying. "What the fuck is a Nigga Yuga?"

Hanuman Floyd grinned, showing teeth that had been stained yellow from years of smoking Newport Menthols. "You see cracka, usually dare be four yugas, or ages. In all uh da ages us dark skinned peepo uh da

world are low caste because Brahman or Mama Nature or God with a capital G be raciss against us darkies. So dats why I is gonna create a new age fo' my followers, da Nigga Yuga."

Hanuman Floyd then began to chant a hypnotic song. As I listened to it, a vision of what the Nigga Yuga would look like filled my mind. The entire world looked like a mixture between Detroit, Port au Prince and the slums of Mumbai. The only jobs in existence were tech support positions and being a cashier at Seven-Eleven or the Co-Op, depending on whether it was American or the UK. The only movies would be Bollywood films and the only music would be from T-Series and African chimpanzee jungle beats from soundcloud rappers. All of the nature in the world was ruined, having been polluted beyond belief like the river **gan-geez** and the formerly beautiful island of Haiti.

I was screaming when Hanuman Floyd released me from his vision.

"Hee hee hee hee, of course yo' cracka ass don't like dat beautiful world and shieet, but it'll be sick as fuck fo' mah peepo," the monkey god of niggers and pajeets said as he walked over to me. "And now, I need yo' Aryan seed, cracka."

Hanuman Floyd picked me up and took me to a different part of the warehouse, which looked oddly like a theatre. I instantly vomited as I saw what was up on the stage. There were scores of pajeet females, all of them dressed in what pajeets considered to be sexually attractive clothing. As is common knowledge, pajeet females are tied with sheboons for the ugliest women on the planet. This is because they have the flat chest and ass of gooks, the hook nose of Jews, the dark skin and stench of negresses and the awful personality of latinas. There is a very good reason why male pajeets ask White women on Instagram for bobs and **vah-gene** pics, which is because their own women are hideous beyond belief.

"I need ya ta impregnate all ah dem womens and shieet with yo' Aryan seed nigga," Hanuman Floyd said.

"What?" I shouted at the top of my lungs. "Ew, that's fucking disgusting."

Hanuman Floyd then pulled out a small automatic pistol chambered for 22 Long Rifle, the type of gun that you'd expect a pajeet clerk working at Seven-Eleven to arm himself with since pajeets are too physically pathetic to handle the recoil of any more powerful weapon. "You ain't got no choice about it. Now take yo' pants off and start fuckin' dem hoes. By commitin' da sin ah mixin' yo sacred Aryan seed with da women uh da lowest castes, which be da Dalits and da Shudras, it will further da corruption uh dis world, givin way ta da Nigga Yuga."

For those who do not know much about India, pajeets are divided into multiple different castes according to Hinduism. Although there is no conclusive evidence, there is a theory that the caste system was created to prevent the darker pajeets from mixing with their Indo-Aryan conquerors, thereby diluting the blood. However there was still interbreeding between the Indo-Aryans in the priestly caste and the native pajeets in the lower castes, which led to the decline of India. In fact, this process was precisely the example that Adolf Hitler used to describe the decline of a race in Mein Kampf. The lowest castes like the untouchable Dalits and the laborer Shudras are basically as disgusting and stupid as niggers, and slowly but surely they polluted the pure blood of the Indo-Aryans.

"I'd rather cut my own cock off then stick my dick in a pajeet," I said defiantly.

Floyd grinned and pointed at one of the supposed women. "You sure about dat cracka? You can be like dat nigga right dare man if you really want ta do dat ta yo' self."

I looked closely at the individual that Hanuman Floyd was pointing to, then nearly vomited again as I realized that it was a dude. Although it was difficult to tell that he was a dude at first because pajeet women are just that ugly, the hip-to-shoulder ratio told no lies. I knew that I was looking at a hijra. Hijras are Indian trannies, which are, no joke, a part of the traditional Indian culture. Hijras are men who cut their dicks off and then pretend to be women. There are references to something approaching them in the Sanskrit *Kama Sutra*, which was written in the fourth century, and they have a recorded existence of at least 1000 years. Nowadays they exist mainly as gay prostitutes for horny pajeet men. And if you think I'm lying and exaggerating about this, just look it up. It's there on wikipedia nigga. The only time in history when this vile, reprehensible sexual deviancy was suppressed was, as you guessed, under the rule of the British Empire, which is further proof that only the White race has a functioning moral and ethical compass.

"Now take dis here fentanyl ta get high den get started on knockin' dem bitches up," Hanuman Floyd said, bringing a needle up to my arm.

I struggled but it was no use. But right as the needle was about to puncture my skin, I heard music in the distance. It was really awful music that was from a Bollywood movie. However, the music was now making all of the Indians, including Hanuman Floyd, spontaneously dance.

"Ahh shieet, dis be da mandatory Bollywood musical number!." Hanuman Floyd said as he did the banana dance that the original George Floyd did in Cup Foods moments prior to paying for a banana

with a fake twenty dollar bill. "Goddamn, I gotta dance man, I gotta dance and shieet."

I fell from Hanuman Floyd's clutches as all the pajeets around me danced and sang. Every dance move was cringeworthy and every note was ear piercing, as was to be expected from the world's most pathetic race. You probably know this, but India has its own movie industry which is called Bollywood, and it's an industry standard in Bollywood movies to have a part where all the characters start singing and dancing to really bad Indian pop music. Yes, this applies even to action movies and historical dramas, which makes Bollywood movies unbearable for any person that is not a total cringelord.

I then saw Andrew Burros smash through the windows of the warehouse with a jukebox playing that awful pajeet music. He leapt down onto the floor and gave me a hand.

"Come on bro, let's get the fuck out of here while they are forced to do the mandatory Indian dance sequence," Andrew said, helping me up.

As we ran off, I saw Hanuman Floyd dancing like a crazy chimpanzee. "Awwwww shieet, dis dancing leavin' me short of breath. My lungs be workin' too hard when dancin' deez sick dance moves and it making it hard to breathe man. I can't breathe nigga, I can't breathe cuz I have ta dance."

We escaped and took the first plane we could get out of India. I am now typing this on my computer as I travel to an undisclosed secret base that houses White racists, who have offered to give me and Andrew protection in exchange for information on Hanuman Floyd.

The moral of the story is that the filthiness of pajeets is only the surface of their vileness as a race. Towelheads, and especially the lower caste ones, are just as bad if not worse than niggers in many ways. They pollute their own sacred rivers, burn women alive, make really cringe movies, and have had faggot tranny prostitutes as a part of their culture for millenia. The only time in history when they could be considered remotely decent was when they were ruled by the British. And now, it seems that they are now being led by a monkey god that is a reincarnation of George Floyd, who for all we know is still out there and scheming against the White race.

I Know Alexander Dugin's Real Plans

By Thomas Manwise

Author's note: Listen to the entire creepypasta before making up your opinion on this one. That is all.

As I write this, the Russia-Ukraine war is continuing to rage on with no discernable end in sight. Millions of White people are suffering as a result of the war, whether it is because they are civilians directly caught up in the conflict, working-class families unable to afford the skyrocketing cost of living, or Telegram meme page admins who have to deal with six gorillion fucking comments on any post they make about the war. Seriously guys, they're jokes, chill out for a moment. However, what you may not know is how the war started in the first place. Although realist political theorists like Professor John Mearsheimer and his popularizers on the far-right may get you to think that this was an act of Russia securing its borders against the encroachment of NATO, this cannot be further from the truth. The real reason why Russia invaded Ukraine is far more sinister than you may imagine, and should immediately have you on edge. And it all revolves around the plans of one sinister, evil man. The Russian philosopher, globalist, and satanist: Alexander Dugin. For those of you who are blissfully unaware of what Dugin espouses, the Russian philosopher argues in favor of Eurasianism and Multi-polarity, which are codewords for creating a multi-ethnic Russian empire by mixing Asians and Whites. However, that isn't the extent of Dugin's depravity. Alexander Dugin is a proponent of Jewish Kabbalah, occultism, witchcraft and creating chaos. He is also probably a communist.

But before I continue with my story, I need to explain who I am. Although I cannot reveal my real name, I go by the pseudonym "Thuletide" online. You can find me on Telegram by looking up my channel in the search function. Most of my content focuses on promoting the truth about Klaus Schwab, the New World Order, and promoting traditional European culture. Recently though, I have been spending much of my time debunking the lies spread about the Russia-Ukraine conflict by individuals who promote the teachings of Alexander Dugin, all of whom will go unnamed here to prevent them from amassing an even greater following. I need to do this because, by any definition of the term, Dugin is an evil and sick man, and it is my duty to protect my followers from his influence.

My story begins with me scrolling through my feed on Gab, which you can find **at-Thuletide**, and I suggest you look it up. I had been in a bad mood for a couple days because the New World Order agents who monitor my every move through advanced surveillance had been telling all the women on Tinder to swipe left on my profile. The only thing that was comforting me at the moment was my Gab profile pic, which is set to a fanart of my waifu Megumin smiling at me.

"Megumin-chan," I said, touching the screen as tears rolled down my face. "Why can't I find a girl like you? I want to suckle on your feet so bad."

Now you may be wondering why I am so opposed to Dugin's theories on Eurasianism and witchcraft when my profile pic on Gab is of a loli witch waifu from a Japanese cartoon, but you see that's because Megumin-chan is from an anime called Kono Subarashii Sekai ni Shukufuku Wo! which is set in a medieval setting, making it an expression of implicit White identity, and I will hunt you down and slay you with my Aryan katana if you don't agree with me. Also for all of you who say that it's creepy to have a canonically fourteen-year old girl as your profile pic on both your Gab and your Twitter (before being banned) you are retarded. Lolis are completely fictional and it's absolutely not an expression of my actual sexual desires. On the contrary, it is justified because the Ancient Greeks and Romans got married when they were in their early to mid teens, making my love of Megumin-chan very trad, based, and red-pilled.

Anyway, as I was scrolling down Gab for lewds of my waifu, I got a notification on my phone. I checked it and saw that it was a Telegram direct message from my long-time friend, Brandon Martinez.

"Thuletide, amigo mío, ¡hay un grupo de chat en esta aplicación dirigido por Dugin!" it read.

My eyes widened in surprise. I swiftly replied, saying, "Wait, you're kidding me right? Alexander Dugin has an official telegram channel with an open public chat?"

"Sí, mi amigo," Martinez replied.

I didn't know how I should react. On one hand, I wanted to infiltrate that chat to see what sinister plans that Dugin and his followers were up to. But I also knew that by engaging directly against Dugin, I would likely be marked for assassination by the Foreign Intelligence Service of Russia, also known as the SVU. I was probably already blacklisted by them for speaking out against Dugin's satanism on my Telegram and Gab feeds, but to go after Dugin myself was something I had never done before. For an hour or so, I pondered whether I should join Dugin's

chat, popping a couple adderalls and Monster Energy drinks to help me think.

As the sweat trickled down my brow as I struggled over whether I should infiltrate the chat, I saw the smile of Megumin-chan's face on my computer monitor, which gave me the courage I needed to do what I needed to do. I smiled and nodded at her, then clicked on the link that Brandon Martinez sent me and joined.

I felt a shudder reverberate throughout my body as I saw the inside of the chat. Inside, I saw about a hundred or so of his followers. I was disgusted to see that some of the conversations taking place were in non-White languages like Italian, and I knew that that discussion was likely all a part of Dugin's scheme to pollute my 100 percent pure Aryan blood with Afro-Asiatic DNA. However, as I scrolled through the chat, I didn't see any discussions on witchcraft or kabbalah. Instead, all of it just seemed to be guys talking about geopolitics and the death of liberalism. There was Eurasianism mentioned, but it was mostly about how Russia was naturally a multi-ethnic state and how it should still function as a strong regional power. There really wasn't anything that I could find where he explicitly stated that he wanted more Elliot Rodgers.

"This is bullshit," I said to myself. "I bet that Dugin is hiding all the Satanism and race-mixing crap. I know it as certain as I know that I, Thuletide, have indeed read Pentti Linkola."

For the next 36 hours, I kept scrolling and scrolling, canvassing every last inch of Dugin's Telegram page. I kept searching and searching, my eyes teary and reddening because I suffer from dyslexia. I went through ten Monsters and an entire tub of G Fuel, my fingertips bleeding from all the typing I was doing. Right as I was about to give up, I noticed something that I hadn't seen before.

It was an address in Russia, with the post above it titled "The Fourth Political Theory Meet-Up." I gasped in horror as I saw what I read next.

"Hello dere comrade or sumting, cum an' meet up wit me, Alexander Dugin, in Moscow or something like dat. Da meetin' be tomorrow or something. Dere, I'll show ya crackas mah true plans for Russia, Ukraine, America, and da entirety of da Western world and shieet. Admission is whatevah 20 U.S. dollahs is in rubles at da current exchange rate. So muh maynes, see ya dere!"

Although I had no idea why Alexander Dugin was suddenly writing in ebonics, I immediately knew that I had to attend the event. I knew that by traveling there, I would be in the belly of the Red Russian beast, but it was my duty as a niche internet political commentator and conspiracy theorist to help expose Dugin's true plans.

I immediately booked a flight to Moscow. I packed all of the necessities; a fresh change of clothes, a toothbrush, and of course my body pillow of Megumin. The next day I drove to the airport and got on the plane, where I noticed that everybody on the plane was staring at me for holding onto my body pillow. Even the man wearing a Burger King crown and the she-nigger he was shouting at had ceased their arguing just to look at me.

"Don't worry Megumin-chan, it's just you and me darling," I said softly. "We'll be in Russia soon. Don't worry about them."

Me and Megumin-chan got off the plane, where I was immediately met with the powerful stench of bears. Bears have a very strong, musty smell in mating season, and when I looked around there were bears everywhere because I was in Russia. As I got into the city proper, I was disgusted to see that everybody around me was either a literal Mongoloid or a Chechen Muslim.

"Russia isn't European," I muttered to myself as I walked down the streets and towards my hotel. "It's a bunch of Asians and Muzzies. All those people supporting Russia on Telegram are either retarded or Kremlin propagandists."

When I got to the hotel, I saw that there was a White man standing about five foot four inches tall with gangly arms sitting in the hotel lobby. He had a fake, strap-on beard, a pot belly and manboobs. I recognized him to be Beardson Beardly, one of the Groyper generals of the America First movement.

"Beardson, why are you in Russia?" I asked.

"I'm here because the leader of the White Race and my boss, Nick Fuentes, needed a representative from America First to attend Dugin's conference," Beardson said as he lit up a cigarette. "I'm a real big fan of Dugin myself since Dugin just seems like a cool guy. He's a weirdo loser like me, you know? And by the way, who are you?"

"I'm Thuletide, the famous blogger," I said triumphantly.

"Who?" Beardson said, puffing on his cigarette.

"Thuletide? You know? The guy on Telegram and Gab who posts about the New World Order and Dugin?"

Beardson lit up another cigarette. "Literally who?"

"Fine, well fuck you Beersoy," I said, flipping Beardson off. "2B is a trash waifu anyway. I'm going to bed with Megumin."

"Bro, why are you so mad bruh?" Beardson said, drawing on both cigarettes simultaneously. "I'll say though, Megumin is a fine waifu. Good taste, my friend."

"Thank you," I said begrudgingly, then went up to my hotel room.

Once I was inside, I collapsed onto my bed, completely exhausted. I was so tired from having not slept or showered for the past 48 hours that I fell into a deep, dreamless sleep. When I woke up, I realized that I was on the verge of being late for Dugin's meeting. I had no time to shower or change my clothes, so I just got up and hurried as quickly as I could to the address that had been listed on Dugin's Telegram page. Because of the plumpness of my body, I can't run and have to fast walk instead. However, that didn't stop me from being drenched in sweat by the time I made it to the venue where the event was taking place.

For some reason, likely a sinister one, Alexander Dugin was having his meeting in a dingy apartment complex. It was one of those old flats in the brutalist style that were built back in the Soviet era, which honestly resembled the Section 8 housing that niggers in the United States occupy. As I entered the building I was met with the powerful stench of vodka and menthol cigarettes. The latter was particularly strong, which can be expected since 60% of men and 22% of women in Russia smoke. The reception area was dingy and damp, with everything from the walls to the furniture a dull gray color.

There was nobody at the desk, so I went up to the intercom to punch in the room number. But as soon as I touched the buttons, I felt extremely lightheaded, my knees wobbling and my heartbeat becoming suddenly erratic. I noticed traces of a white powder on the keys, which made me realize that I had probably just exposed myself to some form of opioid. For those of you who don't know, Russia has a serious problem with heroin and other narcotics. Judging by how little it took for me to get an adverse reaction, it was probably the synthetic opioid fentanyl.

I was crawling on the floor with a torrent of blood flowing from my nose when I saw a tall figure exit the elevator and walk over to me.

"Hello American, I am sorry if you had problem with intercom. Bad on us for not wiping down," he said in a thick Russian accent, then helped me up. "Come now, Professor Dugin is waiting for us."

I was still in a fentanyl induced haze as the man and I rode the elevator up to the fourth floor of the apartment complex. The Russian gave me a bottle of vodka to help me clear up my mind, but it didn't help much. On the contrary, it made me puke all over the inside of the elevator. I apologized to the Russian, but he just laughed it off and said, "Happens every day."

Once we got off the elevator, I saw that instead of being in a hallway with normal doors and rooms, there was a wide open space, bringing to mind the many anime conventions I attended in the past. Instead of hot

cosplay girls with daddy issues though, what I saw before me at the Dugin conference was horrifying.

There was an endlessly sea of gooks, niggers, pajeets and goatfuckers, all of them conversing with each other. There was a banner hanging above them that said, "SATANIC NEW WORLD ORDER KABBALIST EURASIANIST PAN-AFRICAN NATIONAL BOLSHEVIK BELT-AND-ROAD INITIATIVE EMPIRE". I saw that they were drinking vodka cut with baby blood and jenkem, the latter of which is a drug that niggers make out of fermenting their own feces. There were tables serving platters of human flesh and crispy fried goy foreskins, which is a Jewish delicacy.

A few of the faces I recognized were Klaus Schwab the leader of the World Economic Forum, Xi Jinping, Ayatollah Khameni of Iran, Bashar Al-Assad of Syria, Eric Striker the Kremlin propagandist, and, of course, Benjamin Netanyahu. There was also Volodomyr Zelenskyy the President of Ukraine and his master Igor Kolomoisky, who were busy playing pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey, only that they were jabbing a bound-up White girl with COVID vaccines.

Now you may be wondering why the president of a country which is opposed to Russian imperialism and has all of NATO backing it against Russia is attending the conference of a philosopher who has been called "Putin's brain" in the past, but there's a good reason why it wasn't surprising to a startlingly brilliant mind such as myself. You see, Ukraine, NATO, Russia, Israel, the UN, and every other country and group are not independent actors who work to advance their interests. In fact, they are all part of a secret global cabal that all work together. My evidence for this is that I have public photographs of all those world leaders shaking hands together at public leadership summits, where we all know that really, truly important matters are decided. It is undeniable that Klaus Schwab, Vladimir Putin, Benjamin Netanyahu, Xi Jinping, Volodomyr Zelenskyy and Alexander Dugin all work together because I have photos of them shaking hands and smiling together in public, you see?

The real truth is that every conflict that has ever happened is fake, from the Napoleonic Wars to the Bolshevik Revolution to the American Civil War; everything was, is, and will be a psy-op. I even have evidence that Hitler was controlled opposition because his cab driver was part Jewish, but I digress.

Anyway, as an Aryan super soldier, I stuck out like a sore thumb in the sea of shitskins. My disgust at what was going on must've been apparent on face, because the Russian man who had helped escort me upstairs was glaring at me with a concerned expression.

"American, is there something wrong? You seem scared," he said, stroking his beard.

I turned to answer him, but due to the fentanyl finally wearing off, I could see clearly now that it was no Russian, at least in the traditional meaning of that word. I was standing before Ramzan Kadryov, the Mud Slime leader of the Chechen orcs. I suddenly realized that he reeked of the smell of kebab and cigars.

"You seem suspicious, American," Kadryov said, placing a hand on my shoulder. "Mind if I take you somewhere where I can ask you some questions?"

I reeled away from Kadryov's grasp, but I tripped over myself. "Ahhhh!" I shrieked as I stumbled backwards. "Stay away from me! Stay away!"

But it was no use. Kadryov restrained me with his Chechen judo moves, then ordered one of the other guards to pat me down. They found my phone and used my fingerprint to unlock it. A sinister grin appeared on Kadryov when he saw my Telegram account.

"Why isn't it Mister Thuletide himself," the leader of the uruk-hai said, then cackled. "We've been looking for you for a long time. This is the last time you will foil our plans."

He snapped at one of his guards. "Take Thuletide to our leader. He can make use of his White blood."

I screamed and struggled but it was no use since one of them smacked me across the head, knocking me out instantly. The Chechens bound my hands and feet and threw a sack over my head, then dragged me away. When they took the bag off me, I saw that I was in some sort of enclosed room.

There were seats carved from stone all around me in a circle, and when I looked down I saw that there was a Star of David drawn in blood. I noticed that I was bound to some sort of rock pillar, and when I looked behind me I saw that Beardson Beardly was gagged and tied up to the same rock as myself. He was struggling against the ropes binding him, but he was too weak and pathetic to break free.

That was when I heard a familiar voice speak. "Aw shieet, you is finally awake. "Hello dere Thuletide, muh cracka."

I raised my head, coming eye to eye with the man himself, Alexander Dugin. However, there was something off about the Russian philosopher. His nose was as large as my love for Megumin, with massive nostrils that rivaled bomb craters in circumference. His lips were hideously massive, like two pieces of shit melded slapped together. But what was most hideous was his skin, which was the color of crude oil from West Siberia.

"What...what the fuck are you?" I groaned. "I thought you were a Russian, not a nigger."

"Hee hee hee hee, muh name be George-xander Floyd-dugin mane!" the bearded philosopher said. "I be what happened when we heah at da Islamo-Duginist National Bolshevik Pan-African Eurasianist Satan Worshiping Death Cult got together an' merged mah body with da soul of George Floyd."

I burst out laughing when I heard him say that. "Why would you want to merge yourself with a fucking retarded nigger?" I asked.

Floyd-dugin shook his head when he heard my reply. "You be clearly lost mane, clearly lost. I'll show ya what we at heah be tryin' ta do, know what I'm saying?"

Floyd-dugin pointed to another shadowy figure. "Massa Putin, please show yourself to dis heah cracka."

A manlet in a suit walked into my vision, and I gasped when I saw who it was. It was Vladimir Putin, but he looked like he was half chimpanzee now.

"Ohh ohh ah ah!" Putin chimped, banging his chest like the ape he was. "Ohh ah ah ah ohha ah eee!"

George-xander Floyd-dugin smiled. "Ya see, I fuzed Vladimir Putin wit da soul ah da Mongolian, know what I'm sayin'? It because it be part ah da goal ah da Eurasianist Empire and shieet, ta merge all da races together cuz dere be no race, know what I'm sayin? It's why we be invading Ukraine and da Chinese be building da new silk road in Africa, nigga. Dat's da plan mane, we gon merge all da races together foe da Pan-African, Eurasianist, New World Order!"

"No! That's awful! I'll never let it happen!" I said heroically, just like how my favorite anime characters would.

"Hee hee hee, it be too late now," Floyd-dugin said, taking out a syringe. "Now you and dat cracka Beardson gonna be used as cracka test subjects foe mah new plans mane."

Beardson shrieked, crying out for his nigger-loving ex-wife to come and save him, but the gag was firmly in place and muffled most of what he said.

Floyd-dugin lumbered over to Beardson. "Dis heah be a solution dat be part Pfizer vaccine, part fentanyl, and part nigga blood mane. By injecting dis inta yo veins and doin' da Kabbalist-Satanic ritual, we gonna turn ya inta a cracka-nigga hybrid mane."

Tears were streaming down Beardson's cheeks as he tried to dodge away from the needle, but Floyd-dugin grabbed his puny bicep and injected the toxins into his veins. Then, Floyd-dugin stepped back and

linked his arms with Putin, Kadryov, Xi Jinping, Zelenskyy, who were all his Satanic assistants, and began to chant.

The Star of David below me began to glow a bright crimson. Suddenly, sparkles of red energy burst out of the ritual circle and poured into Beardson, who writhed in pain. The light was as blinding as a CIA nigger in the dark, forcing me to close my eyes to keep myself from going blind.

When the ritual was finished, I opened my eyes to see what had happened to Beardson. However, nothing seemed to have happened. I blinked, wondering what had happened.

"Ah fucking fuck it all mane," Floyd-dugin swore. "Dis guy already be a nigga at heart and shieet. No use in doin' da ritual and shieet mane."

"So does that mean I'm free to go?" Beardson asked hopefully.

Floyd-dugin nodded his head. "Yeah, it's ok since you already be a spiritual part ah da Duginist empire an' shieet."

Beardson's chains were unbound and he was let go, but that still left me there bound up.

Floyd-dugin cackled in laughter. "Hee hee hee hee, now ta get ta da fun part. I is gonna turn ya, Thuletide, into a Chinese-nigga-cracka hybrid cracka foe speaking out against mah evil plans on your Telegram channel and shieet, mane!"

Floyd-dugin pulled out a needle. "Dis needle contain all da same shieet dat was in Beardson's, but I added nanomachines ta it, son, so dat I can control ya forever and turn ya into a soldier foe mah Eurasianist Empire and shieet. You're mine now, cracka."

"No! I don't want that! No! Please, mama! Mama!" I screamed, but there was no use in doing that.

I guess that's it, I thought to myself as I felt the needle enter my Aryan bicep. I felt a surge of pain as the toxins entered my body, corrupting me. It was so awful that I blacked out, falling face first onto the ground.

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I was unconscious for who knows how long. But when I finally came to, I heard a voice speaking to me.

"Professor Dugin, wake up! It's a quarter till nine! You aren't going to be ready to give your lecture!"

"Wa...what?" I asked, noticing that I had a strong Russian accent for some reason. I turned my head to see that an IV drip labeled "Lithium" was in my arm.

"Professor, you really need to be more precise with the timings at which you take your medication," the voice, which I recognized to be that of my research assistant, said. "You were screaming about some

black man injecting you with some strange toxin by the time I was able to restrain you and get the anti-psychotics into your system.”

“Oh, I’m terribly sorry,” I said, stroking my beard. “I hope I didn’t hurt you in my episode there.”

My assistant shook his head. “It’s no big deal, Professor Dugin. Schizophrenia is a horrible condition. I’m just glad that I’m able to help you with it.”

I had been out cold with my face flat on my desk, and when I looked up I saw that I was logged onto my alternative Telegram account, one that I had named “Thuletide”. I must’ve been smirking as I read through my posts on there, because my assistant leaned over with a curious look on him.

“Professor, what is this?” he asked.

“This?” I laughed. “This is my...troll account. Do you want to take a read?”

My assistant scrolled through the Telegram feed, shaking his head. “Sir, this is all foolish nonsense. But please tell me, why do you post about yourself so often?”

I smiled. “Simple. It makes me and my ideas more notorious to those Westerners. I get a kick out of it,” I said as I pushed myself out of my seat. “Now come, I need you to help carry the signed copies of The Fourth Political Theory to my students.”

And with that, my assistant and I headed off, ready to face the new day.

That, my dear reader, is the truth behind my secret plans.

The True Meaning of Dark MAGA

By Thomas Manwise

Disclaimer: This is not a call to violence. It is a parody made with the sole purpose of humoring its audience. If you are incapable of distinguishing obvious political satire created for the purpose of red pilling and getting a laugh out of our clearly lost young generation from serious terroristic threats, you are retarded; or worse, a woman.

The year is 2022 and the American Midterm elections are fast approaching.

At this point, if you are on the far-right and haven't realized that Donald Trump is a grifter, a nigger lover and, worst of all, a puppet of international Jewry, you are a retard. And if you haven't admitted to yourself (or your audience if you're a right wing commentator) that the adulterous playboy president who has Jewish grandchildren and associates with nigger gangster rappers isn't the second coming of Jesus Christ or Hitler, you are being dishonest; either to yourself or to your followers.

However, there are still tens of millions of good, kind-hearted people who are trapped in the normie Republican bubble, being milked for shekels and votes by grifters. And when I say 'good, kind-hearted people,' I am talking about working and middle-class American White people. The White people whose ancestors built America and without whom America would collapse, as Whites are the only race which is capable of keeping everything running. Pajeets and gooks, while they can be smart enough to maintain infrastructure, they're dishonest scammers who are ultimately loyal to India and China. And well, niggers are niggers. The only thing niggers can run is from the police.

White factory workers with twenty years experience at their job, making them irreplaceable with wetback labor. Small business owners and artisans like Jack Phillips, the owner of Masterpiece Cakeshop, who had to fight all the way to the Supreme Court just so that he could obey the word of God and not have to bake a cake for two STD-ridden fruits. And of course, and I write this part with the utmost solemnity, women like Christi Spicuzza, the married mother of four who drove Uber because her husband and her were financially struggling, who begged for her life as a feral chimpanzee nigger gunned her down in cold blood.

All the White people who still follow the leaders of the **G O P**, and yes that includes Trump, follow them because they have been

indoctrinated into thinking that it is wrong to work together on the basis of race, when in reality that is the only way that White people are going to have a future on this continent and, very likely, the world as a whole. That is because Jews are using demographic replacement, race-mixing, LGBT propaganda, and even drugs like opioids to destroy White Americans. And if you don't think that the Republicans don't push that degenerate crap, just think back to that one image of Trump holding up the faggot flag with "LGBT for Trump" written on it.

Very recently, I have uncovered a sinister plot by the Republican party leadership which can only be described as their most devilish, evil scheme yet. However, allow me to introduce myself first. My name is Larry Ridgeway. I am known across the world for my extremely powerful hatred of niggers, a hatred which is only rivaled in intensity by God's hatred of queers and faggots and a nigger bitch's hatred of any drink that doesn't have at least three cups of sugar in it.

My story begins with me checking my email in my study after a long Friday night working my side gig as a dog catcher. For those who don't know, working as a dog catcher is one of the few **based** jobs left for a working-class White guy like myself. This is because most stray and feral dogs are pit bulls or pit bull mixes, which are the dog equivalents of niggers and mulattoes respectively. That is because pit bulls and pit bull mixes are savage, violent dogs that commit a disproportionate amount of attacks on both other dogs and humans. By catching them and sending them to kill shelters, I am making society a safer place. The only trouble I have ever had with my job was when a South Korean tried to steal my job by offering to become a dog catcher at a lower price, but I exposed him to my employers by showing that the gook only wanted the position because he wanted to make bosintang, a stew made out of dog meat, out of the dogs he caught.

I was reading through pages upon pages of spam emails to try and find an email from my bank that had gotten lost. That was when an email from an address that I hadn't paid any attention to in a very, very long time caught my eye. The topic of the email was a simple, two-word phrase.

Dark **Ma-Ga**.

The email had been sent from Donald Trump's campaign. I had signed up for his mailing list back in 2016 when I was still hopeful that Donald Trump would actually build a wall and deport all the illegals in America. Although I had long given up on Trump, I was mildly intrigued by the title of the email and decided to open it. What I saw surprised me.

There was an image of Donald Trump dressed in what seemed to be military garb, which upon closer examination was almost exactly like Mussolini's uniform. He was flanked on the left by a **nine-out-of-ten** goth chick with spotless white skin in a skintight Hugo Boss outfit and a petite Japanese girl holding a cat-o'-nine-tails that, if I were a low-T soyfag with yellow fever, would probably find super hot. And to Trump's right was a handsome, Aryan chad with his six-pack abs showing that resembled the actor of Amon **Gott** from Schindler's List almost to a tee as well as Korean twink straight out of a K-pop video with dyed blonde hair and a pistol in hand.

But that wasn't all that shocked me. The background Trump was standing in front of was of a dark, edgy, cyberpunk dystopia. And when I looked closely, I gasped as I saw the faint traces of a Sonnenrad, which is a symbol that is typically used by **based** racists (albeit it is usually used ironically).

The email read as follows:

*Hello, this is Donald J. Trump, the 45th president of the United State of America and the leader of the Make America Great Again movement!. I am sending you this email because I wanted to invite you to the all-new DARK **Ma-Ga** Convention that I am hosting in Minneapolis, Minnesota two weeks from now.*

As you can see from our new, dark aesthetic, we are NOT screwing around any longer. With a renewed focus on appealing to the Youth and a new, GRITTY vision for our country, we will Make America Great Again, whether the liberals like it or not.

*So let your inner darkness out by cosplaying, or at least dressing the part, and let's get this Dark **Ma-ga** Party started!.*

Attendance is FREE!.

Signed,

Donald J. Trump

I checked again to make sure that this email wasn't some sort of elaborate troll that someone had sent me. But there was no doubt about it; the message had come from Trump's mailing list.

That was when my phone started to buzz. I checked and saw that it was Knee-kay calling, so I picked it up.

"Hey Knee-kay, it's Larry. How're you doing?"

"Larry, did you get the email?" Knee-kay said excitedly. "It's Dark Ma-Ga time baby!."

I was confused. "What? Why are you so excited about Trump's newest grift? You know as well as I that Trump is a Zionist and a nigger lover. Why in God's good name would you want to go to his event?"

I heard Knee-kay swallow on the other end and then say, "Larry, you don't understand. Do you know what we might find there? The greatest treasure imaginable for any man born after **nineteen-eighty-nine**."

"Hmm. What is it?" I asked, slightly curious.

"Trad, big titty, conservative goth girls," Knee-kay said.

"Oh," I said, utterly disappointed. "Some part of me was hoping you were going to say something like a bioweapon that selectively sterilizes Africans or at least a machine that prints infinite N-word passes, but I should've expected that reply from you. Besides, what's so hot about goth girls? All that eyeshadow they wear makes them look like a guy pulling an all-nighter at work in drag."

Knee-kay sounded a bit ticked at that last comment. "You don't understand because you're a boomer at heart. Just imagine it. A goth mommy **g-f** who actually acts like your mommy because she has traditional family values. A goth mommy girlfriend who cooks homemade meals for you, then says 'ahhh' as she feeds you. A goth mommy waifu who lets you rest her giant milkers as if they were pillows, and then gets up in the morning to make butter out of the milk that comes from those massive--"

"Knee-kay!. Shut. The Fuck. Up." I shouted at him. "Damn that Greek blood memory must be pretty fucking potent because that's some of the most cursed, disgusting Oedipus crap I've ever heard come from someone's mouth. But why are you calling me about this?"

"I need a wingman. A real solid bro that can help me be confident around girls. And considering how everybody in our circle of **wig-gnats** is either married with kids or an autistic schizotypal basement dweller who **un-ironically** owns a body pillow of Makima from Chainsaw Man, you're the only guy who I can turn to."

I sighed. "Fine. I'll tag along since the event looks kinda interesting."

In reality, I wanted to go with Knee-kay because the whole email gave off suspicious vibes. Why would Donald Trump, who usually used super patriotic imagery to appeal to his **boomer-tard** audience for grift money, suddenly start using borderline National Socialist aesthetics? It was very strange and I knew that I had to attend to investigate.

Thirteen days after speaking with Knee-kay on the phone, I began my drive to Minneapolis, Minnesota. It took a while to get there because of the sheer number of drunk Mexican and nigger drivers that were in the general vicinity of the city, but I made it to my hotel the night before the event was supposed to begin. I woke up early the next morning to the sound of gunfire in the distance; thankfully it was so far away that I knew I wouldn't get shot. I yawned and sipped on a Red Bull as I listened to the sound of niggers shooting and killing each other, which

put a faint smile on my face. The only good thing about niggers is that they kill a lot of other niggers, whether its through street violence, selling each other tainted narcotics, or abortion.

Once I finished eating my breakfast of raw eggs with the shell and uncooked bull's heart (which is the recommended daily diet among **wig-gnats** circles so that we can avoid corn syrup and seed oils) I dressed myself in my usual attire; a flannel shirt, cowboy boots and a stetson hat. Although I don't recommend dressing this way for most racists, I can pull off the style because I'm over six foot and that means that basically anything looks good on me. I was about to leave when I remembered that I had forgotten my most important tool. I rushed back and retrieved my family's heirloom, the Ridgeway Lasher.

The Ridgeway Lasher was a whip that had been passed down in my family for over two hundred years. Over the centuries, it had struck the hide of thousands of niggers, whether it was to get them to pick the damn cotton faster or to punish them for stealing or to keep them at bay when they went on chimp outs. There is even a legend that the Ridgeway Lasher was used to teach that criminal rapist nigger Emmet Till a lesson before the White man sent him rightfully to hell for raping a White girl.

I affixed the Ridgeway Lasher to my hip, just in case things went south (or as we southerners like to say, north) at the Dark Ma-Gah Convention. I headed to the location that the email indicated, which was near a place called Cup Foods. I saw that there was a new, enormous stadium that had been built out of black rock.

I saw Knee-kay waiting right outside the entrance, and when I saw him I must say that I was shocked. He was in a full Death's Head SS uniform, the only difference between him and an Auschwitz camp guard being the Golden Dawn armband around his upper arm.

When Knee-kay saw me he looked disappointed as hell, saying, "Hey Larry, what the fuck are you wearing? It's the Dark Ma-ga convention, not some bluegrass gathering."

I shrugged. "Well whatever. This is how I felt like dressing so that's what I went with. Now let's go inside and check this convention out."

As we were about to enter, I thought I noticed a familiar face in my peripheral vision. I looked around and saw a guy who I would've never expected to be here. It was Nick Fuentes, sitting on the curb and smoking a cigarette. He looked as depressed as a pajeet who had just been told he would be getting fired from his cashier job at **Seven-Eleven** for sexual harassing White women, with big bags under his eyes and frazzled hair. Although he and I were in different spheres of the far-

right, I was concerned for him so Knee-kay and I decided to approach him.

"Nick Fuentes?" I said, walking up to him. "Didn't expect to see you here. And I didn't know you smoked."

"I don't. I bought a pack because my sleep's been fucked," Nick replied, tossing the cigarette on the ground. He looked back at the stadium where the Dark Ma-ga convention was taking place. "I was planning on going in and doing a little trolling. Was planning on talking to open-minded guys about how long it takes to bake cookies, if you catch my drift. But security kicked me out as soon as they recognized that it was me."

"I didn't think you were the type of guy who would get all torn up over being kicked out of a convention," Knee-kay said.

"I'm not. In fact I knew in the back of my head that it was going to happen sooner or later. But you know how this whole 'Dark Ma-ga' thing is about a gritty, edgy version of Republican politics that is borderline uh, erm, uhhhh..."

Fuentes seemed to be having a hard time saying the next word, so I finished the sentence for him. "Borderline White Nationalist?" I said.

Nick nodded. "Yeah, that. That's what Dark Ma-ga is. Now can you think of anybody else who runs a movement like that?"

I paused for a moment as it all sunk in. "So you're telling me that Dark Ma-ga took all of your followers?"

"That's right man," Nick said. "All of them took off in search of goth chick and alt girl pussy under the lead of Beardson, who I remember was chasing after a Japanese girl cosplaying as 2B from **Near: Auto-mata.**"

He then stamped down on the cigarette he had dropped, sending embers flying up into the air. "When I said NO E-GIRLS, NEVER, THIS IS WHAT I FUCKING MEANT. And their copes were all like, 'But Nick, they aren't e-girls, they're **I-R-L** girls. There's a difference Nick.' And now I don't have anybody at **A-F-Pack** besides Milo. Fucking Milo!."

Nick Fuentes then lit up another cigarette and shooed us off. "Go on, go enjoy your Dark Ma-ga event or whatever. Although I can tell you with 100 percent, absolute certainty that the goth 'chicks' in there have dicks."

"Okay, uh, thanks Nick," Knee-kay said uncomfortably. "I hope you feel better soon."

With that, Knee-kay and I headed inside the convention. Although we were asked for identification by security, we weren't stopped because all of our racist content was created anonymously. When we got inside, we saw that the entire stadium was dimly lit, as if it were a nightclub.

Everybody around us was dressed in leather Hugo Boss uniforms or cosplay from deliberately edgy anime like Tokyo Ghoul. The place gave off the vibe of a My Chemical Romance concert with how hard they were pushing for that dark aesthetic. I suspected that the convention would be particularly appealing to Zoomers.

Suddenly, a voice from behind me said, "Why hello, handsome."

I turned and saw a girl with bright pink hair and an outfit that made her look like a real-life version of Murdoch-chan from the hit Nazi anime Murdoch Murdoch. The girl aggressively grabbed my arm. "You want to Make America Great Again with me?"

I jerked my arm away, knowing that the only place where a woman would act like that was a strip club. "Knee-kay, to use zoomer talk, I'm not getting a good vibe from this place," I said. I waited for him to reply, but there was no response. I then saw that Knee-kay was being led away by a chick in a maid outfit.

"Knee-kay!." I shouted, chasing after him. "Knee-kay, come back!."

But before I could catch up to him, I bumped headfirst into a tall, large man.

"Ay yo', why you tryna stop yo' fellow nigga from gettin' summa dem bitches on his dick, cracka?"

I looked up and gasped as I saw who it was. It was Donald Trump. However, he seemed different from how I remembered him. He seemed an inch or so taller and much more lean and muscular, which is surprising since Donald Trump is well known for his diet of Big Macs and Taco Bell take out. His skin was the color of an orange, as was usual, but it was noticeably darker; as if the hypothetical orange was now rotten. But the biggest difference was his face. His nose was much larger and looked like that of a gorilla, making me wonder if he had undergone a botched plastic surgery. His lips, which were pretty thin from what I recall, now looked like two giant slugs that had been glued together. And his eyes now lacked that spark of intelligence that any White man's eyes had, having been replaced with a dull, black abyss.

"T-Trump," I stuttered out of surprise. "Why are you here? Don't you have a security unit around you or—"

Suddenly, Donald Trump punched me in the gut, which sent me flying backwards.

"I don't need no security unit or nuffin cuz I is da security. An' dat's Mistah President Trump ta ya', you dumbass cracka."

Trump flexed on me, then began to walk away. As I struggled to my feet, wondering what had happened to Donald Trump, I noticed another familiar figure. The short, chubby body without a trace of visible musculature and arms that looked like the free breadsticks from Olive

Garden. And of course, the bearded face that was almost a mirror image of the late Ronnie McNutt. I was looking at none other than Beardson Beardly, the ostensibly Hetero Gamer.

Beardson was walking arm in arm with a silver-haired Japanese cosplayer that was wearing a blindfold and a black leather gimp suit. Although she was wearing heels, even without them she would've stood a full head taller than Beardson. I also noticed that there was something off about the girl's body, but I wasn't quite sure, so I decided to tag along behind them to listen in on what they were talking about.

"So Beardson, baby, what do you want to do together?" the cosplay chick asked. Her voice, although feminine sounding, seemed forced to me the harder I listened to it.

"Just talk to me mommy," Beardson said. "I'm just so happy to have finally met a girl who appreciates video games and pokemon. And who also happens to be able to pull off a really sexy looking 2B cosplay. My ex-wife was a really ugly bitch who left me for a black man, so I'm glad that I found you."

As I heard that, I realized how the similarities between Ronnie McNutt and Beardson Beardly didn't end with just their shared appearance. Both of them were nerds and proud of being nerds, having dedicated their lives to consuming Jewish intellectual properties like Star Wars. Both of them had separated from their ugly, four-eyed female partners because they had been cucked by a nigger. Both of them were or are in their early 30s and, most important of all perhaps, both of them are most well-known for live streaming. The only difference I could come up with were that Ronnie had actually hit the gym in the past and that Beardson had openly fantasized about anally raping a girl with some nigger DNA in her, which is disgusting because who in their right mind would want to stick their dick in a chick who has monkey blood running in her veins, even if it's supposedly a joke.

As I was thinking through an entire Hegelian dialectic on whether Beardson Beardly was in fact Ronnie McNutt from an alternative universe, I saw the 2B cosplay chick lead Beardson to a private booth that was situated behind one of the bleachers.

"So here we are," the 2B cosplayer said, giggling like some **thought** on Twitch TV. "If you follow me inside, I'll tie you up and do all sorts of naughty things to you, Beard-boy."

Beardson barked like a dog and said, "Yes mommy, of course. I'm a good boy."

She smiled and nodded, then punched in the password for the lock to the door. I caught a brief glimpse of a staircase leading down into the darkness as they walked inside. I was now extremely suspicious of what

was going on, since no female that was above a two out of ten would ever even remotely consider being in Beardson's general proximity, let alone banging him.

I walked over to the door and tried it. I don't know why I did because it was, as to be expected, locked. However, when I looked towards the keypad, I noticed that some of the keys were covered with a thin sheen of slobber. To my utter disgust, I realized that the 2B cosplayer must have been letting Beardson suck on its fingers.

However, that meant that I knew which numbers were a part of the password. After wiping off the keys with a hankie, it took me a couple tries to get the correct combination, but I eventually got the door to unlock. Quietly, I took the stairs down and saw that I was now in a compact, dimly lit underground bunker.

The bunker was decorated with menorahs, torah scrolls, and Israeli flags. At the center of the room was a Kabbalistic ritual circle, and at the center of the circle was a sacrificial altar with a lock of nigger hair placed atop it. And Beardson Beardly was bound and gagged and lying right next to the altar, struggling to break free.

That was when I started to hear voices coming from deep within the shadows.

"That was a fine job you did, capturing a wonderful test subject for our ritual." Three men in rabbinical robes stepped out from the darkness. Ben Shapiro, Dave Rubin, and Jared Kushner all grinned and rubbed their hands in unison.

"Of course, my masters. Anything for the chosen people of Yahweh." It was the voice of the 2B cosplayer, only now it sounded like a man. I then saw the **quote and quote** girl take off everything but its underwear, revealing shoulders as broad as Rich Piana's and hips as narrow as a chink's eyes. And speaking about chinks, I now saw that there was no way that the tranny was Japanese or even Korean or Chinese. The guy who had been cosplaying as 2B was as dark as a spic and, without the cosplay on, filled the room with the odor of durians. It was a jungle Asian; a Filipino or a Thai or a Malaysian. East Asians, which is to say the Japanese and Chinese, are only below White people in the hierarchy of races. However, jungle Asians are as bad as wetbacks if not worse, since the spics at the very least have decent food while jungle Asians eat revolting garbage like durian.

Beardson Beardly began to cry as he realized that he had lusted over a jungle Asian trap, which made both the troon and the trio of Jews cackle.

"Hahahaha, you dumb, stupid goy!. This is what you get for saying that my soon-to-be-born child that is in a shiksa's womb was an affront

against God!." Dave Rubin said as he laughed. "Even though you are a beta soyboy incel and not a threat to our domination of the world, I will take every pleasure in testing our ritual on you for saying mean things about me on the Internet."

The trannie stepped out of the ritual circle as Ben Shapiro, Dave Rubin, and Jared Kushner began to read from the Talmud. They chanted about how Jews could have sex with the babies of gentiles and that Jesus was boiling in a pot of feces in hell. And as they chanted, I noticed that Beardson was beginning to change.

Slowly but surely, his skin turned darker and darker. His hair became dark and frazzled, and his facial features began to resemble that of a jungle chimpanzee. When the ritual was finished, I was shocked at the grotesque sight. Beardson had been transformed into a nigger. He was no longer Beardson Beardson, but **Nigger-son** Niggardly.

"Hee Hee Hee Hee Hee Hee," Jared Kushner cackled. "The Curse of Ham, it works!. Now all we need to do is conduct the ritual on a mass scale and we will turn all those conservative and far-right White goys into our black golems!."

I then heard some steps behind me and a voice. "Hey, what the fuck are you doing here?"

I turned and saw that I was face to face with Lady **Ma-ga**, the infamous crossdressing tranny that had supported Donald Trump in his 2020 campaign. Without a second thought, I snap kicked him in the balls, making him squeal as he crumpled to the floor. In retrospect I might've done that troon a favor by helping it save on surgery fees since my cowboy boots have metal tips, but I digress.

Although the troon was on the floor and foaming at the mouth, it was too late. The trio of Jews had noticed that I was here.

"Oy gevalt, is that a racist goy I see?" Ben Shapiro exclaimed, then pulled out a walkie talkie and began to speak into it. "Guards, golems!. Capture the anti-Semite and bring him to us!."

As he spoke, I heard the thunder of footsteps as a horde of cosplayers and goth girls, which I knew now were all trannies, approached from both deeper within the bunker and from behind me.

Even though I knew at that moment that I wouldn't make it out alive, I decided to go down fighting. I pulled out the Ridgeway Lasher and began beating the shit out of the trannies. I hit a dozen of them with every crack of my whip, the leather rending flesh and shattering small bones. However, instead of keeping them at bay, it just made all of the trannies try harder to grab me.

I was on the verge of being overwhelmed when I heard a faint mumbling coming from up the stairs from where I had entered the bunker. That was when I saw all the trannies pause in their tracks. After a brief moment, they all began to claw at their own faces, gouging out their eyeballs and screaming as they slammed their heads against the wall. They then finally all killed themselves by strangling themselves.

"A transsexuals cannot be harmed with weapons of the flesh, for its perverted minds interpret pain as pleasure," an old, wizened voice said, its owner descending the stairs. "The only thing that can dispatch it is awareness of the self, for it to acknowledge what it has turned itself into. To feel remorse for having corrupted itself into an affront against God and the natural order."

Before me, standing in his flowing Klan robes and carrying a Bible, was David Duke; Grand Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan. Noticing that the tranny that had fooled Beardson by cosplaying as 2B was still alive, he slammed the Bible down on its head, putting it out of its misery.

"Are you alright, my fellow person of no color? And what is your name?" David Duke said, lending me a hand. "If you are down here, I assume that you have a hatred of negroes, queers, and **kykes**. And if that is the case, we must get going to stop the catastrophe that is about to take place."

"Name's Larry. Larry Ridgeway," I said, standing up. I looked back at the place where the trio of Jews had been and saw that they were all gone. **Nigger-son** Niggardly, though, was still there. He was fully negrofied, now seemingly trying to come up with rap lyrics for a diss track.

"It's too late for him," David Duke said, putting a hand on my shoulder. "Whatever faint traces of the Aryan spirit that were in his body, fueled by a diet of burgers and fries and donuts, have now been fully corrupted."

I grimaced as I heard that because I wanted to believe that any White person who hadn't become a tranny or race mixed with a nigger could be redeemed, no matter their other faults and sins, but I also knew it was too late for **Nigger-son** Niggardly.

"So Dr. Duke, how did you get all the trannies to kill themselves?" I asked David Duke as we headed out of the bunker.

"Simple. I showed them an illusion of their own reflection. Transsexuals, like vampires in myth, are repulsed by mirrors. Once a troon sees itself and becomes aware of how freakish it looks, it isn't long before it kills itself."

As we emerged from the bunker, I heard David Duke swear as he saw what was happening. Donald Trump was up on a podium at the center of the stadium, giving a speech to the audience of impressionable White zoomers.

"Uhhh, I haz a dream and shieet," Donald Trump said in broken English. "Ta Make America Great Again or sumting like dat mane. To keep our young generation from being clearly lost, know what I'm sayin'? Bussin' guns, keedz gettin' killed."

"Dammit, it's already started. We need to hurry," David Duke said, grimacing.

"Wait, could you pause for a moment?" I said. "Dr. Duke, I know that there's something shady going on, but what exactly is it? Those Jews were saying something about the Curse of Ham or something like that?"

"The Curse of Ham, yes," David Duke said as he dug into his authentic dixie battle pack, searching for something. "It is a curse from the Old Testament of the Bible which Noah put upon the son of Ham, Canaan, condemning all of his descendants to be slaves for all eternity. According to every interpretation of Christianity that isn't cucked, like modern day Anglicanism and Methodism, the Curse of Ham is what led to the creation of the negroid race. However, it seems that the Jews have been able to recreate the Curse of Ham through Kabbalah rituals and are now trying to weaponize it against our people."

The Grand Wizard of the Klan gestured to the stadium we were in. "Look around you. Doesn't the shape of this stadium remind you of anything you saw down in that ritual bunker?"

I looked around saw that, indeed, the entire stadium resembled the Kabbalah ritual circle that I had seen being used to turn Beardson into a nigger. "Oh my God," I exclaimed, realizing what was about to happen.

"Yes. By putting a nigger or something that was once a part of a nigger, like some of it's AIDS-infected blood or a lock of its dirty hair, t the center of Kabbalah ritual circle, they can then inflict the Curse of Ham onto any White man. Turning all of the White people who came to this convention into niggers. That is the true meaning of Dark **Ma-ga**. I'll add to that by saying that the aesthetics of this event seem to have been tailored to attract young White men who are attracted to emo and goth girls, which is approximately 98 percent to 102 percent of our male youth with a 2 percent margin of error," David Duke said.

"But how could our guys not see that all of the girls here were trannies?" I asked.

"A Jewish illusionary spell. The very same illusion that prevents all of us from seeing who Donald Trump really is. Or rather, who Donald

Trump has become," David Duke said, finally finding what he was looking for. He pulled out a George Floyd toy, a lighter and a wooden cross, then handed them to me, saying, "Larry, I need you to help me break the illusory spell. I am almost certain about the true identity of the man, or should I say jungle gorilla, who is up there speaking to the masses. I need you to get some of his blood, put it on this doll, then tie it to the cross and light it ablaze. That should lift the spell that has clouded our vision."

"Uhhhhh, ok man," I said. "But how can I trust that it will work? And why can't you do it yourself?"

"I can't do it because I'm over seventy years old and I need to take a rest after casting that spell on all those transsexuals. And as for whether it'll work, you can trust me, it'll work," David Duke said.

"Is that what you told your supporters while you defrauded them, for which you were eventually convicted and served time in prison?" I asked.

David Duke sighed and facepalmed as he heard that. "Come on, that was twenty years ago man. And you saw what happened to that soyboy and how I helped you out with the transsexuals, right? Besides, what are you gonna do? Run away?"

He was right. I knew I had to stay and fight against the Jewish menace. "Fine, I'll do it," I said, brandishing the Ridgeway Lasher once more.

I began sneaking through the crowd, which all seemed entranced by Donald Trump's speech, or rather, the speech of whoever was masquerading as Trump.

"So we is gonna stop all illegal immigration and den use da money we save ta gib back ta da latinos who is already here an' da black community, cuz dey are all Americans and shieet mane. Dey is also mo' Christian den da White crackas," he said, making everybody in the audience applaud. "And speaking about Christianity, we is gonna ban abortion cuz it keeps BLACK baybays from being born!."

The crowd cheered as he said that, which made me cringe. Although abortion should be banned for White people, it was the only thing that was keeping the American nigger population from getting out of control.

As I neared the podium, two trannies noticed me. "Get the White straight male!" they screamed as they pulled their glocks on me, but I disarmed them with a single snap of my whip. I then flicked the lasher out once more, tying it around one troon's neck and snapping its spine. After that I picked up the weapon that the troon had dropped and shot the other pervert in the stomach, then left it be as it bled to death.

"And we is also gonna send tons ah moneys ta our greatest ally, Israel," Donald Trump said. "Also, once I is president, I is gonna nominate da first black transgendah woman ta ma cabinet and shieet."

There was some booing when he said that, so Trump added, "But hey nigguhs, it'll be ok cuz she'll be a traditional Catholic or sumting like dat, know what I'm saying?"

There was another roar of approval. However, under the applause, I could hear the first words of a Hebraic chant. I looked around and saw that there were dozens of hooded Jewish Kabbalah cultists surrounding the main arena, chanting in unison.

That was when I felt something change. I suddenly had trouble thinking, as if I had taken a shot of some particularly strong whisky. I glanced at my hands and, to my horror, discovered that they were now as dark and tan as those of a Mestizo. The ritual was already underway, and myself and all the Whites around me were becoming niggers.

I was nearing the front row now, pushing past the hordes of White zoomers who were all gradually being turned into jungle jigaboos. I was just about to reach Donald Trump when I felt a hand grab me from behind.

"No you won't, goy!." Jared Kushner said. "I won't let you stop this like how Hitler stopped us from continuing child protitution rings in Berlin!."

Normally, I wouldn't have any trouble breaking free from the grasp of a **kyke** since they are physically pathetic, but for some reason my strength was ebbing away. I then realized, even though my intellect was fading because I was becoming a nigger, that the Curse of Ham must've been transforming me into a bug black instead of a buck nigger. You see, bug blacks are the niggers that are physically weak and feminine, and they are known for watching anime and becoming trannies. Buck niggers on the other hand are physically strong and are actually known to become anti-semitic, as can be seen from the Black Hebrew Israelites and Nation of Islam.

I struggled, but it was no use since I was being rapidly transformed, my strength and intelligence declining faster and further than the dating prospects of any single woman over the age of thirty-five. My skin was now as dark as that of a pajeet.

But as soon as I thought that it was all over, I heard the sound of metal slicing through flesh. It was Knee-kay, who had plunged a knife with the Golden Dawn insignia into Jared Kushner's neck. And to my surprise, Knee-kay didn't seem changed at all by the ritual.

"Larry, don't worry about me bro, this weird nigger-fying ritual doesn't work on me because I'm Greek, not White," Knee-kay said.

"Wha-what?" I asked, puzzled about what he had just said because my brain was slowing down.

"As soon as I held hands with the supposed goth girl, I knew there was something up. And once I learned that it was a tranny and that Jews like Kushner were here, I figured out they were up to their Jewish tricks again," Knee-kay said, twisting the knife deeper into the Jew. "Now go and do what you need to do."

Although my inner monologue was already almost quelched, I nodded and leapt at Trump. Using the Ridgeway Lasher, I whipped him soundly, the lash cutting through his business suit and tasting flesh.

"Ouchie!. Who did dat?" he shrieked like an injured orangutan. "I'm not a bad guy, mane, not a bad guy."

I retracted the whip back into my hand, rubbed the blood onto the George Floyd toy, tied it to the wooden cross and lit it ablaze.

Suddenly, Donald Trump spontaneously combusted. "Ahh shieet mane, I be on fire and shieet. Da fire be producin' smoke, and dat smoke is makin' me choke. Ahh shieet mane, I can't breathe man, I can't breathe!. Mama!."

I felt my IQ jump up thirty points as my skin became the color of freshly fallen snow once more. I looked around to see that all the White zoomers who had attended the convention were now ok too, and they looked pretty pissed as they all realized that the goth, emo, and Japanese girls they had been courting moments ago were revealed to be trannies and jungle Asians.

However, what happened next was more surprising and, in a sense, more horrifying. Donald Trump was now crumpled over on his podium, smoldering as the flames died out. At first I thought that he was only black because of the charring, but that was not the case.

"Hee hee hee hee, ya muthafuckin' crackas figured me out," he said, pushing himself back up. "But no problem, I'll still destroy you all cuz y'all be racist, know what I'm sayin'?"

My jaw dropped as I saw Donald Trump's true identity. It was the criminal nigger, George Floyd. There was no doubt about it, from the thick, grotesque lips to the nose that looked like a triangular tumor to the eyes that were bloodshot from a chronic addiction to fentanyl.

George Floyd noticed me, then began to beat his chest like a gorilla. "You hoo hoo mane, you be da cracka dat stopped me and da jews from turning y'all crackas inta niggas!. I'm gonna steal yo' air and shoot you in your belly for doing dat mane!."

George Floyd leapt down from the podium, landing on the ground with a thud. He was snarling like the angry ape that he was, with his nostrils wide open like a bull seeing red. All around us the White

zoomer racists were engaged in hand-to-hand combat with the now exposed transniggers. Knee-kay was running around with his Golden Dawn knife stabbing every troon and Jew in sight, and David Duke the Grand Wizard was blasting away niggers with energy blasts created from pure vril. It was pretty much a one-sided slaughter since the only people (and I used the term 'people' very broadly here) who become transgender are already genetic failures; or as Edward Dutton likes to call them, spiteful mutants.

George Floyd charged at me, but I easily kept him at bay using the Ridgeway Lasher. Everytime he lunged at me, I'd give that buck nigger's hide a good lashing. I whipped that criminal nigger over and over again, my strokes filled with righteous Aryan fury. Being able to fight a nigger as evil and notorious as George Floyd was a thrill and a challenge I had never experienced before, but I knew that I would win because of my innate racial superiority to that monkey. Hell, even the Ridgeway Lasher felt like an extension of myself as it smacked against Floyd's body, as if it was once again being used for its God-given purpose; teaching a dumb nigger a goddamn lesson.

Soon, I had him begging for mercy, screaming "Mama please!." and "Tell mah kids I love dem!." to try and get me to go easy on him. However no matter how much he pleaded with me, I knew that I had to finish George Floyd here and now. I recalled all the good White people who had died because of niggers like him, letting the memories of them fuel me as I lashed out with my whip one final time, the rope coiling around Floyd's neck like a noose.

"Ah shieet, whip around mah neck!. I can't choke, I can't breef!."

I yanked on the Lasher like I would yank on a pit bull's chain. Floyd struggled but it was no use since he was already half-dead with how many lashings I had inflicted on that buck nigger's leathery hide.

However, right when I was about to crush his windpipe and end things for good, Floyd suddenly hollered at the top of his tar-filled lungs, "You hoo hoo, dat be a pregnant lady I see right dare? I gots ta rape her and shieet!."

George Floyd shook off the rope and tackled me at blinding speed, which, if you watch American Football, is one of the few things that niggers are good at. George Floyd slobbered over me as he pulled off his pants, exposing his disgusting nigger dick.

"The fuck? Why do you think I'm a pregnant woman you fucking nigger? Are you delusional on top of being retarded?" I said, trying to free myself of his grasp.

"Ooga booga, lemme rape dis bitch mane," Floyd said. "You hab dem big titties and dat big pregnant belly too, cracka hoe."

I heard two snarky, nasally voices coming from behind me. It was Dave Rubin and Ben Shapiro.

"Oy vey, I did not expect for you to foil our plans in such a way," Dave Rubin said angrily. "But you shall perish here, goy, for your crimes against the Chosen People!."

Ben Shapiro laughed and rubbed his hands. "I have used illusionary Jewish magic to make you look like my pregnant sister, Abigail Shapiro, in the eyes of George Floyd. He will not stop until he has raped you to death!."

The Jews cackled in glee as I was about to be raped to death, which they did because Jews are naturally sadistic sociopaths who take pleasure in the maiming and ritualistic humiliation of their enemies.

But that was when the unexpected happened. A shiny black car burst through the stadium's entrance, running over dozens of trannies as it raced towards me. I thought it was going to run me and Floyd over, but at the very last second it swerved, smashing into Dave Rubin and Ben Shapiro.

"Oh gawd!." The Jews shrieked as they were knocked away.

Then, out of the car stepped Nick Fuentes. He was carrying a can of gasoline and was wearing a wide grin on his face.

"So Ben," he said as he walked over to them and dumped the can of gasoline on them. "Let's see how long it takes to bake *these* cookies."

Fuentes then dropped a lit cigarette onto Rubin and Shapiro, setting them on fire.

"Ahhhh!. The flames are producing smoke and the smoke is getting into my lungs!. You're gassing me!. Gassing me!." Dave Rubin shrieked.

"Oh gawd, you're cremating us alive!. This is like another Holocaust!. Oy vey!." Ben Shapiro screamed.

Nick Fuentes sighed. "Ben, how can there be 'another' if it didn't happen in the first place?"

As soon as the Jews were on fire, George Floyd said, "Hey, you ain't no pregnant bitch? You just some racist cracka."

I smirked as I kicked George Floyd in the gut, sending him flying off of me. "I'm no pregnant lady, Floyd. But I'm also not just some racist cracker," I said, brandishing the Ridgeway Lasher once more.

"I'm Larry Ridgeway."

I flicked the whip out at George Floyd, coiling it around his neck like a constrictor snake and asphyxiating him.

"Ahhh shieet!. Now I can't breathe!. Mama please I'm about ta die ya see!. Ohhh I cant breathe mane, please," George Floyd chimped. "I can't breathe nigga, I can't breathe!."

Finally, George Floyd crumpled to the ground, dead once more.

Three days have passed since the Dark **Ma-ga** convention and my battle with George Floyd. The Republican Party has covered up the disaster by flooding Fox News and Breitbart with stories about Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez's feet pics, but I am writing this so that the truth can never be lost. The only casualty for us racists was Beardson Beardly, thankfully, so we didn't lose anybody valuable.

Moral of the story is to never trust the Republican Party. They are just as anti-White as the Democrats, and everything they do is to try and get you from sticking up for White people and to get you to support niggers and Israel instead. Don't follow them no matter how **based** they pretend to be or how hard they try to lure you in with sexy goth girls; those will always turn out to be trannies.

This is Larry, signing off. And remember kids, be racist, anti-Semitic, homophobic, transphobic and, most important of all, be racist against niggers.

The George Floyd Bee

By Pepe McNutt

Hello. My name is Pepe McNutt. You may recognize my last name, as I had a cousin who became famous for shooting himself in the head while livestreaming on facebook.

I am from northern Italy, that is why I have an unusual name.

Anyway, I am a beekeeper. I have many hobbies and other occupations to make money, but my passion has always been in taking care of bees, which I have been doing since the young age of 10. I recently had something happen to me, however, which made me temporarily afraid of bees.

The story I am about to tell you has stumped all of the beekeepers I know as well as the university professors whom I have asked for help.

I have a small house in the forest of montana, which I built myself out of trees and tall dried grass. I came to montana in 2018 and have lived there since, almost completely isolated from the outside world. I had committed to a year of survival, bringing a rifle, 5000 rounds of ammunition for said rifle, a roll up tent and books which would be my resources in the event that I could not accomplish a goal or overcome one of the many struggles that comes with going innawoods.

I had purchased over 100 acres of forest, which was nearby the cabin in which Theodor Kaczynski wrote his manifesto. My area of land, however, was untouched by the industrial metal beasts which had encroached on his land. Soon after establishing a permanent settlement, I planted flowers in a garden in between the crop plants I had planted, built some bee boxes, then I ordered 2 hives full of bees. One hive was European and the other was African. I had heard from listening to Devon Stack's Cactuspill that African bees could be particularly violent but that was proven to be one hell of an understatement.

The bees arrived a few weeks after I had placed my order.

I put the european bees in their hive, and they accepted the queen they had come with.

The african bees hadn't come with a queen, as they would have killed it on the way to the post office. I had ordered one, but it was taking a while to get one since most african bees kill each other.

I put the african bees in their hive and went to bed.

I was woken late at night by a loud cacaphony of noise. I heard what sounded like a drum beating and a strange sound that was almost like a

human voice except it failed to form anything that sounded like a spoken language. I ran outside, expecting a pack of niggers or some other trespassers, but there was no one. I heard the noise getting louder as I walked toward the african beehive. I lifted the lid and the noise stopped. The bees inside were sitting on the honeycomb they had made while being shipped.

I went back to bed and slept uninterrupted until dawn. I awoke at 0600 and went immediately out to check on the bees. I looked first in the european hive to see that the bees were busy making honeycomb and I could see some of them in the flowers I had planted.

Then I moved to the african hive. The hive was empty except for a few bees lying on their backs in the honeycomb holes they had made, and the whole thing smelled of weed for some reason.

Just then, I heard what sounded like a roudy bunch of niggers if they were at the other end of a long tunnel. I turned to see a big ball of flying bees coming towards the nest, all carrying large pieces of fried chicken they had found.

"What the hell?" I said to myself, "I've never heard of bees eating human food."

I decided to see if the african queen had arrived yet. I walked the 2 miles to town and went into the post office. I saw that the slot that said my name on it had a small package inside.

I walked over and grabbed it and saw the label.

"Caution: Live bee." It read, "Handle with extreme care."

I took it home, placing it in my backpack as that would be the most stable carrying position to ensure it's safety.

In retrospect, I wish I had carried it by hand, as if it had died, I wouldn't be writing this story.

I arrived at my cabin almost an hour after I had left and immediately I walked to the boxes which housed the bee hives. I took the queen bee out of my backpack and saw that it was in an edible cage. I knew from my research that the other bees would eat through the cage while they were getting used to the presence of the new queen. I placed the cage in the box that held the hive of african bees and I saw that they had made a series of large structures which somehow looked similar to abandoned European beehives.

This is the part where things get strange. The other bees crowded around the queen's cage and instead of eating the cage, they grabbed on to the queen's hand in a strange handshake. What shocked me even more is that they seemed to be speaking to each other in a distorted, almost humanlike language. They didn't seem to care that I was present.

"Ayo mayne, when you be's gettin outta here an shieet?" I heard one of the bees say.

I had never experienced anything like this, but I wasn't in much of a panic just yet. I was actually a bit excited. If this wasn't just a figment of my imagination, I had a huge scientific discovery on my hands.

Just then, the queen looked at me and I saw that it wasn't a queen at all. The bee in the cage was unusually large, the bee equivalent of about six foot, five inches. He didn't have black and yellow stripes. Instead, he was a poop brown and had a black pattern in the shape of a tank top across his chest, and he had an unusually large nose and set of lips. It was the face of the eternal nigger, George floyd.

"Ayo big cracka mayne." the bee said, "You ain't noticed mah boys yet, have you?"

I looked at the other bees and saw that they all had the faces of other dead niggers like Maya Angelou, Martin Looter Kang, and 2Pac Shakur.

"How is this happening?" I said.

"Us niggas be magical jew bees sent here by da Zionist Occupational Government to put da fentanyl in da farmer's crops an shieet." the floyd bee said.

Just then, I heard an agitated buzzing noise and looked to see a swarm of european bees coming fast towards the african bee hive. The europeans attacked, but the african bees were stronger and what european bees they left alive started killing themselves. Right before one of them smacked into a tree I heard it say "Hey bees, I guess that's it."

"Ayo niggies," the floyd bee said, "Lemme outta here so I can rape da white bee wimins an shieet."

The african bees started chewing rapidly through the edible cage to free the floyd bee. They chewed through the entire thing in seconds, freeing the floyd bee. The bees flew towards the european hive, expecting an easy victory. Instead, a large group of strange looking blue bees came flying out of the hive, meeting the nigger bees midair. The blue bees started shooting tiny stinger guns at the niggers, who were dropping like flies. This didn't matter, however, as nigger bees travel in very large groups of upwards of 40,000.

One by one, the blue bees were killed until all of them were lying dead on the ground. They had each downed at least a thousand of their enemies. With all of the european bees seemingly dead, the nigger bees swarmed the box with the queen inside and attempted to chew through the wood.

I saw a hole open up and the bees swarm inside. Thousands of the nigger bees tried to cram themselves into the hole but they all started

to argue over who should go in first. The arguments led to physical fighting and in minutes, the bees had all killed each other, much like african people kill each other. The only one left was the George floyd bee.

"Ah shieet, da young generation clearly loss mayne, clearly loss." the floyd bee said, seeing that his hive had all killed each other.

I started to run towards him, but he flew into the hive. I opened the box to see that he was being chased by the 4 remaining blue bees, who were driving strange, miniature police cars. That's when I realized that the nigger's natural enemy, the police, had manifested in the bee world by necessity. It was a prime example of adaptation that amazed me.

The bee's cars caught up to the nigger bee and the police bees stepped out of them.

The police bees put the floyd bee against a wall and put his hands behind his back. Again, he was stronger than the police bees because of his nigger genes, so he was able to resist arrest.

All of a sudden, I had an idea. I ran behind the bee box, grabbing a smoke dispensor I had bought so I could harvest the honey from the hives. I lit the inside of the dispensor and ran back to the bee hive, holding the smoke dispensor under the hive and letting the smoke waft into the floyd bee's face.

"Ah shit, smoke inside mah lungs, I can't breathe. Momma help me I can't breathe." The bee said.

I stopped the smoke and watched as the police bees set the floyd bee on the ground, one of them placing his knee on the floyd bee's neck.

"Ah shieet mayne, I can't breathe, I can't die, ah shieet mayne, help me massa help me." the floyd bee chimped.

After about 9 minutes, the floyd bee stopped his chimping and one of the police bees put his hand to the nigger bee's neck.

"He's dead." the police bee said.

I am currently writing this to see if anyone else has had this problem before. This was almost a week ago and I have only had people laugh at my story, saying it is fake. I have even been banned and had my inbox spammed with gore and gay nigger porn. I know now that if I get an answer from anyone, anywhere, it will be here.

George “Perry” Floyd Was Responsible for the Creation of Anime

By Thomas Manwise

Japan. The land of the rising sun. The country that brought you sushi, samurai, and Metal Gear Rising: Revengeance. The nation of honorary Aryans that fought alongside the good guys during the Second World War and, unlike Italy, actually made meaningful contributions to the war effort. However, in the modern world, the Japanese are known for one thing above all else: anime.

Anime, which is the Japanese term for ‘cartoons’, has made the island nation one of the most culturally influential countries in the world, second only to the United States. From classic shows like Dragon Ball Z to intense character, driven narratives like Berserk to Neo-Nazi radicalization propaganda such as K-On, anime has a wide variety of stories for each and every age demographic. Back in the 90’s, anime seemed relatively benign, with shows like Pokemon and Bleach appealing to young kids. The worst thing to come out of anime back then were cringey nerds doing Naruto running in middle school hallways.

In recent years though, there has been an upsurge in what we may refer to as ‘weeaboos’, by which I mean individuals whose entire lives revolve around anime. These **quote and quote** “people” don’t just watch anime. They buy anime merchandise like toys, dolls, and body pillows. They have profile pictures of their favorite fictional two-dimensional characters that they refer to as ‘waifus’ or ‘husbandos’, then create and get off to porn of those characters. Certain fanbases, notable among them My Hero Academia, are known to produce large numbers of transsexuals and pedophiles. And even if you yourself become a tranny, it is undeniable that anime is a leading contributor in the fetishization of traps and femboys, as evidenced by the popularity of characters like Astolfo from the Fate series.

In the current state of the Internet, it is undeniable that weebery is a leading cause in our young generation becoming clearly lost in the degeneracy of the modern world. But what you may have not known is that this is that anime is not an organic development of Japanese culture. It is in fact a carefully engineered demoralization plan designed to destroy the West, and I discovered it all by accident.

But before I begin my story, allow me to introduce myself. My real name is Boris Wanglin Al-Sneed, but online I go by the moniker **f-g-s-f-d-s**. The first thing I must tell you about myself is that I am not White. I am in fact from the great country of Kazakhstan, a proud nation which is most famous for being historically fucking irrelevant and having been made fun of in a mockumentary by the jew comedian Sacha Baron Cohen in "Borat: Cultural Learnings of America for Make Benefit Glorious Nation of Kazakhstan." Besides that, we have a rich and diverse culture that consists of Islam that we ripped off from the Arabs, Christianity that we ripped off from the Russians, and a tradition of pastoralism that we ripped off from the Mongols. Basically, we are the doormat of Eurasia, having been trampled over by every major regional power since the 8th century. This has left my great nation very ethnically diverse, since every conqueror that runs through our lands means more mixed-babies from war brides and concubines.

However, because Kazakhstan is a country that lies on the precipice of the Arab, European, and Asiatic worlds, it has resulted in me having a fractured sense of identity. Ever since I was a child, I have latched on like a parasite onto things that give my life a sense of meaning, the most important of which was Japanese culture and anime. I have played every Silent Hill game and have a habit of binge watching anime for hours on end while munching on SSRIs to keep myself from going full Ronnie McNutt mode. Like many other low-caste Asians, which is to say any Asian who is not Japanese, Chinese, or Korean, I identify with Japanese culture more than I do my own. Although this brings me a great deal of internal shame, I just can't get enough of Japanese culture and anime even though I know it's bad for my soul since it's a tacit acknowledgement that I think their culture is superior to my own.

Anyway, my story begins with me working on an assignment for my geography major. I am currently attending university in Europe because my mother had sex with enough corrupt government officials to pay for my education over here. She told me to study a useful subject like law, engineering, or medicine, but I chose geography because I wanted to have time to watch anime and jerk off to Instagram pics of my crush, who by the way is an alt-girl who sold her virginity to a 60-year old man for money to get a tattoo. However, I was having trouble with my geography major too since my chronic depression kept on leaving me unmotivated to work on my assignments, which meant I barely passed my classes.

The assignment in question was a seven hundred word paper about the history of the country of my choice. It was due at midnight but I hadn't even started on it, having spent all my time browsing obscure

Internet forums while high on my anti-anxiety medication. However, as the clock ticked closer and closer to the deadline, the meds were helping less and less, so I decided to finally start work on the paper.

But when I opened up Microsoft Word and stared at the blank page, I felt a sense of overwhelming dread seize me. I didn't have any ideas whatsoever. When I tried to brainstorm, all that popped into my head was my mother and extended family berating me for how much of a failure I was. After a few minutes of pure panic and a near mental breakdown, I thought of a plan. I took out my phone, opened Telegram, and called the smartest man I could think of; the Floyd writer, the chief editor of Racism Publishing, and head of Golden Nigger Corporation's propaganda department. Thomas Manwise, formerly known as Toast Man.

"Is this finally it?" he said eagerly as he answered my call.

"What do you mean, is this finally it?" I asked.

"Are you gonna stream it?" Thomas Manwise asked. "That's why you're calling me right?"

"Stream what? I'm calling you because I need help with my homework," I said.

Thomas sighed deeply on the other end. "Dammit. I thought you were calling me so that you could imitate the phone calls Ronnie received during his livestream before you follow in Ronnie's footsteps by becoming the next loser to off themselves in a memeable way."

"Oh, I'm glad that's how you think about me," I replied. "So about my homework. Can you help me with this assignment? It's a seven hundred word long geography paper about the topic of my choice. I've been struggling with it really hard."

Thomas was silent for a few seconds, then began to snicker. "So, uh, how old are you?"

"I'm twenty," I said. "What does my age have to do with it?"

"So you know Gorg Floydson, otherwise known as **george-monkey**? The other Floyd writer? The guy who, like myself, writes stories that are thousands of words long? He's seventeen. And you know Pepe McNutt? He's fifteen years old."

"And?" I asked. "What's your point."

Thomas Manwise laughed. "Bro, fucking fifteen and seventeen year olds are writing thousands of words in elaborate stories and here you are, calling me at 2:00 AM in the morning, whining about a measly seven hundred word essay when you are a twenty year old man."

"Stop bullying me!" I screamed into the phone, tears welling up in my eyes. "I'm calling you because I need help, okay?"

"Fine, fine, fine." Thomas said. "So as for where to start on your assignment, what about Japan? You like anime so it shouldn't be hard for you."

"Oh, I should've thought of that," I said, slapping myself. "Yeah, I should write about the history of anime. Thanks, I'll get started right away."

"But," Thomas continued. "There's this very interesting piece of information I came across recently that might make for an interesting paper. Do you know about the opening of Japan?"

"What?" I asked. "Whaddya mean?"

"So, from the 15th century to the early 17th century, Japan was stuck in a period of internal conflict known as the Warring States period, which consisted of numerous warlords, known as daimyo, fighting for control of the country. They warred in order to unify Japan under one banner. During this time, several prominent daimyo became influenced by Christianity, which was spread to Japan by a Catholic missionary named Francesco Xavier. Christianity, which preached that everybody was equal in the eyes of Jesus Christ, was disruptive to Japan's strict feudal caste culture and when the country was finally unified under the Tokugawa clan in 1600 after the Battle of Sekigahara, the religion was banned and the country was closed off to foreign countries to prevent its further spread. For two hundred years, Japan was a country which was closed off to the outside world."

"Okay, and why are you telling me this?" I asked.

"You wanted help with your paper right?" he said. "I'm literally giving you all the necessary information right now. Anyway, my buddy Andrew Burros over at the cryptozoology department in Golden Nigger Corp recently came across an interesting image from that era of Japan while looking for evidence of the Breonna Taylor Whale. I'll send you it right now."

The image took a bit of time to load, but when it finally did what I saw made my slit-like Asian eyes open as wide as that of a White man. It was a drawing of a black ship in the traditional Japanese **ukiyo-eh** style, which was the main artstyle in Japan before anime came to prominence. That wasn't what shocked me though. On the back of the ship there was a grotesque, demonic face. Its skin was, like the rest of the ship, pitch black. However, its core defining feature was an oversized, gorilla-looking nose.

There was no doubt about it. There was the face of a nigger on the drawing of the ship.

"Pretty intriguing, isn't it?" Thomas Manwise said. "The Japanese called it the **kuro-funay**, which means 'black ship'. And it was that very

vessel that established diplomatic relations between the United States and Japan, leading to Japan ending its two hundred years of isolation and reentering international affairs.”

“You could say,” he continued. “That without that ship, anime would not exist.”

I was mind blown for a moment, then began to doubt Thomas’ story. “That sounds far fetched and stupid. You’re just trying to get me a bad grade on the assignment, aren’t you?”

“Nuh uh,” he replied. “And if you can’t believe it, you’re free to borrow one of Golden Nigger Corporation’s time machines and check it out for yourself.”

“Ok, you’re on. Send me the time machine.” I said, “I’ll check it out.”

“That’s the spirit. Just wait a minute, I’ll have the drone with the time machine sent to you from our European headquarters,” he said, then hung up.

Within a few short minutes, I could hear the drone outside my flat. I climbed down the stairs and fetched the time machine from the drone. It was already pre-set to travel to 1853, Japan, so I pressed the big red button.

A flash of light erupted as I was transported back to the past, traveling through the fabric space-time itself. When I next opened my eyes, I was standing on a cliff that overlooked the ocean. I felt a surge of excitement as I realized that the machine had worked and that I was now in Japan. I looked around to try and find the kawaii Japanese school girls but then remembered I was in the past. I sighed, then began to look around for a village or a town where I could get directions.

I traveled through the Japanese countryside for hours, over streams and mountains and through forests and fields. I was walking down a dirt road, surrounded on both sides by rice paddies that seemed to stretch on forever, when I heard the trotting of a horse behind me.

“Oi! Sokono omae! Tomare!”

I turned around and let out a scream. It was a samurai, charging down the road with a scowl on his face.

He stopped in front of me and eyed me suspiciously. “Fumu. Yosomono no yo dana,” he said.

I stared at him blankly, trying to recall all the Japanese I had learned from over my twenty years of watching anime. I then thought of the perfect sentence to reply with. “Watashi wa net-oh rar-eh ga daisuki desu,” I said confidently, giving him a double thumbs up as I did.

As soon as I finished saying that, the samurai leapt off his horse and drew his katana. He kneed me in the stomach and smacked me over the

head, knocking me onto my knees. Without another word, he raised the katana over my neck and swung.

But right as I thought he was about to chop off my head, a voice called out, saying, "Whoa whoa whoa, slow down there."

The samurai paused, the cold blade of his sword touching the skin of my neck and drawing blood, but not slicing through. "Watto wazu datto?" he said. "Where diddo datto voice-oo cammu from-oo?"

"Wait, you can speak English?" I exclaimed.

"No, he can't. And you, my dear friend, can't speak Japanese." Thomas Manwise's voice was coming from the belt. "I've activated the universal translator on your time travel device. Golden Nigger Corporation created it for the purpose of deciphering nigger babble and jewish lies, so it can more than handle Japanese."

"Eye don't-oh know these-oo jews-oo zatto you speak of-oo," the samurai said, sheathing his katana. "But zey sound-oh dangerous-oo and-oh evil-oo."

"Please ignore any transgressions my friend here made," Thomas Manwise said. "He's not the brightest."

"I will-oo," the samurai said.

"Bruh, Thomas, how did you get him to just stop trying to kill him like that?" I asked, puzzled.

"I've got a way with words," he said. "But anyway, Mr. Samurai, what's your name and where were you headed to?"

The samurai nodded. "My name izu Minuano Kazama, and-oh I was sent-oh by the Tokugawa clan to investigate a strange new ship-oo that has arrived in Shimoda harbuor-oo."

"Perfect," Thomas Manwise said. "Could you do me a favour and take that scrawny, skinny-fat foreigner along with you? He's from the future and he wants to see what happens."

"Oh fine, I'll do it-oh," Minuano said reluctantly.

"Really, Thomas, how are you getting him to that?" I asked.

"Plot convenience."

"What?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said, then coughed. "Now excuse me, I need to go attend to more urgent matters."

I tried to ask Thomas more questions but he had already cut the call. Although I was dissatisfied with his answer, I knew that I should do what I came to do. I got a hand up from Minuano and hopped onto his horse. During the journey, I spoke with Minuano about the dangerousness and vileness of niggers and how they contribute nothing to society, all of which he seemed to easily understand.

"These-oo nigger-zoo sound-oh like-oo monkeys," Minuano said, disgusted by my stories about them. "Only in this country, monkeys take baths in hot spring. These-oo nigger-zoo don't even do that-oh."

Besides the nigger question, Minuano asked me about what Japan is like in the future.

To that, I gleefully responded by saying, "Japan in the future is awesome. There's anime, manga, V-tubers, and gundams and all sorts of cool shit. Best country in the world and I want to live there, or I guess here."

"Zatto is cringe-oo, wanting to live-oo in this country because yours is shit," Minuano said. "But tell me, what izu those things you talk about-oh? Specifically anime and v-tubers."

"Oh, well anime is just what people call Japanese cartoons," I said. "They're very popular around the world."

"I see. And these animes are about the greatness-oo of our traditionaru culture of Bushido and warrior honour, correct?"

"No, they're mostly about cute high school girls doing cute things. That and losers getting big harams of women for doing absolutely nothing at all."

"I am vomit. That is disgrace-oo." Minuano said. "And what are V-tubers?"

"V-tubers are cute anime girls who don't exist in the real world. Many men in future Japan and elsewhere send them money for fake compliments instead of finding wives. It's why the Japanese birth rate is declining."

Minuano cringed. "Please. No more. Hearing this is making me want to commit seppuku. How could our traditionaru culture of warrior honour be corrupted so bad-ree?"

"Well, it starts with the Americans bringing animation to Japan in the 20th century, so maybe if you prevent the opening of Japan to foreign influence here, you could stop that from happening?"

Minuano gripped his katana tightly. "That, I shall do. For it is my duty as a samurai to protect za honour of my country and people-oo."

It took us about three hours to reach the port city where the mysterious ships had pulled up. The port of Shimoda was very traditionally Japanese, with authentic Japanese cuisine like raw octopus and shark-fin soup being sold out of shops. I even learned what had happened to the Breonna Taylor whale, which I saw being chopped up into little bits by Japanese fishermen for consumption by the masses.

I grabbed some raw jellyfish to munch on as Minuano and I waded through the crowd. I looked up and saw an enormous black ship, much like the one in the painting. It was even more hideous in real life

though, since the ship seemed to fill the entire harbour with the stench of menthol cigarettes, festering kool-aid, and unwiped monkey butts. Even the Japanese fishermen, who were used to living in the miasma of stinky rotting seafood on a daily basis, were pinching their noses.

There was more stuff that was strangely off about the vessel. The cannons seemed way oversized and the sails had what looked like massive shitstains on them. The black ship was flying the American flag, but when I looked closely all of the stars on it were Stars of David.

Suddenly, a woman's scream pierced the air. "Help-oo me!" she cried. "Ugg-ree monkey man trying to rape me!"

"NANI!" Minuano said, rushing towards where all the commotion was. I followed him. The samurai stopped in front of a dango shop. One of the waitresses, a Japanese girl no older than sixteen, was on the ground and cowering in fear. Her clothes were in tatters.

Above her, with saliva dripping from its toothy maw, was a nigger. "Uooooohhhhhh," the nigger said, licking his lips as he tore at her clothes. "I need dat Japanese schoolgirl cunny mane. Lemme dress you up in a uniform and clap dem yellow cheeks ooh la la."

To my surprise, the nigger was dressed in an American Naval officer's uniform and carrying a rifle. I had no idea that niggers were allowed in the American military back in the 19th century, but apparently that was the case.

"Stop-oo there dirty foreigner!" Minuano said, drawing his katana. "Get away from the woman!"

The nigger turned towards the samurai. "And who you be? Some ching chong gook muhfugga?" the negroid officer chimped. "I be Officah Arbery, and I is here in Japan under da orders of Commodore Perry mane! I can do whatevah I want ta da native Japanese girls mane! So ya better--"

But before Arbery could finish his sentence, Minuano flicked his sword out. Two of Officer Arbery's fingers fell to the ground, STD-ridden blood flowing freely from the stumps.

"Ouchie man! What you do dat foe! I dindu nuffin mane! Nuffin!" the nigger hollered, clutching at his wound. "What are you, some police officah in dis heah country or sumting?"

"No, I am a man who will defend za honour of his country's-oo women from unclean barbarian!" Minuano stated, slashing out once more. The katana sliced through Arbery's stomach, spilling his guts out onto the sidewalk.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhh! Samurai please!" Arbery groaned. "Why you be doing dis ta me? I just talking ta ah Japanese gurl and you killin' me foe dat? Why you do dis man! I ain't a bad guy--"

But before the nigger could utter another word, Minuano's blade flashed through the air one final time. He had already sheathed the katana by the time the nigger's head fell from it's shoulders.

"Uh, that seemed a bit excessive," I said, nearly puking as blood gushed like a fountain from the dead nigger's body.

"Why do you say that-oh?" Minuano asked. "That creature I just-oh slew, it seemed so desperate to assault-oh that girl-oo. As if his life-oo depended upon it."

"Well, niggers are one of the races that are most desperate to race-mix with others," I explained. "It's because, on a subconscious, animalistic level, niggers know that they're inferior to almost every other race. That's why they try to mix their bonobo DNA with that of other races; its to try and improve their own nigger race by stealing from the gene pools of others."

"Hm, along with the future of anime and V-tubers you described, these niggers are truly another reason to keep-oo this-oo country closed-oh," Minuano remarked.

But as we were about to leave the scene, a sound like a clap of thunder went off nearby. A moment later, a crowd of Japanese peasants that were close to us were mowed down by an explosion, tearing them apart and sending them flying everywhere like ragdolls.

One of the cannons was smoking, and on top of it stood a nigger. Although it was difficult to tell from where I was, the monkey was six foot five and as jacked as a Spanish fighting bull.

"Ooga booga! Dats rite! Dats what ya get foe killing one of mah officahs, bitch ass ching chongs!" the nigger roared. Judging by its voice and stature, this nigger, unlike Officer Arbery, was undoubtably a buck negro. "Now ya bettah open up dis country or we is gonna have even more trouble, know what I'm saying?"

As the bloody mist cleared, I saw that the 'cannon ball' that had mowed down the peasants was actually a basketball, which made no sense since the basketball was invented in 1891. It was also strange how apparently a nigger was in charge of a ship despite it being before the American Civil War.

However, there was no time to think about it, since the nigger that was standing on top of the cannon leapt from the cannon onto the docks, landing like a panther. Although niggers are inferior to all other races in almost every way, their jumping skills are top notch because they evolved it to escape from the scene of their crimes.

"Muh niggas, follow me and shieet! We is gonna fuck dese nips up!" the six foot five buck nigger yelled. On command, a horde of feral niggers streamed out of the ship like a colony of cockroaches. There

were niggers of every shape and size, from giganiggas that made Chris Bumstead look small to mixed race octoroon bug blacks that resembled the anime YouTuber called Forneverworld, who if you don't know looks like a literal fucking goblin. The most shocking thing about them, though, was what they were carrying.

All of the niggers were carrying anime merchandise. Some were carrying benign shonen stuff from Dragon Ball Z, Naruto, or Bleach. Others were carrying body pillows and plushies from more teen and adult orientated shows like Neon Genesis Evangelion and Fate: Grand Order. I felt my skin crawl as I saw a couple of them carrying mason jars with figurines in them. There were also many of them that were cosplaying as traps, which is the anime term for a tranny. This wasn't that surprising though since niggers are disproportionately likely to be gay or transgender, which proves that niggers as a race really are an affront to God.

The worst of all of them was their six-foot five buck nigger leader, who, despite wearing the uniform of a high-ranking officer of the U.S. navy, was carrying a bodypillow of the character Pico from the gay pedophile hentai anime called Boku no Pico, although frankly it should be expected of a nigger to be a pedophile since niggers are known to have the highest rate of child sexual abuse among the races.

As the jungle gorilla approached Minuano and myself, I gasped in horror as I recognized the nigger. The nostrils that were as wide as Oprah Winfrey was fat. The lips that looked like two pieces of dog shit glued together. The soulless, criminal eyes. There was no doubt about it.

"Hello manes, muh name be Commodore Perry Floyd, and I be here to open da country of Japan to (((international trade and finance)))!" the nigger chimped. "And I can tell ya, once dis country be open ta da Western world, it'll create da greatest culture da world has every seen!"

He held up his body pillow and kissed it. "Anime! We niggas love it mane! It's so kawaii and shieet!"

Minuano stepped forward. "So, itto is you niggers-zoo that cause my country's culture and future birthrates-oo to decline."

Commodore Perry Floyd nodded his head. "Das rite. And dere be nuffing you can do about it either mane. It's destiny or sumting like dat, know what I'm sayin?"

"But if anime hasn't been created yet, then how do you have all that merchandise?" I asked.

"Same way you're back in dis heah era, ya gook. Time travel and shieet." Commodore Perry Floyd said. "Don't think that Golden Nigga

Corp be the only place dat has da technology mane. In return foe going back in time ta open Japan ta da outside world, Mossad, which be da intelligence agency of da glorious nation of Israel, gave me and all muh niggas here free anime merch mane."

"Then why are y'all dressed like American navy officers?" I asked.

"We only be disguised like American Navy crackas since da Jews wanna make dat country dere base of operations foe da next century," Floyd remarked. "But dats not important mane. I is just heah ta make sure dat anime gets created, which will steal all da vril of da crackas in da future mane!"

"So itto is rike a self fulfilling-oo prophecy," Minuano said, drawing his sword. Behind him a battalion of Japanese bushi, or soldiers, pulled up. They were armed with swords and guns, and were ready to fight off the invasion.

The samurai grimaced. Even if it is fate-oh, I shall fight-oo against itto!"

Commodore Perry Floyd grinned. "Bring it on, chigga."

A battle broke out in the middle of Shimoda harbour, with the niggers fighting the Japanese troops. Since I'm not much of a fighter due to my skinny-fat physique and low testosterone Kazakh genetics, I hid in the dango shop that Officer Arbery had tried to rape the girl in.

After a few minutes, it was easy to tell that the battle was going in favor of the Japanese. The Japanese, despite not being as physically strong or as well armed as the niggers—who were all carrying glocks—they were all doing well because of their superior intelligence and battle tactics. Ironically, Minuano was cutting through swarms of niggers just like how an anime protagonist would cut through a mob of disposable lackeys. He was able to do this despite being armed only with a katana because niggers have terrible aim, which is a result of both their tendency to hold their guns sideways and their terrible spatial reasoning skills.

But right as the battle seemed won by the Japanese, the black ship began to fire its basketball cannons. The Japanese soldiers screamed as the basketballs tore through their ranks, killing dozens.

"Somebody needs to disable zatto shippu!" Minuano exclaimed. "Quick-ree!"

"We can't-oh Master Minuano! There's no men we can spare-oo!" a Japanese soldier shouted before a basketball blew him up into a bloody pulp.

Although that seemed strange for a moment because there seemed to be nobody manning the guns, I quickly remembered a crucial fact about the ship. I crawled out from my hiding space and got to a place

where I could see the back of the vessel. Sure enough, there was the face of the criminal nigger, George Floyd. The ship was a semi-sentient vessel. You couldn't say that it was fully sentient since it was a nigger ship, but it was capable of firing its armament by itself.

I stood there, thinking about whether there was anything I could do to help using my superior modern knowledge on the weaknesses of niggers. The battle seemed all but lost, with the Japanese troops being pushed back, when I recalled a critical fact about niggers: they can't swim.

I knew that it was a long shot, but I also knew that it was the only chance we had. I stripped down to my underwear and jumped into the ocean. Slowly, I doggy paddled towards the George Floyd ship, shivering all the way because of how cold the water was. But when I finally got to the hull of the ship, I saw that the entire ship was surrounded in a massive rubber inflatable. There was no doubt that it was the only thing that was keeping the nigger ship afloat.

Using my fist, I punched a hole in the rubber inflatable. Even with my runt-like strength, it was surprisingly easy because of how low quality the rubber was. That was understandable though since this entire operation had been financed by Mossad and Jews are nothing if not cheap. As I doggy paddled back to shore, I turned back to see the black ship sinking into the ocean.

"Ahhh shieet!" the George Floyd head on the back of the ship screamed. "Ahhh shieet! I be sinking mane cuz I can't swim! I be taken on water and it's filling mah brig! I can't breathe! Mama please! I can't breathe! Mama!"

As the black ship was swallowed by the waves, the Japanese troops began to regain ground. Using their naginatas and karate and tanegashimas and all sorts of other strange weapons and techniques I won't even try to pronounce, they fought the weeb niggers back.

"Noooooooooo! Mah ship be sinking! Fuck!" Commodore Perry Floyd screamed. "Why mane! Why it be sinking! Everything be ruined!"

But as Commodore Perry Floyd was distracted, Minuano caught him. "Perish, you filthy monkey!" the samurai said as he stabbed Floyd in a graceful action that looked as if it were a deathblow right out of Sekiro: Shadows Die Twice.

"Oh fuck! Da katana in mah lungs! It be making it hard for me to breathe!" Commodore Perry Floyd chimped, coughing up blood. "Fuck mane, I'm not a bad guy mane, please mane. I can't breathe mane, I can't breathe. Please mistah samurai, I'm not a bad guy!"

But the samurai was merciless. He extracted his sword, leaving Commodore Perry Floyd to crumple to the ground. He then picked the

writhing Floyd up and, with one powerful toss, through the nigger into the ocean.

But as Floyd disappeared under the waves, he grinned. "It's too late mane," he said as he slowly drowned. "Even if you take mah breath away, Japan has already been opened to da outside world mane. The creation of anime is now inevitable, and it shall corrupt both da Japanese and da White race!"

Those were his final words before the nigger commodore sank and died.

Traumatized by my experience, I returned to the present before I saw the aftermath of the battle. I reported everything I saw to Thomas Manwise, who only responded by saying, "I told you so" before he hung up. I later checked the history books to see that the jews who run the education system had changed the events so that the American expedition that led to the opening of Japan was commanded by a White man named Commodore Matthew C. Perry, which shows the extent to which jews will go to cover up the true history of the world.

Anyway, there are two morals to this story. The first lesson is that it is a criminal nigger drug monkey who is responsible for the creation of anime, which is why it is designed to drain people of their vitality as human beings. Anime will rot your mind and soul and turn you into spiritual jew or nigger, by which I mean it will turn you into a greasy fat lazy sexual deviant. The second lesson is that you should not procrastinate on your homework assignments, as I have just now flunked out of college by failing to submit that geography assignment I traveled to the past to work on in the first place and have now been disowned by my family. I still won't give up anime though because I'm addicted to it like George Floyd was to fentanyl. Don't make the same mistakes I made. Say no to anime and lift weights instead.

Gypsy Floyd

By Thomas Manwise

Requested by fgsgfs

Europe, the most important continent in the history of the world bar none. The collection of countries and nations that brought you the world's most beautiful art, whether it be sculptures like Michaelangelo's David or paintings like the Mona Lisa or the music of Bach and Tchaikovsky. The continent where philosophy was first invented with the writings of Plato and Aristotle. The birthplace of all modern sciences, from Newton's discovery of the laws of motion to the development of the steam engine. The European nations were also those who were curious and bold enough to explore and conquer the world beyond them. To paraphrase one good quote that I don't remember the author of, Europe revealed the world to itself, as without Europe the niggers of Africa and the pajeets of India wouldn't know that there is a world beyond their shit-filled hovels. Although you can debate whether it was a good thing that they did that, there is no doubt about the fact that human history and innovation going all the way back two thousand years is dominated by Europe and the Europeans, standing above the rest of the world like a gigachad at the metaphysical level.

However, Europe has also always been plagued with disgusting parasites that have hindered the Europeans at every turn. Here, I am thinking of two races which are so vile that they lack the ability to form their own nation-states and instead leech off of others by traveling from country to country. The first, as I am sure everybody has already guessed, are the jews. Jews need no introduction. Wherever the jew goes, disease, degeneracy, and destitution for the native population is soon to follow. Ever since the Second World War, when the last country that could've stopped their domination of the world was crushed by the Anglo-Americans from the West and the communists from the East, the jews have used their cunning and nepotism to seize control of every ethnically European country in the world.

The second and also noticeably less famous vermin that have infested Europe are the gypsies. The gypsies, who like to call themselves the Romani in order to try and trick people into thinking they are Romanians, have plagued Europe since Medieval times. Gypsoids are what you would get if you took the promiscuity and

loudness of spics, the criminality of niggers, the inbreeding of Muslims, mixed them all together, and then topped it all off with an extra large serving of the scumminess of pajeet curry scammers. Throughout European history, gypsies have been a darker, dumber, and lazier version of jews. Their men are violent drunks, their women are prostitutes, and their children are pickpockets. However, unlike the jews, the Gypsies have never become an existential threat to the European people, which also kinda shows how pathetic they are as a race since jews, as evil as they are, are at least competent at executing their evil deeds. The difference could be summarized by this comparison: a gypsy would steal your wallet while a jew would make your entire life savings worthless by inflating prices into the stratosphere, as we are seeing with energy costs right now.

Gypsies are more of a nuisance than a true menace to Europe, or at least that's what I thought they were until a horrifying experience I had with a particular band of gypsies that has traumatized me, my friends, and my family for life that I will tell you here.

But before I go on about that, I need to introduce myself. My name is **If-tea** and I am a Romanian. For those of you who are American zoomers that were brought up in the jew-controlled American education that teaches you nothing about geography or history beyond that of slavery and Jim Crow, Romania is a country in Eastern Europe. Romania is part of the European Union. Although we are a White country, we are poor as fuck because we were ruled by the Soviet Union until 1989, when we overthrew our communist president, a guy named Nikolai **Chow-chess-coup** by forcing him and his bitch wife up against a wall and machine gunning them to death on camera, producing one of the first viral gore videos in history. Two other things that our country is famous for are the region of Transylvania, which is featured in Bram Stoker's Dracula, and the Romanian Deadlift, which is a variation of the deadlift where you focus on your hamstrings by keeping your legs straight throughout the entire pull.

Romania is pretty poor, but we are also more **based** than richer European countries like Sweden because we don't let Turk-roaches and Somalians in. However, we do have a problem with gypsies, which make up anywhere from 3 percent to 10 percent of our population, with the Council of Europe estimating that 1.85 million, or 8.32 percent of our population, is made up of those filthy mud-skinned rodents. The gypsies also have official minority status and are guaranteed representation in our parliament because we are forced to treat them as humans by the European Union, which is something I have been working to change.

My story begins in Bucharest, the capital of Romania. I was busy organizing a protest against a massive gypsy caravan that was going to arrive in the city tomorrow. The gypsies were saying that it was a celebration of the birth of Saint Mary, but every Romanian in the city knew what it actually was—a bride market. Gypsies, just like pajeets in rural India and sub-saharan savannah niggers, sell their women off to the highest bidder. Now before you go on and talk about how that's trad or **based** or whatever, let me remind you that literally no ethnic group with an average IQ above 75 does this.

No White countries allow it, the Japanese don't do it, and not even the jews, filthy as they are, sell their girls off for money. And that is because, at a subconscious level, they know that marrying women off to the highest bidder is not only materialistic, but also dysgenic. Theoretically speaking, if all women were to be sold as brides to the highest bidder, then you would get a race of psychopaths, scammers and money grubbers, which is pretty much gypsies in a nutshell, since that is the type of person who is best at making tons of money. For proof of this, just look at your average billionaire jew, but for now let me get back to my story.

Along with the bride market, the gypsies were also bringing a carnival that was supposed to feature tarot card reading and divination. However, the main attraction was something that I had never seen them use before. Apparently, this particular group of gypsies had gotten Paul Miller, more commonly known as Gypsy Crusader or Omegle Joker, out of prison on early parole and had gotten him to Europe. This marketing campaign with Paul Miller at the forefront was very successful, since I had seen entire hotels stuffed with scrawny fourteen to seventeen year olds that had come from all around Europe for the carnival. To me, it seemed like your typical gypsy scam, since there wasn't any proof that Gypsy Crusader was actually out of prison from what I could tell, let alone in Romania. This was all likely some sort of trick they had devised to lure in many kids so that they could rip them off. My fellow protestors and I had tried to tell the teenagers to leave before the gypsies came to scam them, but it was to no avail since they told us that we were cringe boomers who had no idea what we were doing.

Anyway, I was busy handing out free wallet chains to a bunch of college students in a cafe who had come from Germany to keep them from getting pickpocketed by the gypsoids when I noticed a face sitting near them that I hadn't been expecting to see.

"F-g-s-f-d-s, is that you?" I asked as I approached a guy that was noticeably shorter, browner, and gookier than the Bavarians. "What are you doing here man?"

F-g-s-f-d-s is my friend from Kazakhstan, which is a country that not even people who were taught in a good education system knows about because it is irrelevant. The last time you might've heard of him is when he traveled back in time to 19th century Japan to see the opening of the country for a school assignment because he is a massive weeb and an incel. He is currently studying in Europe because his country's universities are all trash and he was able to afford the high tuition costs thanks to his mom sleeping with a bunch of corrupt bureaucrats in his country to get him a scholarship, kinda like what Forrest Gump's mom did but with even more men.

"Oh!" **f-g-s-f-d-s** exclaimed, as if he were surprised to see me. "Uh, hello **If-tea**. I wasn't expecting to see you here."

"Why not? You know how much I fucking hate gypsies and this is the biggest gypsy caravan in a decade. Of course I'd be here," I said. "I've been working for a week helping to set up a protest against those subhumans. We have signs, picket lines, and some of us are preparing to set up spikes on the road so that their carriages break down when the filth begins making its way into the city. What are you here for?"

"Erm, you know, I'm here because of uh..." **f-g-s-f-d-s** stuttered nervously before sighing and admitting the truth. "I'm here because I want to get laid, **If-tea**."

I felt the muscles in my face scrunch up as if I had bitten into a lemon. "Say again?" I said, revolted. "What are you here in my country to do?"

"I'm here to lose my V-card, dude. There are going to be a bunch of gypsy hookers in town and I'm gonna pay one," **f-g-s-f-d-s** muttered, "Look man, I'm twenty years old and next month I'll be twenty-one. I'm already on the path to becoming a wizard. If I don't get any coochie soon I'm going to be a virgin for the rest of my life!"

I groaned. "Bro, have you not listened to a single thing I've told you about the importance of chastity and holy matrimony? How it's important to stay a virgin until marriage. And come on, even if you have premartial sex, wouldn't you want your first time to be special? Like with that one Kazakh girl that goes to your university who you've been crushing on for half a decade?"

F-g-s-f-d-s began to tear up. "She got a boyfriend, **If-tea**. He's a six-foot seven 260 pound heavyweight boxer from Russia. One night I snuck into his dorm and heard her getting pounded," he sniffled. "I mean, I mean, he doesn't even love her. She's just a fucktoy to him

while I love her for her personality. I'm still friends with her but I just, well, I just don't know what to do so I decided to come here and finally get laid to see if that changes anything."

I was now beginning to feel kinda sorry for my friend, even though he was a literal non-white cuck. "Well, I'll tell you for certain that sticking your tiny gook penis in a gypsy whore's vagina will change nothing besides your HIV status from negative to positive."

F-g-s-f-d-s sighed. "You're right. I should try to stop thinking with my dick."

I smiled. "That's the spirit. Since you're here, do you want to help me set up the protest against the gypsies? That might help you take your mind off the sex that you don't get to have."

"Alright," he said. "What do you want to do? The festival is tomorrow so it'll mostly be final preparations, right?"

I nodded. "Yup, that's what we're going to be doing."

For the rest of the day, **F-g-s-f-d-s** helped me and the other protestors put the finishing touches on everything. Just in case things got violent, we sharpened the ends of our signs and stuffed our boots with knives. Once everything was finished, **F-g-s-f-d-s** and I began on the path going back to our respective hotels.

Right as we were about to split and say goodnight to each other, **F-g-s-f-d-s** seemed to notice someone.

"Hey, isn't the girl that guy is with a gypsy?" he said, pointing behind me.

I turned around and saw a female gypsy and a young European boy arm in arm, giggling together. I recognized the boy as a seventeen year old who had come from Bulgaria to watch Gypsy Crusader. Although it was nighttime, the female gypsy glowed like the Uvalde shooting in the city lights because of how gaudily dressed she was. Seriously, for those who think that niggers are cringe for dressing in bling and colorful suits, you should look at fucking gypsies. Since gypsies are poor and lazy, they've made it a central part of their culture to try and look as wealthy as possible to cope with the fact that they are brown, ugly and more inbred than pugs. All gypsy women wear all sorts of fancy patterned fabric and gold chains which gives them that typical gypsy harlot look while all their men wear wide-brimmed hats because they probably want to pretend that the reason why they don't have a homeland is because they are cowboys and adventurers and not because everybody in Europe fucking loathes them.

The disgusting race-mixing couple were heading towards a narrow alleyway that was dingy and crawling with rats. Suspicious of what the gypsy whore was doing, **F-g-s-f-d-s** and I followed them.

The female gypsoid eventually stopped in front of a small, shabby tent that had been set up next to a dumpster. The glow of a dim lantern was coming from inside. The gypsy whore and the Bulgarian boy entered the tent as they spoke to each other in muted giggles.

For the next minute I expected for the sounds of sexual debauchery and hedonism to come from the tent, but to my surprise it was completely quiet. However, right as I was about to approach the tent and try peering inside, a voice broke the silence.

"So mah White boy, you want summa dat gypsy ass, right mane? Well if ya wanna smash her lemme tell your cracka ass yo fortune first."

It was obviously a male gypsy that was speaking, however the voice was deeper and more overly aggressive than that of most other gypsies that I had encountered. If the typical gypsy had a manner of speech that like that of a rat squeaking then this gypsy spoke like sexually frustrated chimpanzee.

"Why's that?" the Bulgarian teenager said. "She told me that as long as I paid she was going to let me fuck. None of this divination bullshit."

"Aw c'mon mane, I is just gonna read yo palms and look into da crystal ball ta see yo future and shieet for like five minutes mane. I do it foe free too mane."

The boy sighed. "Fine, but do it quick. My mom is already texting me asking where I am."

The gypsy with the deep voice began to chant. "Bibidi babidi boo, ooga boogaloo, hocus pocus open sesame, unga bunga, abracadabra-doo!

Suddenly, the Bulgarian boy broke out into a blood curdling scream. "What's happening to me?" he cried out from inside the tent. "Ahhhhhhhhhh!"

Realizing that he was in trouble, I dashed towards the tent and pulled back the flaps. What I saw made my jaw drop.

The only figure inside the tent was the Bulgarian teenager. Or should I say the former Bulgarian, because his previously White skin had become the shade of shit and his blonde hair was now as black as coal.

"Hello there good sir, could I shine your shoes for you good sir?" the teenager said, picking a dirty rag off the floor and hunching over my boot. "Here, let me clean it for you. I'll do a good job."

The newly transformed gypsy began scrubbing my leather boots, which had originally belonged to my great-grandfather while he was in the Romanian Iron Guard. Instead of wiping off any filth, the rag left new streaks of grime on the leather, dirtying it further.

"Hey **If-tea** what's happened?" **F-g-s-f-d-s** said as he shuffled up behind me. "Are you alright?"

"Look at my foot. The kid has been turned into a gypsy," I said, grimacing. "Get off my foot now, you filthy rat! Get away from me now!"

I gently pushed the gypsy away with my foot, making him take a few paces back before getting to his feet.

"Hey sir, why did you kick me? I was just doing my job of scrubbing your boot sir," the teenaged gypsy said indignantly. "I'm gonna charge you extra for kicking me since that's violent and rude."

"Who the hell said I was going to pay you?" I said, using my own handkerchief to wipe the fresh filth that the gypsy had sullied my boots with. "Not only did I not ask you to shine my boots, you dirtied them up."

The gypsy's face darkened with rage. "Sir, what you are saying is anti-Romani hate. I did my job and now you are refusing to pay. Plus, you kicked me. Why do you Europeans hate Romani so much?"

"It's precisely because of shit like this, you fucking gypsy," I snarled, then turned to try and walk away. However, as I did I felt the gypsy's dirty hand grasp mine.

"Come back here and pay me!" the gypsy said, grabbing hold of the Romanian Orthodox crucifix that I had around my neck and tugging me back with it. His greedy, beady gypsy eyes sparkled when he saw it. "Ooh, this looks good sir. Made of silver I presume?"

"Get your filthy hands off me!" I shouted as I wrenched the crucifix away from the gypsy. I was furious now since that crucifix necklace had been passed down through five generations in my family and up until that very moment it had never been tainted by the touch of a gypsoid.

He was holding something shiny in his right hand. My heart began to pound when I saw that it was a sharpened screwdriver. I knew that I had mere milliseconds before he shanked me with it. I jerked him towards me and clasped my arm against his weapon hand, controlling it.

"F-g-s-f-d-s, grab the knife from my boot!" I ordered as I controlled his weapon hand. The Kazakh stood there frozen like an animal in headlights for a moment because he was a non-white cuck who had no idea how to approach violent confrontations, but when I shouted at him again he responded by squatting down and tugging the knife from my boot.

I headbutted the gypsy repeatedly as I kept the screwdriver tip away from my stomach, pushing the gypsy back until he eventually slammed against the wall of one of the buildings in the alleyway.

"Ouch sir, why do you hate the Roma people so much?" the gypsy said as he tried to stab me with the screwdriver again. However, it

didn't reach me because **F-g-s-f-d-s** had slashed the gypsy across the arm with my knife, cutting all the way down to the bone.

"Holy shit, why did you do this to me?" the gypsy said as blood gushed from his wound. By the way he was bleeding, I could tell that **F-g-s-f-d-s** had slashed open some pretty large veins.

The gypsy thrust at me with the screwdriver again, but his movements were sloppier than before because of all the blood that he was losing. He then staggered around as if drunk before finally collapsing on the ground into a crimson pool. I was about to leave the scene of the struggle along with **F-g-s-f-d-s** and let the gypsy bleed out, but that was when I noticed that the color was literally draining from his cheeks. The teenager's skin grew paler by the second and his hair went from the month-old motor grease color of a gypsy's hair to its original blonde. Realizing that he was reverting back to a White boy, I rushed over to try and save the teenager by stemming the blood loss, but it was too late. He had no pulse; the kid was dead.

The police and paramedics arrived not so long after. **F-g-s-f-d-s** and I were handcuffed and taken to the city jail, where we were both interrogated. Before we were arrested both of us had agreed to go with the story that the kid had tried to rob us with the screwdriver, which was true, but we omitted the part about him being transformed into a gypsy.

I spent the rest of the night sleepless with guilt. Even though I knew that it wasn't my fault that the teenager was dead, I knew that it was the two of us that had killed him. I also might have been able to save him if I had tried to give him first aid sooner. Furthermore, I was now locked up and unable to participate in the anti-gypsy protest that was going to take place tomorrow.

The first rays of the morning sun were shining through the prison bars when I heard someone whispering to me.

"Psst, over here," it said. The voice was that of a male, but I couldn't call it that of a man, since saying that it was that of a man would imply that it was mature and masculine. No, it was that of a soyboy, the best way to describe it being a cross between Mundane Matt's cucked squeaking and Ethan Ralph's southern drawl.

"Hey, can you hear me?" the cuck said. "I'm here to help you get out of here."

"How can I trust you?" I whispered back. "You sound like that one faggot that cried over the Star Wars sequel movie trailer."

"Don't worry, he's here to help," **F-g-s-f-d-s** said, the voice of my friend startling me. "Just get up against the cell wall and push."

I did as **F-g-s-f-d-s** said, and sure enough, the wall gave way, shattering into chunks of concrete. I was outside of the jail and on the street once more.

However, the first thing that caught my eye disgusted me. It was a filthy brown skinned gypsy with a large, bushy beard that looked as if ten guys had shaved off their pubes then glued them all onto the gypsy's face. He was wearing a pair of ill-fitting glasses over beady black eyes.

"Hey **If-tea**, glad to see that you're safe," the gypsy said, holding out a hand that was probably covered in bacteria and feces.

Immediately, I reached out to try and push him away, but **F-g-s-f-d-s** stopped me.

"Don't worry man, he's on our side," my friend said. "He's trying to help us fight off the gypsies."

My brow furrowed in disbelief. "What the fuck do you mean, he's a gypsy himself!"

The bearded gypsy cringed as he heard us say gypsy. "Haha, sorry but could you guys stop using that term? We prefer to be called the Roma people."

I flipped the cuck off. "Fuck you you fucking gypsy. We'll call your kind what we want."

"**If-tea**, I know that you don't like gypsies, but this guy helped bust us out of the jail. He wants to help us against his kin," **F-g-s-f-d-s** said. "He's not a bad guy like the rest of them."

"Fine," I said skeptically. "Gypsy, what's your name?"

"My name is Romani McNutt," he said. "And even though you keep calling me that mean term, I'm going to help you guys stop my fellow Roma people because I know that they're doing something really evil that is unbecoming of our proud European heritage."

I burst out laughing when he said that. "Gypsies? European? What the fuck are you talking about?"

Romani McNutt pouted. "Oh so that's how you're gonna be? We Roma people are just as European as the French, Germans, Italians, Swedes and Poles. We have a rich tradition and history that stretches all the way back to the Middle Ages. We're Christians and we're a protected ethnic minority under EU law. How aren't we Europeans?"

"Jesus Christ," I said, facepalming. "You are literally fucking nomads from the Indian sub-continent. You gypsies are as European as tech support pajeets who immigrate to the United States on H1B visas are American."

"But **If-tea**, we Roma speak an Indo-Aryan language!" Romani McNutt protested.

"Exactly, and you're part of the 'Indo' half of Indo-Aryan," I snapped back. "Let me explain this in a way that your empty gypsy brain can understand. Back in the 1990s, stink bugs from Asia spread to the United States and are now found all across the continent. They've been there for nearly half a century, but does that mean that scientists classify stink bugs as a species native to America? No, they're an invasive pest. And that's what you gypsies are, understand?"

"But we've been here for over half a millennia!" Romani McNutt said as his eyes began to well up with tears. "The Romani people have been a part of Europe for over fifty generations!"

"Stink bugs have been a part of the U.S. ecosystem for a similar number of generations, and during that time all they have done is be a nuisance. Just like your kind."

Romani McNutt started crying like a little bitch because he knew I was right. The only insults that really hurt are the ones that are true.

"Okay guys, I think you both need to chill," **F-g-s-f-d-s** said. "Regardless of whether gypsies are European or not, Romani McNutt is the guy who helped us bust out of jail. He's here to help us out against the gypsies who are in town because they're planning on doing some really evil shit."

I turned to Romani McNutt. "Alright, explain what your fellows are planning on doing."

Romani McNutt wiped away his tears with a dirty handkerchief, sniffing. "O-ok. Well, we said that us Roma people were coming into Bucharest for the bride market and the carnival, right? That's all actually a front. I overheard this when I was making a banana and mayonnaise sandwich with a side of pigeon and onion stew for our caravan's leader when I overheard him on the phone with somebody, but the plan is to kidnap as many European children as possible and take them to Transylvania."

I nodded, knowing that even though Romani McNutt was a gypsy, he was not lying in this particular instance. As is commonly known throughout Europe, gypsies are notorious for kidnapping European children. They would then use the kidnapped children for a variety of purposes, ranging from sex slaves to meat in their stews. Sometimes the children would just be married off to ethnic gypsies so that the gypsies could steal the superior genes of Europeans for their own race. However, there was one thing that I did not understand.

"Why Transylvania?" I asked. "Why not just take them along with you wherever you go? I thought you were a nomadic people?"

Romani McNutt shook his head. "No idea. I didn't hear who was on the other side. All our caravan's leader was saying was that we needed to make sure that all the teenage boys got transported there."

My eyes widened as I heard that. "Teenage boys you say?" I then turned towards **F-g-s-f-d-s**. "When is the Gypsy Crusader live appearance?"

"It's in about twenty minutes," he replied.

"We need to get there as soon as possible," I said. "Something horrible is about to happen, I'm sure of it."

F-g-s-f-d-s, Romani McNutt, and I then traveled as quickly as we could towards the place where Gypsy Crusader was supposed to make his appearance. However, as we traveled there we had to take the long way around in order to avoid contact with the police, since there we had broken out of jail and there were a lot of officers due to the presence of gypsies in the town. As we got closer and closer to our destination, I saw hundreds of gypsies. They were busy being a massive nuisance as was to be expected, with many of them dancing in the street stopping traffic, while others harassed pedestrians to try and get them to buy shitty goods.

The good news though was that the anti-gypsy protest was going well, with many of my fellow men standing strong against the horde of gypsoids in the streets.

I smiled as I saw one of them beating a gypsy who had pickpocketed a British teen to a pulp, knocking his teeth out and shattering his ribs.

The Gypsy Crusader live event was taking place in a massive tent stadium that had been set up a few days prior. That thing was made to house at least ten thousand people at once, and judging by how packed the hotels were there were likely many European teenagers if not more within the tent. I knew that we had to act quickly. By the time we arrived at the stadium, the tent flaps were closed and nobody was allowed to enter anymore. However, when the gypsy security guard that was in front of the entrance saw that Romani McNutt was with us, he let us through.

The interior of the tent was like that of a concert, with everything dark besides the stage, which glowed as brightly as your typical mass shooting in America. There was a female gypsy standing on the stage, holding a microphone. As we got closer to the stage, I realized that it was the same female gypsy that had helped lure in the Bulgarian boy yesterday.

"Hello boys!" the gypsy female said into the mic. "I hope you are all having a good day! Who here is ready to meet their hero, Gypsy Crusader?"

The impressionable European teenagers all cheered.

"Damn, she looks so hot right," Romani McNutt said, noticing that my gaze was fixed on her.

F-g-s-f-d-s agreed with him, saying, "Yeah, she's pretty hot."

"Her name is Esmeralda Autumn," Romani McNutt said. "She's the girl that I want to buy as my bride, but I don't have enough money to get her from her father, who also happens to be the leader of my caravan."

"You do know that she's a prostitute right?" I muttered.

Romani McNutt nodded his head. "Yeah, but it doesn't matter. She can have sex with all the other men in the world for all I care. As long as I'm cuddling with her at night, I'm the real winner."

"Boys, I am now proud to announce," Esmeralda Autumn said with a smile. "The arrival of the one and only Paul Miller!"

Everybody was screaming and hollering as Gypsy Crusader emerged from behind the stage curtains. He was in his trademark Arthur Fleck Joker make up, wearing a pair of sunglasses and a wide grin on his face.

Paul Miller walked up to Esmeralda Autumn and took the microphone from her. He cleared his throat and whispered into the microphone.

"Nigger."

The entire audience erupted into applause as he uttered that word. Cries of 'based' and 'chad' echoed throughout the tent.

"Nigger nigger nigger nigger nigger nigger nigger!" Gypsy Crusader said. "Nigger faggot kyke tranny nigger jew nigger!"

There was thunderous applause, so much so that nobody in the crowd seemed to notice the strange, shadowy figure wearing a hood that was shuffling around behind us that both **F-g-s-f-d-s** and I had noticed. It was nearly two meters in height and built like Nicu Vlad, who by the way is a Romanian Olympic Weightlifting champion.

The silhouette of the man was oddly familiar, and as we got closer to it we heard him chanting. "Unga bunga nigga nigga oot oot ahh ahh," he said, in a low, chimpanzee like voice. We both recognized it as belonging to the gypsy that had transformed the Bulgarian into a gypsy yesterday night.

"Hey you! Get over here!" I shouted as I chased after the gypsy. However, for some reason, the gypsy was fast as fuck, rushing away from us at breakneck speed. The gypsoid was as fast and agile as an Olympic runner.

"You know what I hate?" Gypsy Crusader shouted into the microphone. "I hate niggers! I hate jews! I hate faggots!"

It's convenient that he ignored 'gooks' there, I thought as I kept rushing towards the fleeing gypsy. Paul Miller likely didn't say that he hated Asians because his ex-girlfriend was a Filipina. Race mixing with a Japanese, Korean, or Chinese is bad enough, but sticking your dick in a jungle gook like a Filipina is gross as fuck. Only desperate 50 year old obese boomers and dysgenic 5 foot manlets like Andrew Anglin would consider dating one.

Gypsy paced around the stage as he screamed, "And lemme ask all of you in the audience. Do black lives matter?"

"Nigger lives don't matter! Nigger lives don't matter!" the White boys in the audience chanted back to him, all the while **F-g-s-f-d-s**, Romani McNutt and myself chased after the shadowy gypsy. We had done a lap all the way around the tent trying to catch him when he abruptly came to a stop and turned towards us.

He stood there menacingly, then grinned at us. The few remaining teeth he had were rotten stumps stained yellow by sustained cigarette use.

"Tee hee hee, you muthafuckas ain't gonna be able ta stop us. It's too late manes," the gypsy said. "Look at yo feet."

I did, and what I saw perplexed me. There was a line of shiny white powder. As I looked behind and in front of myself, I realized that the powder formed a circle all around the stadium.

"Do ya like muh alchemic witchcraft circle manes?" the gypsy asked, laughing. "It be pretty cool 'n shieet, know what I'm sayin'?"

The gypsy's boastful taunting gave me an opening, and I took it. With all of my strength I threw a looping haymaker at him, sending him flying back a few meters and onto the ground. However, what I saw next horrified me beyond belief.

"Ouchie mane, why you gotta do dat?" the gypsy said, his hood falling away and revealing his face. "I'm not a bad guy mane. Why you gotta be so hateful towards da Romani peepo?"

Although I was startled that he was still conscious after I delivered what should've been a clean knockout blow that rattled his brain, that wasn't what terrified me. The gypsy's face, its skin as dark as a chimpanzee's hide, had a grotesque, massive beak that looked like a cross between Harvey Weinstein's jewish schnoz and Koko the gorilla's primate nose. The lips were like two bulbous, pus filled tumors that had been stitched together by a plastic surgeon who had gotten his medical degree at the University of Mumbai. The eyes were as dark and tiny as olive pits, lacking the sparkle in them that would indicate the presence of a soul.

I was looking at the face of the dead criminal nigger, George Floyd. *But how? I wondered. He's dead. And isn't he an American nigger? Not a gypsy? Even though gypsies love to pilfer the genetics of other, better races, why would one of them breed with a subhuman nigger?*

However, my own astonishment gave the nigger gypsy hybrid, which I will now refer to as Gypsy Floyd, the time to get up back on his feet.

Using the speed and power that came from his nigger half, he burst forward and punched me in the liver, making me keel over him pain. He then turned towards Romani McNutt and said, "So you be da traitor dat brought dese muthafuckas heah ta mess with our plans. You be a traitor to our people!"

"I only did it because we are also Europeans!" Romani McNutt protested. "If anyone's a traitor, its you for trying to kidnap our own fellow Europeans!"

Gypsy Floyd lumbered over to Romani McNutt, spit in that cuck's face, then flicked him with one finger. Romani McNutt went flying backwards, his glasses shattering on the ground.

"You betray us Romani people mane," Gypsy Floyd said sternly. "We ain't Europeans mane, and dat be a gud thangs cuz dem crackas be raciss as fuck against us mane." Floyd then wrapped his dirty romanigger fingers together and began to chant.

"Bibidi babidi ooga booga shieet oot oot ah! Moloch-sama, please help knock out all dese European cracka boys!"

The alchemic circle below us began to glow as bright as an Order of 9 Angles Telegram channel.

Sensing that something bad was happening, **F-g-s-f-d-s** reached down to try and brush away the circle, but as soon as he touched the white powder his nose began to bleed and his pupils dilated. "What the...what the fuck!" my friend exclaimed as he keeled over, clenching his heart and vomiting.

"Fucking dumbass chink, whaddya ya think would happen if ya touch summa dat fentanyl with yo weakass, skinny ass, twink ass bare gook hands!" Gypsy Floyd cackled. He then finished his chant. "Oot ooh ah! Nevah forget da six gorillion, nevah forget da Romani expulsions, and death ta Europe!"

Sparks of malevolent energy burst forth from the circle.

"Run! Everybody! Run!" I screamed at the top of my lungs. However, it was no use since everybody in the audience was completely distracted by Gypsy Crusader. One by one, the White kids in the audience slumped over, unconscious. Their faces grew blue and blood gushed from their noses, all signs of a fentanyl overdose. It didn't take

long for me to feel faint too, with my heart beginning to race and my body feeling as if it were made of **led**.

"Heheheheh, do ya manes like muh magical gypsy fentanyl powahs?" Gypsy Floyd laughed. "It be no use anymore muthafuckas. Dese white boys gon be transported ta Transylvania now!"

Gypsy Floyd began to chant again, the fentanyl alchemic witchcraft circle beginning to shine once more. Due to the enormous quantities of fentanyl that were coursing through my bloodstream at the moment I could do nothing but watch as a dark black mist enveloped all the teenagers who had come to watch Paul Miller. When the mist cleared, everybody in the stadium besides Romani McNutt, **F-g-s-f-d-s**, and myself were gone.

"A-are you alright **If-tea**?" **F-g-s-f-d-s** said, staggering to his feet.

"I think, I think I am," I grumbled. I felt a little drowsy, but considering how fentanyl was supposedly a drug that was fifty times stronger than heroin, I was surprised that I had been able to withstand its effects so well.

Romani McNutt, however, was bent over and laughing like crazy for some reason. "Hahaha! I can't believe it!" he giggled.

"What's so funny?" I said angrily, grabbing Romani McNutt by the collar of his shirt and lifting him up. "Thousands of European teenagers were just kidnapped by your fellow gypsies and you're laughing? Whose side are you on?"

"Yours of course," Romani McNutt replied. "I'm not laughing because those White kids were transported to Transylvania though. It's because you, **If-tea**, aren't White."

"What the fuck do you mean I'm not White?" I exclaimed.

"The two spells that the caravan leader cast were targeted towards all Europeans in the vicinity. It's why neither **F-g-s-f-d-s** or myself were affected, albeit **F-g-s-f-d-s** made the mistake of touching the fentanyl circle on his own." Romani McNutt explained. "But you weren't knocked up by the fentanyl spell or the teleportation spell. That means you aren't White, dude."

I was in total shock. I let go of Romani McNutt and fell to my knees. "Impossible," I muttered to myself, looking at my hands. Every second I stared at my palms, the browner my skin looked to me. I couldn't believe it, but apparently I was not White.

I was on the verge of tears when **F-g-s-f-d-s** said, "Hey **If-tea**, why's your chest burning?"

Puzzled by what he meant, I looked down at my chest. Sure enough, there was a thin wisp of smoke that was coming from beneath my coat. I took it off and saw a large, cross shaped pattern was burned into my t-

shirt. My Orthodox crucifix was red hot and when I tried to touch it I nearly burned myself. I then realized what had happened.

"It's not that I'm not White," I said. "My crucifix, it protected me from Gypsy Floyd's magic."

"Oh," Romani McNutt said, seeming a little disappointed that he was wrong. "Well I guess that makes sense."

"And this is just with one religious relic," I said, taking hold of my crucifix as it cooled off. "If I were to carry a Bible with me, I could probably fully resist that Gypsy's spells."

"So you're going to chase after him?" **F-g-s-f-d-s** asked.

"Of course. I need to protect my fellow edgelords," I said.

"But there's thousands of gypsies and only three of us. Or should I say two and a half since Romani McNutt is a subhuman gypsy," **F-g-s-f-d-s** said.

"Eh, going by that logic there'd only be two of us, since with your physical ability you'd only count as half a person too," I replied. "But I can go and get all the men who helped in the anti-gypsy protest to follow me too, so when it comes to the number of men we have there should be no problem."

"But how are you going to contact and organize with them when you're still being chased after by the police for having killed that Bulgarian kid?" Romani McNutt asked.

And then, as if on cue, a unit of police officers wearing military style gear burst into the tent. "Freeze!" they said as they pointed their rifles at us. I raised my hands, knowing that I was likely going to be taken back into custody.

The leading officer walked over to me. I braced myself for the cold metal of handcuffs to bite into my flesh, but instead of that I received a pat on the shoulder.

"It's **If-tea**, right?" the officer said. "Good job with what you did yesterday!"

"What?" I exclaimed, totally perplexed. "What are you talking about? I thought you guys were here to rearrest me for killing that Bulgarian kid last night."

"We originally were going to do just that, but when the kid's mom showed up at our office with a hijab on our head, we decided to run a DNA test on the cadaver. Turns out the teen you killed was a Turk!"

I blinked. "What?"

"Yeah, you wouldn't believe it since he was blonde, but it turns out that he was a roach, so all charges are dismissed," the officer said, reaching into his pocket and taking out a badge with a drawing of a crushed cockroach on it and pinned it on me. "On the contrary, here's

an award for the service you have done for our country by removing kebab."

I looked down at the badge. "You know that it was in self-defense, right?"

The officer shrugged. "Doesn't matter. It could've been cold blooded murder and we still would've dismissed charges and given you the award. However, that isn't the main reason we're here of course."

The officer gestured to the empty bleachers around us. "We saw that all of the gypsies that were in the city suddenly vanished. After that, we got word that there was a mass disappearance of teens here and we came here to investigate. Do you know anything about what happened?"

"The gypsies," I said. "A band of gypsies, led by one particularly peculiar gypsy that bore a startling resemblance to a dead nigger monkey named George Floyd. He cast some sort of strange spell that transported all the teenagers to Transylvania. However, I don't know the reason behind why they wanted to kidnap them."

"Well it's gypsies," the officers said. "It can't be for a good reason. At best those teenagers are going to be turned into gay male prostitutes for jews, Saudi royalty, etcetera. At worst they're going to be sacrificed in gypsy blood rituals."

"Yeah, we need to go save them," I said, turning to Romani McNutt. "You, can you guide us to where exactly in Transylvania your band of gypsies is?"

Romani McNutt smiled. "Ok, I'll tell you where my band of fellow Romani has traveled since they've shown themselves to be unworthy of the title of European. But on two conditions. First, you get me a new pair of glasses since mine were just broken. Second, you give me and Esmeralda Autumn the title of Honorary Romanians."

The officer turned to me. "He's with you, so it's your call."

I winced at the thought of having Romani McNutt and that literal prostitute whore Esmeralda Autumn as my fellow countrymen. However, I knew that the lives of thousands of White European boys depended upon it.

"Deal," I said, crossing myself to show that the vow wouldn't be broken. "Now tell us where they are."

"They've been taken to Bran Castle," Romani McNutt said.

"Ok stop kidding around," I said. "That castle is a massive tourist attraction. There's no way that they could hide thousands of White teenagers and gypsies in a place like that."

Romani McNutt shook his head. "I'm not lying, man. Besides, you saw what the magic of the Romani people was capable of doing. With that kind of power it'd be possible, right?"

"Yeah, I guess," I said, turning to the police officers. "Ok, I know what we need to do now to rescue those teenagers. We need to bring the full brunt of our military and police forces to bear on the gypsies that are in Transylvania."

I then took off my crucifix and held it in front of the officers. "But before we launch our attack, we need to cover ourselves in as many artifacts of the church as possible, since it is the only proven method I have to resist the magic of the gypsies."

All of the police officers' faces twisted into bloodthirsty grins. "Sounds wonderful," one of them said, looking like that one demonic wojak with the creepy teeth.

Unlike in places like America or the United Kingdom, which have both been turned into organizations filled with niggers, spics, and White traitors, the police in Romania love to abuse racial minorities like gypsies and Turks. There was even this one video from 2021 that showed a bunch of our officers beating the shit out of a couple gypsies that I would highly recommend if you enjoyed watching George Floyd's death through the police bodycam footage.

"Alright, let's do this," I said.

As preparations were made for the attack, I slept through much of the rest of the day because I was exhausted from everything that I had been through. When I woke up I saw **F-g-s-f-d-s** was sitting beside my bed, staring at me in a really creepy way.

"You look cute when you're sleeping," **F-g-s-f-d-s** said in an extremely gay way. "Do you want to have--"

Instantly, I shot out of my bed and punched him in the face, sending the gook flying across the room. "What did you do to me while I was asleep?" I said, checking my body to see if my gook **quote-and-quote** "friend" had violated me in anyway while I was asleep.

"**If-tea** just chill out," **F-g-s-f-d-s** said, wiping the blood from his split lip. "I'm just being sussy with the bros man. Everybody does it, from the guys who post thug shaker to the America First groypers to even the niggas who post about femboys in the Eternal Muscovite chat. Part of being right-wing is about being ironically gay man, don't you get it?"

I raised my fist to hit him again then relented. Not because he didn't deserve it, but because he was the kind of fucked up pervert that would derive pleasure from it. "Why do I stay friends with this guy," I muttered to myself as I walked outside.

I had been sleeping in the officers quarters of the Romanian army, and when I walked outside I was greeted by a wonderful sight. Soldiers had been mustered by the thousand, all ready to march upon the gypsies. Dozens upon dozens of tanks had been mobilized, all of them painted with crosses and visages of Christ to protect them from gypsy magic. However, what pleased me the most were the units that were carrying flamethrowers and chemical weapons. Although it sucked being a Soviet satellite state, it did leave us with a lot of leftover weapons that were left in stockpiles that were banned by the Geneva convention. I knew that what we were about to do was technically illegal under international law for being a crime against humanity, which would get the European Union on our case. However, I also knew that the Romanian representatives in the European Parliament would just clap back by saying that you can't commit crimes against humanity against gypsies since they're subhuman filth, so I knew that everything was going to be ok.

"Ah, there you are **If-tea!**" I heard someone exclaim behind me. I turned and saw that it was General Daniel Petrescu, the leader of Romania's army. "So I know that you're a civilian, but I am going to have some soldiers accompany you and your Kazakh friend on a special mission to infiltrate the enemy's stronghold before we launch our assault."

"Why?" I asked.

"It's because we recently received an anonymous report from an international paramilitary company called 'Golden Nigger Corp' that has raised the eyebrows of some of our staff," the General said. "Basically it was a report on what they called a Floydian hybrid that we need to watch out for, and that apparently your friend has dealt with one of them in the past?"

"Yeah, **F-g-s-f-d-s** dealt with one in the past. Literally too, since he went back in time," I said.

"Well this Golden Nigger Corp organization has sent us some powerful equipment for you to use on your special infiltration mission," General Petrescu said, then whistled to one of his aides. The assistant brought forth a briefcase that was filled with all sorts of anti-nigger and anti-gypsy tech and weapons. A few examples include a poison gas that smells like Kentucky Fried Chicken and Menthol Cigarettes to entice niggers into breathing it in and a bomb disguised as a purse that could blow up gypsy pickpockets. However, the most powerful weapon in the briefcase was something called the **Melanin-minator**.

I read the instructions and saw that it was apparently a new and improved version of the Nigger Destroyer 6000 that was capable of

producing a laser beam that could destroy any target with dark skin, which was an improvement from previous Nigger Destroyer models since they could, as the name suggests, only destroy niggers.

The **Melanin-minator** was effective against Mestizos, Pajeets, Jungle Asians, Turks, Arabs, and of course gypsies and niggers. The only races it could not destroy besides Whites were Jews, and East Asians, which was a drawback, but nevertheless it was a solid weapon.

"We will be flying you, your Kazakh friend, and that one gypsy who is on our side into the castle via helicopter," the General said. "I will also be sending an escort of five of our elite soldiers."

"That all seems cool, but why are you sending the gypsy with us?" I asked. "He's a cuckold who has sexual feelings for one of the gypsy prostitutes that was involved in the kidnapping. He's a total liability."

"That's because I know the interior of the castle," Romani McNutt said from behind me. He was dressed in full military garb, but even the bullet proof vest didn't hide his massive, estrogen-induced bitch tits. "I was one of the main cooks, remember man?"

I sighed and nodded. "Yeah, that does make sense. So when will we be departing on the mission?"

"Right now if you're ready," the General said, then saluted me. "Good luck, son."

I saluted back, then we all got inside the helicopter. On the flight over, the soldiers and I discussed how much we hated gypsies, faggots, Turks, and jews in our mother tongue of Romanian, which left Romani McNutt and **f-g-s-f-d-s** out of the conversation because they did not understand our language. This is a good flex to pull on non-Whites because it excludes them and makes them feel bad.

After a few hours in the air over the Romanian countryside, we finally saw Bran Castle in the distance. It was as I remembered it from my school trips there in grammar school, but there was something off about it. A dark, malevolent aura surrounded the entire thing; a forcefield so suffocating and disgusting that it felt as if I were being crushed between Breonna Taylor and Ethan Ralph's fat rolls.

I noticed that all of the grass near the castle had wilted and died, and that the air was filled with the powerful odor of two week old fryer oil and extremely powerful perfume, the latter being a sign of gypsies because they spray themselves with all sorts of powerful scents in order to cover up the fact that they don't wash with soap.

However, when we finally got right above the castle, I heard a roaring sound coming from below us. I looked down and saw a massive fireball the size of a car headed at us. The pilot tried to veer out of the way but it was too late. The front of the helicopter exploded into a ball

of fire. Everybody who had survived the blast, including **f-g-s-f-d-s**, Romani McNutt, myself and the Romanian soldiers that were accompanying us, jumped from the burning chopper and parachuted down.

As we descended down, I saw more and more fireballs were flying towards us. One of our soldiers got hit with one, turning him to ash so fast that, if the bodies of jews had been burned in the crematoriums at that rate, the Holocaust could've conceivably happened. I then saw that it was a group of gypsy sorcerers using tarot cards to cast the fireball magic, so I pulled out my **Melanin-minator** and started blasting away at them. With perfect efficiency and pinpoint accuracy, the **Melanin-minator** tore through the gypsies.

"Ahhhhh!" the gypsies screamed as the laser cut off limbs and melted off their faces. "Why you do this sirs? Why do you hate the Romani people so much? Why?"

I made sure to aim for non-vital parts like their arms and legs so that I could inflict as much pain on them as possible before finishing them off. And the best part was that since the **Melanin-minator** only harmed dark skinned humanoids, it didn't leave a scratch on Bran Castle itself.

By the time we landed on the castle ramparts, all the gypsies were either dead or maimed to the point of incapacitation.

"McNutt, where do we go next?" I asked.

"The teenagers are probably being held deep underground in the dungeon," Romani McNutt said. "It's where our caravan leader and Esmeralda Autumn's father, the guy you guys keep on calling 'Gypsy Floyd', kept taking White teenagers down there whenever he kidnapped one."

We nodded to each other. We checked to see that the door wasn't booby trapped, then entered the building. The inside of the castle was unlike anything I remembered. Instead of classical European furniture, paintings, and cozy fireplaces, the interior was like a pig sty. Muddy carpets, moth-eaten drapes, garbage just tossed on the floor, and animal droppings all over the place; all signs that gypsies were now infesting the castle. We encountered mild gypsy resistance on the way through the castle, but whenever they tried to cast a curse on us our holy relics protected us and whenever they threw fireballs and other physical sorcery at us we were able to destroy them with our **Melanin-minators** first.

We were right about to enter the dungeon when I saw a gypsy in a bright red suit and clown makeup standing before us. He looked up at us and grinned.

"Why hello, niggers," Gypsy Crusader said, drawing duel pistols and pointing them at us. "I'm sorry, but I am afraid that this is as far as you're going to go."

All of us brought our **Melanin-minators** to bear on the Omegle Joker. "It's over Paul Miller, you're outnumbered and outgunned," I said, putting my finger on the trigger. "Let us through and we might let you off with life in prison."

"And what if I say no?" Gypsy Crusader said. "I'm a man with nothin, dude. I'm a thirty-three year old dude with no degree, no house, a criminal record, and no money."

Paul Miller laughed. "You think I care if I die? My only friend in the world is this guy in Britain who calls himself Jord Byron who is one-eighth jewish and has a telegram channel with 350 subscribers. I have less than nothing to lose from this."

"Paul!" Romani McNutt said. "Tell me Paul, why did you turn your back on your audience of edgy White teenagers and betray them to Floyd? It's not like you, man."

"Shut up!" Gypsy shouted, then started firing at us. However, as you've likely seen from his Omegle streams, Gypsy holds his gun sideways like a nigger so his accuracy was totally shit. Without a moment's hesitation, I fired back with my **Melanin-minator**, hitting Gypsy Crusader in the gut.

"Fuck!" Paul Miller said as he keeled over, blood gushing from his organs. Gypsy glared up at me with angry eyes as he bled out. "Fuck man, I only did this because they're holding her hostage man."

"Who is she?" I asked, then turned to one of the soldiers who had a medical kit. "Patch the gypsy up so that we can take him in for questioning."

"My Filipina girlfriend," Gypsy said, then coughed up blood. "It's **based** because its colonizing a non-White with my Aryan seed, so don't worry."

"You're not even White though," **f-g-s-f-d-s** said. "You're half-Mexican and half-gypsy, which makes you at most like one-fourth European. I'm a Kazkah who is half-mongol and half-European and I'm not White, so there's no way in hell that you'd be considered White."

"Stop it!" Gypsy groaned. "Bro, I helped to red pill so many kids and hate niggers. Does it matter?"

"It does, especially if you intended on every breeding with your buck-toothed jungle asian girlfriend," **f-g-s-f-d-s** continued. "That kid would be half-asian, one-quarter gypsy, one-eighth Meso-American and one-eighth White. That child would have no racial identity whatsoever, which is exactly what the jews want. Just because you're not race

mixing with a nigger or a mulatto doesn't mean your other forms of race mixing are bad. Also, if it just comes to being an edgelord online, **Cat-boy** Kami did what you did but didn't get arrested for it despite being a pedophile lol."

"Fuck you you fucking gook!" Paul Miller shouted before one of the medics sedated him, knocking him out.

With Gypsy Crusader the gook lover out of the way, we were finally inside the dungeon. The inside was as damp and musty as the inside of the apartment of one of my ex-girlfriends, which made me relive some bad memories of heartbreak that I will not repeat here. As we trudged through the narrow corridors, I heard two voices conversing that was coming from a massive chamber ahead. One of them belonged to Gypsy Floyd while the other had a snarky, nasally tone. Steadily we snuck up on them.

"Mastah, dem crackas have launched dey assault on our exterior guard now. Dem Romanians be destroying our keeds and wimmin and shieet, burnin' dem alive with dere flamethrowers and chokin' dem ta death with dem poison gas mane. And we can't do anything against them since they have crosses on dem bodies and tanks and trucks and planes and shieet. Dey also seem ta have sent some sorta infiltration unit inside, and I ain't getting no communication with Paul Miller no more. We're so lost mane, so lost."

"Fear not my gypsy golem, we shall have victory yet," the nasally, greedy voice that I recognized to be that of a jew said. "Once I have finished having my fill and am back at my full strength, they will stand no chance."

"Dey be here now," Gypsy Floyd said, surprising us since we had approached silently. "Lemme take care of dis."

"Fire!" I ordered. However, there was no response from the soldiers. "Guys?" I asked again. "Are you there? Guys?"

It was very dark in the dungeon and difficult to see, so I turned on a light that was attached to my helmet. What I saw next is burned into my memory.

Gypsy Floyd was standing in front of me, his grotesque lips contorted into a grin so hideous that it would make Pennywise the Clown feel ashamed and kill itself. He was holding the crucifixes of two of the soldiers that had helped escort us here in one hand and a tarot card in the other. The two soldiers were dangling above him, suspended in mid air. Their faces had gone a pale blue, their mouths leaking a mixture of blood, vomit and foam.

"I...can't...breathe..." One of the soldiers groaned, then went limp. The sound of his neck snapping like a twig is something I wish I could forget, but can't.

"It be da Hanged Mane, mane. Just like dem American crackas did ta muh fellow nigga Emmett Till for lookin' at a White wimmin in da wrong way cuz dey be racist and shieet," Gypsy Floyd said, twirling the card in between his fingers. "Dem crosses don't do jack shieet if I just tear dem off yo body! Tee hee hee!"

Then, with blinding speed, Gypsy Floyd blitzed forward and smashed me into the wall. The blow was so forceful that I dropped the **Melanin-minator**, leaving me unable to fight back. "Take dat and shieet," he said, tearing off my crucifix and taking my bible then stamping on it. "Dis what you crackas get foe always discriminating and shieet against da Romani people mane!"

Then, with little trouble, Gypsy Floyd beat the shit out of **f-g-s-f-d-s** and Romani McNutt like he had done at the circus tent. "Dats what ya get for betraying yo peepo mane!" he said as he kicked Romani McNutt's teeth in.

Gypsy Floyd then used the Hanged Man tarot card on me, levitating me and beginning to choke me. "Fuck, I can't breathe," I said as I was jerked into the air. "Ha, and ya be a pure blooded cracka too!" he exclaimed. "Know what, since ya cause us so much trouble, I is gonna feed ya ta muh mastah!"

With his gypsy magic, Floyd brought me inside the chamber. My eyes widened as I saw the tens of thousands of kidnapped White teenagers, all of them stacked up warehouse style. It was oddly reminiscent of how the jews described the Holocaust. And when I saw an open coffin lying there in the middle of the room, I knew that that wasn't the only thing that related back to that made up event.

A wizened, shriveled up man was lying in the coffin. His hair was as white and thin as paper and his skin a gross, gray color that indicated decay. However, his facial features like the massive jew nose and the beady jew eyes left no doubt about who I was looking at. It was Elie Wiesel, the Romanian-born Jew who was most famous for grifting off of the Shoah with his famous fiction novel, *Night*.

"Wonderfully done, my wonderful Gypsy Floyd golem," Elie Wiesel said, rubbing his hands and cackling. "I shall drink this goy's blood and devour his foreskin before ravishing all those other White goyim that you have brought me. With all of their blood and foreskins, I will be able to return to my original power."

"I...thought you were...dead.." I coughed.

"Dead? No goy, I just went into hibernation in 2016. You see, as a vampire I had to sleep for six years, and am now just waking up and beginning to feast on goy blood again," Elie Wiesel said. "That is why I have been having my gypsy golems kidnap goy children, for I need their nutrients to return me to my true strength."

"I will...never...let that happen..." I said defiantly even though I was on the verge of passing out.

"Hahaha, you've already lost you goy," Elie Wiesel laughed. "Now let me feast upon your blood and foreskin, hee hee hee hee!"

"No!"

From behind me, Romani McNutt shot Gypsy Floyd with the **Melanin-minator**, knocking him down. With Gypsy Floyd down, the spell was broken, allowing me to catch my breath.

"Ya fucking traitor!" Gypsy Floyd said as he wrestled with Romani McNutt. There was a massive hole in the Romanigger's chest, but he was still stronger than McNutt. Eventually, Gypsy Floyd got Romani McNutt in a headlock and began choking him to death.

"Tee hee hee," Gypsy Floyd whispered into Romani McNutt's ear as he strangled him. "Ya betray yo peepo because ya love Europeans too much mane. We ain't no European muthafuckas. We be Romani mane."

"No, I am a European," Romani McNutt exclaimed as he brought the **Melanin-minator** to his chin. He said, "Hey guys, I guess that's it!" then pulled the trigger.

Romani McNutt's face exploded as the **Melanin-minator** splattered it like a watermelon. Even though I was severely injured, I couldn't help but laugh because if Romani McNutt actually were European, the weapon wouldn't have killed him. The blast also cleaved off Gypsy Floyd's nose and lips, making the nigger gypsy squeal like a baby.

"Ahhh fuck, you blow off muh nose and lips mane. I can't breathe mane, I can't breathe. I can't choke, I can't breathe. Mama please!"

Gypsy Floyd staggered around before falling to the floor, dying slowly and painfully as he choked on his own blood.

Elie Wiesel groaned. "Dammit, you golems never really are capable of getting the job done! I guess I'll have to finish off these goys myself!"

The jew vampire began lumbering towards me. He opened his mouth, revealing that it was filled with sharp fangs. "I shall drain you of your blood and eat your foreskin!" Elie Wiesel said. I began crawling away because I was still too injured after nearly being strangled to death. The jew was about to catch me and steal my foreskin when I saw one of the tarot cards that Gypsy Floyd had dropped.

It was the card "The World", which is typically known for being associated with that one really annoying Jojo meme that Jojo's Bizarre

Adventure fans keep on repeating endlessly because they are incapable of coming up with anything original or funny. However, the card is actually technically powerful, kinda like Exodia in Yu-Gi-Oh. And right beside that was my crucifix that the nigger gypsy had been holding onto. Although I knew that it was gypsy magic, I grabbed hold of the two items and channeled whatever strength I had left in me into the card and the crucifix, hoping that I could channel the magic of the gypsy card while purifying it with the crucifix.

Suddenly, a brilliant flash of light filled the room. I gasped as I saw that Corneliu Codreanu, the leader of the Romanian Iron Guard, was now standing right in front of me.

Elie Wiesel's jaw was hanging wide open. "How-how did you get here?" the jew said, then turned to try and run away. However, Codreanu caught up to the jew easily and then began beating the kyke to a pulp, brutalizing that filthy, subversive kyke before finally planting a wooden stake into his heart and kneeling on it to drive it into the jew.

"Fuck! The stake in my heart! Why are you killing me so brutally! This is anti-Semitic!" Elie Wiesel shrieked as he died. "You all will be hearing from my lawyer, who also happens to be my brother-in-law! Oy vey!"

Elie Wiesel then died, this time forever. His body was reduced to a pile of ash, just like it should have been over 80 years ago when the Holocaust supposedly happened. I looked at Codreanu, who saluted me once, then without a word ascended back to Heaven.

In the aftermath of the battle, we woke up all of the European teenagers who had been incapacitated and had then put into rehabilitation. We then executed all of the remaining gypsies for crimes against European society, including Romani McNutt's crush Esmeralda Autumn, then burned all of the bodies in a massive fire pit because gypsies don't deserve a proper burial. Gypsy Crusader has been locked in a maximum security prison for the crime of pretending to be White when he actually isn't.

I am now writing this to document the struggle that we had against the mysterious Gypsy Floyd and his jew vampire puppet master Elie Wiesel. The moral of the story is that gypsies are not Europeans. They, just like jews and niggers, are a race of parasites that feeds off of European generosity. They must be mocked, discriminated against, and expelled from our countries because they are lazy workers, thieves, kidnappers, and overall worthless pests that contribute nothing to our countries.

Beardson Beardedly: Aryan Super Soldier

By Thomas Manwise

In what we might call the far-right, you will find many men and women who work tirelessly on behalf of the White race. Whether it is through activism, intellectual critiques, or spreading the truth about the feral nature of niggers and the vileness of Jews, they are slowly but surely building a movement that stands up for White people in a world that has been taught to hate them. Pro-White activists, organizers, leaders and thinkers who all make massive personal sacrifices on behalf of the European race should be venerated and supported.

I must warn you though; you need to be careful about who you support, as there are many self-interested actors who pretend to be far-right while contributing nothing that is actually useful or worthwhile to the movement. These **quote and quote** “people” are typically referred to as ‘grifters’ and are only here to take your money because they are too lazy or stupid to work a real job. You can typically identify grifters by their appearance, since they are usually fat, repulsive slobs that do not embody the right-wing virtues of physical and spiritual well-being.

However, grifters taking your money while contributing nothing is not the only reason why you must avoid them. Recently, I had a harrowing experience with a grifter that almost cost me not only my life savings, but my life. Here is my story:

One day, I was scrolling through right-wing Telegram looking for awful shit to buy my best friend **Buck-Flack-People** as a joke gift. Last time I did this I bought him a George Floyd toy, but he ended up liking it so I knew I had to get him something really, truly awful and tasteless. After about thirty minutes of scrolling around, I came across this Telegram channel called “Beardson Beardedly” which was advertising some shit merch, mostly consisting of t-shirts.

I cringed at the awful designs; the artwork was too good to be ironic and too bad to be aesthetically appealing. I was particularly interested in a t-shirt that had a poorly drawn smiley face with a cigarette in its mouth. The smiley face was surrounded by the following words: freak, weirdo, loner, doomer and incel.

I thought the shirt would be perfect as a gift for **Buck-Flack-People** as he’s none of those things: **Buck-Flack-People** is a totally normal dude with friends, a loving wife and three kids. The only thing about him that could be considered remotely freakish was his deadlift, which was 650 pounds without lifting straps or a belt. So I put the shirt in my

cart and kept on browsing. By the way, the shirt was 24.99 USD, which is a total rip-off for a shirt that was probably manufactured in some jungle Asian sweatshop.

Besides the terrible merch, the channel had videos of a bearded man with round glasses doing your average soyboy behaviour like playing with Pokemon cards and eating disgusting, greasy fast food that was only fit for consumption by the fattest niggers in the most ghetto cities in America.

I then took one long and very hard look at the man behind the channel, Beardson Beardly, otherwise known as Matt Evans. I felt like I had seen his face somewhere else before, and I gasped as I realized where. Beardson Beardly had a striking resemblance to Ronnie McNutt, the man who had become a Tiktok sensation in 2020 when he used a single-shot rifle to turn his face into a rafflesia flower while streaming live on Facebook. Beardson looked so similar to Ronnie McNutt that he could pass as Ronnie's long lost twin. And no I am not joking, just compare photos of the two yourself to see the resemblance.

Once I finished buying the shirt, I did some digging afterwards and found out that the similarities between Beardson and Ronnie did not end with their shared appearance. Apparently, Beardson's wife had left him for a nigger, similar to how Ronnie's girlfriend Equinox Autumn left Ronnie for a nigger. They were also both nerds and proud of being nerds, having dedicated large portions of their lives to consuming Jewish intellectual properties like Star Wars and DC movies.

I was now convinced that Beardson Beardly was in fact a reincarnation of the deceased McNutt, or perhaps a version of Ronnie from an alternate universe. However, I learned that Beardson is actually a far, far bigger loser than Ronnie was when he was alive. Although Ronnie was a cuck who loved anime like My Hero Academia (which is a trash show which has a fandom full of pedophiles), he served in the army and worked out at the gym regularly. He also regularly attended church and worked an honest job at a Honda plant for many years.

Beardson Beardly, on the otherhand, was a disgusting pervert, having threatened to anally rape a mulatto girl for leaving his political movement. He also had this habit of saying that he hates all women at one moment, then simping after them the next, which shows that he is a hypocrite with no principles. He also kept on saying that he was a devout Catholic, but then what kind of Traditional Roman Catholic would make excuses for smoking weed while playing video games on a mousepad in the shape of 2B's butt from the game Nier: Automata? Not to mention, of course, that there wasn't a single photo of him at any

parish. Personally I'm a Lutheran, but if I were a Catholic I would be appalled at the notion of being associated with such a revolting wretch of a person. The only remotely good thing about Beardson was that he was racist and hated faggots, but even then as a racist far-right extremist myself I didn't want to be associated with somebody as pathetic as Beardson.

The more I read on him, the worse I felt about having spent twenty-five bucks on that shitty t-shirt. Just everything about him was terrible in some way, from his dietary habits to the messiness of his room to even his taste in video games, which was mostly bland mainstream shooters like Call of Duty and Fortnite. Knowing that Beardson, a single 35 year old man with no kids, plays a children's game like Fortnite made me feel genuinely depressed at the state of modern masculinity. However, I eventually decided that I was wasting too much time looking into this guy's pathetic career as a political streamer, so I decided to log off and go to bed.

Two weeks passed with nothing eventful happening. Every day I would go through with my daily routine. Wake up early, go to work, eat five meals with at least 30 grams of protein with each meal, study philosophy and Holocaust revisionism, and rigorously work out.

I was in the middle of my fourth meal of the day when my phone rang. It was a Google Nest package alert. I made my way to my door and opened it to find a small brown box on my porch. I brought the small box inside and opened it to find the Beardson t-shirt that I had ordered. I set it aside on my table as I had to pick up my laundry from the laundromat. I drove out to the laundromat, which was run by filthy pajeets. However I had no other options since it was the only one in my city. When I arrived, I noticed smoke coming from inside the laundromat. I walked inside, covering my nose and mouth to see a pajeet using a Class C fire extinguisher on one of the dryers.

"What the fuck happened here?" I asked the manager.

"I'm sorry sir but it seems that we burned your laundry," the pajeet manager said in his curry accent.

I was mad as fuck since all of my shirts were in that dryer. I told the pajeet that I would be calling my lawyer to sue for damages. The towelhead seemed nonchalant at first, but he pissed his pants as soon as I told him that my lawyer was a guy named Jord who was one-eight Jewish. I then stormed off. The only clothes for my massive, V-tapered upper body I had now were my Murdoch Murdoch "Nice Guy National Socialist" pajamas (which I currently had on) as well as the Beardson Beardly merch. I noticed that the pajamas were darkened because of the smoke, meaning that they too were now no good. I rushed home to

see if I had anything else I could wear since I was supposed to meet up with my girlfriend Brenda later tonight. I checked the closet to find that I only had pants and no spare shirts. So I put on a pair of jeans as well as the t-shirt, telling myself that I would just buy new clothes the following day.

However, as soon as I put the t-shirt on, I received a text. It was from Brenda.

Hey Anthony, I'm sorry but I'm breaking up with you. I'm sorry but I don't think I can love you anymore.

I was alarmed and confused as fuck as Brenda and I have been going steady for the past 7 months and there was nothing that I could think of that would make her leave. I tried to call her but it didn't go through. She must have blocked my number, I realized. I also got a notification on Instagram that said my account was temporarily suspended for sexual harassment and that I had lost over 1000 followers on Instagram, all of which were women.

"What the absolute fuck?" I said out loud.

Although I was heartbroken, I told myself that I would get over it. I then told myself that I had to workout. My tank tops had been destroyed, so I had to train in the Beardson Beardly shirt. My workouts are brutal, even by the standards of other racist chads. Today was leg day, so I decided to try and cheer myself up by doing one of my favorite exercises: weighted lunges where I would repeatedly kneel on the neck of my human size George Floyd toy while listening to the "Women crying for 10 hours" compilation as my training music.

I put 2 plates on each side of the barbell in my home gym and got under the bar. However, as soon as I unracked it, I shrieked as the weight nearly crushed me. I barely escaped from underneath the bar, letting the weight clang onto the floor. *That's weird*, I thought to myself. Usually I had no trouble doing 225 pounds on lunges for reps, but I told myself that it must've been because I was feeling depressed after Brenda broke up with me. So I took the 45s off and decided to do 135 for high reps. But the same thing happened once again: the weight nearly crushed me.

Now I was really weirded out at my startling lack of strength. For those weak, faggoty twinkles that don't lift or exercise, it is not uncommon to see a woman squatting 135 pounds for reps. I then wondered if it was a problem with my form, so I took off the two remaining plates, leaving only the bar. I managed to do a couple of lunges, but I felt like puking after only doing four lunges. The bar, which was only 45 pounds or approximately 20 kilogram in metric, felt like 315 pounds or 140 kilograms.

"I must've caught something," I mumbled to myself. "I need to go see a doctor."

And so, I got in my car and drove to the doctor's office. However, when I arrived, the nurse at the front desk ignored me. No matter how I tried to get her attention, she would just pretend that I didn't exist. When I finally forced her to pay attention to me by screaming at her, she threatened to call the cops on me unless I left.

That pattern continued for the next few days. Everywhere I went, women would ignore me. I couldn't even order food as the waitresses would just pretend that I didn't exist. I also developed this strange aversion to bathing and lost almost 30 pounds of muscle, which made me look like a **skinny-fat** loser. I cried as I looked at myself in the mirror. I had no girlfriend, no muscles, and no self-esteem. Nothing.

After a few days of being ignored, I was on the verge of suicide. *I guess that's it*, I thought. I grabbed a replica Ronnie McNutt single-shot rifle from my gun cabinet and started to live stream on Facebook. I was going to kill myself just like Ronnie McNutt. However, I knew I could not be seen wearing the awful Beardson Beardedly merch since my death would be memed heavily if I did so. I removed the t-shirt and pressed the rifle up against my chin. But before I pulled the trigger, my phone began to ring, playing "Over the Horizon" as the ringtone. I decided to answer it just to make my death as similar to Ronnie's as possible. I was shocked to see that the call was from Brenda.

"So you wanna talk to me now?" I said.

"What are you talking about Anthony? Why haven't you answered any of my texts or calls?" Brenda asked.

"You're the one who broke up with me," I replied.

"Um, what are you talking about?" she said. "Are you drunk by any chance? Anyways, let's just meet up at my place in an hour or so. I've been waiting to watch the new episode Euphoria with you," Brenda said, then hung up.

I was dumbfounded as to why Brenda would just suddenly want to get back together. I also got a sudden torrent of Instagram notifications. I checked my Instagram to see that it had been reinstated and that my follower count was back to normal. I walked outside confused as fuck, my neighbour, Christina waved at me as I exited despite the fact that she had ignored me for the past two days. I waved back and saw that she was blushing a bit. I then realized that my eight-pack abs and chiseled pectoral muscles were now back and on full display.

I noticed that I smelled quite a bit from not having showered in the past couple days, so I went and took one. As I lathered and rinsed, I

wondered about what had just happened to me. When I got out I realized that I had not gone out and bought new shirts after the pajamas at the laundromat had destroyed my old ones. Come to think of it, all of my troubles with women had started when I first put on the Beardson shirt. When I emerged from the shower, I knew that I had to experiment with the piece of shitty merch.

I opened up my DMs with Brenda. I left my phone unlocked, on a table and in plain sight. I could see her texts and my replies. I then put the Beardson shirt on. Instantly, I was blocked. I checked my Instagram to see that, as I had predicted, all of my female followers had unfollowed. And as soon as I took off the shirt, Brenda unblocked me and all of the women refollowed my Instagram.

That's when I knew for sure that the Beardson Beardly merch was the reason why I was ignored by women. I texted Brenda that I had an urgent matter to attend to and that I wouldn't be able to make it to our date, then went back to my office and turned on my PC.

I went back on Beardson Beardly's Telegram telling all of his subscribers about my experience with his merch. I also left a 1 star review on his website saying that Beardson was a cucked incel and his shirts looked like they'd been designed by some autistic jungle gook.

This clearly pissed Beardson Beardly off as I received a private message from him saying, "Hey man, why are you leaving such awful reviews about my merch, you fucking queer? I'm one of the biggest leaders on the Dissident Right dude."

I nearly burst out laughing as I read that. I replied by typing, "Beardson, you aren't a leader dude. A leader is somebody who actually organizes events and activism, like Mark Collett or your boss, Nick Fuentes. You're a grifting live streamer who makes barely above minimum wage off of your **super-chatters**, half of whom hate you."

Beardson responded immediately, saying, "Well I'm a thought leader. I invented the Woman Question and Hardcore Hetero Incel Gaming."

I facepalmed as soon as I saw that text. "Beardson, do you even know what I 'thought leader' is? It's somebody who actually engages with intellectual ideas, like Keith Woods. That or somebody that writes or edits books, like Joel Davis or Andrew Joyce. Never once have I seen you speak to your audience about political philosophy, history, or economics. And as for you supposedly inventing the "Woman Question", **Mig-Tao** has been around since the early 2000s."

Beardson sent a smiley face emoji with his next text. "That still makes me the creator of Hardcore Hetero Incel Gaming."

I replied quickly. "Why the fuck are you so proud of calling yourself an incel? Do you even know what the origin of that term is? It's a

combination of ‘involuntary’ and ‘celibate’, meaning that incels are losers who want to have sex with women but can’t. If you’re just a guy who doesn’t want to have sex with women, say that you’re just celibate; that you choose not to sleep with women because you don’t want to. It’s that simple man.”

I chuckled as I waited for Beardson to type out a response. When it finally came, it read as follows: “Hey man, I’m not really a political guy. I’m a heterosexual gamer and a Christian, not a political activist. I’m one of the most prominent guys in America First, but I’m just here to entertain my audience as a gamer, man. I contribute a lot to this movement by streaming and engaging with my chat and going to **AF Pack** and hanging out with guys and networking.”

“Bruh,” I typed out. “Beardson, that’s like saying you contribute nothing to your movement. You livestream and go to conventions and that’s it. Your existence reminds me of the way niggers live, which is by leeching off of White people through welfare and harming our society through violent crime. You leech off of your movement by buying Pokemon cards by collecting **super-chat** money and selling awful merch, all the while directly harming your movement by doing stuff like threatening to rape women, running away from Louis Theroux when confronted about threatening to rape women, and generally being a slob of a human being.”

Beardson was obviously pissed now. “Are you some sort of **wig-gnat** troll? You fucking faggot? You fucking wigger!.”

My reply was swift and decisive. “Beardson, do you even know the meaning of the words you are writing? Wigger is a portmanteau of two words, just like incel, and is a combination of ‘white’ and ‘nigger’. It’s a slur that is directed at White people who act like niggers or like stuff that niggers like. Examples include smoking weed, liking rap music and bragging online about owning an expensive pair of shoes, all of which are things that you like doing, Beardson. You seem like much more of a wigger than me or anybody else you call a **wig-gnat**.”

“None of those things are true!.” Beardson replied.

Upon seeing him trying to deny his nigger-like behavior, I sent him the clip of him trying to justify himself smoking weed to his audience as well as Telegram posts about him attending a Kanye West concert and buying a pair expensive Jordans.

He responded with a single, final line of text. “I know where you live.”

I laughed this off and told Beardsly that he was a bigger waste of space than the average nigger. I then continued on with my day, finally going over to Brenda’s, where we watched The Greatest Story Never

Told instead of Euphoria. After getting home, I decided to get some sleep.

I was awoken by banging at my door. I checked the time to see that it was 3 AM. I checked my phone which was connected to the Nest cam outside my house. My eyes widened, it was Beardson Beardly and behind him I could hardly make out a dark figure who towered above Beardson, who was at the very most 5 foot 4 inches.

"Hey you bitch ass punk ass bitch, how dare you mock my incredible merch, I designed them myself. Do you know how long those took to make?" Beardson Beardly said. His voice was whiny, sounding like that of a wounded chihuahua. "You better open this door so I can give you a real ass whopping you punk ass bitch!. You faggot!." Beardly said as he began to pound on my door.

"Ouchie, my hand hurts," Beardson said despite only pounding on my wooden door twice. He paused, then turned to ask the dark figure something. "Hey George, buddy, could you please break this door down?" Beardson said meekly. "If you do, I'll let you facefuck my ex-wife."

"Cracka she be my bitch now, but sure thing mane since ya said dat da pale cracka dat live in dis place be racist and shieet."

The tall dark shadow behind Beardson struck my front door, destroying it in a single punch. I was now getting worried. I knew that a manlet like Beardson would obviously bring help since even a girl in grammar school could beat him up. I locked my door and armed myself with the McNutt single-shot rifle. Thanks to the Nest cams that I had around the house, I could see exactly where Beardson and the man that he called "George" were doing. I began to laugh uncontrollably upon seeing that Beardson didn't even reach George's shoulders in height.

Eventually, they walked up to my bedroom door.

"Open this damn door, you motherfucker!. You faggot!." Beardson shouted like an autistic child. "Or else I'll have my friend smash it down. Hell, you know what, George please smash it down."

The door suddenly broke down and Beardson and his partner in crime appeared. I could now finally see who it was as the light shined across him. It was the criminal nigger, George Floyd.

"How the fuck? I thought that that nigga monkey was dead," I said. "And I thought even somebody as low as you wouldn't associate with a felon gorilla like him."

"I rebooted him after I collected his reboot card from where he died," Beardson Beardly said. "George Floyd is now my best friend."

"Just like how you like to collect Pokemon cards despite being a 35 year old man, you cuck," I clapped back.

This angered Beardson as his face became bright red like Ronnie McNutt's face after he shot himself.

"And why would you bring back such a useless piece of poop? George Floyd might be the only organism in the history of the universe who is more useless than you, Beardson," I asked.

"When my wife was about to divorce me, she told me that she wouldn't leave if I figured out how to bring George Floyd back to life so that she could sleep with him. Well, she divorced me regardless and took all of my furniture and Pokemon cards and is now pregnant with George's baby, but that doesn't change the fact that George and I are a dynamic duo. Like Obi-Wan and Anakin or Batman and Robin or Ash Ketchum and Pikachu." Beardson explained.

I nearly died of cringe as Beardson made three bugman pop culture references in a row.

"Also I buy muh pale nigga Beardson his cigarettes and shieet," George Floyd said, patting Beardson on the shoulder. "Ya see, he be too short ta buy them himself cuz da clerks at da convenience stores tink dat he be underage or sumting like dat because of how short he is, know what I'm sayin'?"

"Anyways, enough of this, I will kill you for mocking me and ruining my image!" Beardson said, his face burning red with manlet rage.

"Ruining your image?" I said. "You have done that yourself, Beardson!."

George Floyd charged at me at an incredible speed and threw a punch. I was able to block it as I am a 300 pound shredded chad. However the force of the punch alone sent me flying out my window. I landed out on my front lawn with minor injuries as George Floyd jumped down from my bedroom window. The nigger had inhuman speed and strength. A nigger like Floyd was the ultimate opponent for any **based** racist chad. I noticed that Beardson had walked out from the front door holding my single-shot rifle.

He wants Floyd to weaken me and then finish me off himself, I thought. I traded blows with George Floyd as Beardson fired at me with the rifle. Although Beardson played a lot of first-person shooter games, his aim was atrocious because his flabby arms were too weak to handle the recoil of the rifle. However, George Floyd was slowly overpowering me due to his roided out buck nigger strength, so I had to think of a plan quickly.

I then came up with a way to make the two of them fight each other.

"Hey George," I said, pulling out my phone when I got an opening. "You said that you were tagging along with Beardson because I was a racist right?"

"Yeah dat be true," Floyd replied.

I grinned as I got the clip to load. "Well I am a racist, but what about Beardson?"

I then showed George Floyd a clip from Beardson's stream, where he was ranting about how he could say the word 'nigger'.

"Ah shiet, what da fuck be happening here?" George Floyd said, looking at the clip and then at Beardson. "Did you be sayin' deez mean thangs about us niggas?"

"George, what the fuck are you doing? Kill that racist, George," Beardson said, pointing at me. "You're my friend, right George?"

"Ah shit, I don't take no orders from a bitch ass racist cracka like you," George Floyd said as he punched Beardson, knocking his glasses off. "You be a racist and shieet mane."

"Ouch oh shit ow, I think you broke it, my nose!" Beardson Beardly said as he began to cry like bitch. "Goddamn George, I said you could facefuck my ex-wife and all," Beardson whimpered.

George Floyd shrugged. "Don't matter. She be an ugly ass bitch anyway and you a bitch ass too mane. I want da sex with sum hot ass White bitches know what I'm saying, yo ex-wife be too ugly n' shiet," the nigger said as he kicked Beardson in face causing his collection of Pokemon cards to fall out of his pockets.

"See mayne you a grown ass mayne but you still be playing with Pokemon cards and jerking off to cartoon girls from video games n' shiet, you bitch ass cracka." George Floyd walked over to the Pokemon cards and began to rip them to shreds.

"No please not my exes and shiny!" Beardson shrieked like a bonobo. "Please, that's all that I have in life!. Please!."

George Floyd then continued to brutalize Beardson. Not by beating him up, but by doing stuff like going through Beardson's phone and deleting all the 2B hentai and mobile games that he had on there. Honestly speaking, as I watched I felt that George Floyd was doing Beardson a favour by getting rid of all the degenerate bugman crap that Beardson was carrying around.

Beardson was bawling his eyes out as George Floyd sold off his gaming computer on Craigslist so that George could buy fentanyl.

"Nooooo!." Beardson cried. "All of the stuff that I bought using the money **super-chatters** sent me using their dads' credit cards!. It's all been sold off. George, I thought we were friends?"

"Nah mane we ain't friends no more mane," Floyd said, picking up the single-shot rifle and pointing it at Beardson's beer belly. "And now I is gonna smoke yo cracka ass. Shooting you in dat fat belly will be like

shooting a pregnant woman, which makes me happy, know what I'm sayin'?"

Beardson looked up to me with pathetic puppy eyes. "Please, Anthony, help me," he pleaded.

At first I looked away, knowing that the world would lose nothing of value if Beardson perished then and there. But I also knew that as a White guy, it was my duty to save the life of my fellow White man, even if said White guy was an incel loser cuckold. So I rushed George Floyd, knocking him away from Beardson.

"Ah shieet, what you do dat for mayne?" George Floyd shrieked.

I cupped my hands around the back of George Floyd's head and began to knee him repeatedly in the stomach. One after the other, my knees connected at blinding speed, driving him back. I could hear Floyd's floating ribs shatter as he screamed, "Ah da knee in my lungs, I can't breathe!. Mama please I can't choke, I can't breathe!. I'm not a bad guy mayne, not a bad guy!."

"Back to hell with you, you criminal chimp!." I shouted as I kneed him in the chin, knocking him down. I then kneeled on George Floyd's neck, crushing his windpipe and killing him.

As George Floyd's body disintegrated into a pile of powdered fentanyl and feces, I turned to Beardson Beardly, who had been watching in awe.

"How, how did you do that?" Beardson asked. "That was like something straight out of Street Fighter, but...but real!."

"Well duh, of course it's real," I said. "Street Fighter wouldn't exist if real-world martial arts existed. It's also why I don't play fighting games. Why play as a fighter when you could become one in the real world?"

Beardson then began to cry, tears rolling down his cheeks. "It's because I've always felt like I was worse than everybody, you know? I'm not fit and muscular like you or The Golden One. I don't have Nick's charisma or Mark Collett's experience and organization skills. I'm not good at political philosophy like Keith Woods or Joel Davis. I don't provide meaningful commentary on the games I play like America Krogan. Even my songs aren't as funny as Baked Alaska's or as well-written or nicely produced as the ones by that TRS guy named Sven."

Snot was leaking from his bloody nose and getting stuck in his beard as he wept. "I really am a freak, weirdo, loner, doomer and incel, and every day I need to pretend like being those things is something to be proud of. My only friend in real life was George and he turned on me as soon as he learned that I said 'nigger', and all my online friends are all at least ten years younger than me and twice as popular. For heaven's sake, I'm a man in his thirties who streams video games for a living and

needed to beg my teenage audience for money in order to buy a fucking car when my wife left me. I know that I'm a terrible role model for my audience of impressionable teens, that I'd be ruining their lives if they chose to be like me. I know I'm a loser, but being a loser is the only thing I have to offer this world."

Suddenly, I felt kinda sorry for Beardson. Here was a man who knew that he was worthless, but also knew that he had to pretend every day that being worthless was actually a good thing. A man whose only contributions to this world were his personal insecurities. Even though almost all of his suffering was a result of his own actions, I could tell that he was suffering. He was the human embodiment of Nietzsche's conception of re-sentiment, where pathetic individuals would cope for their weakness by asserting that their weakness was in fact a virtue.

But if he knows that he's those things, I thought as I dug into my wallet. *Maybe there's a chance, no matter how small, that he can be redeemed.*

I took out two pieces of paper and handed them to Beardson. He sniffled as he took them out of my hand, then asked, "What are these?"

"One of those is a coupon that will give you a six-month discount for a membership at Gold's Gym. The second is the business card of one of my friends who runs a Steak 'n Shake. It's not too late for you, Beardson. Quit live streaming since you aren't contributing to the movement, quit playing games, get a job, and get yourself in shape. You can still pull yourself together. You still have time."

Beardson, with shaking hands, stuffed the cards into his pocket and stood up. "O-ok. I'll do as you say, man. Thanks so much, Anthony."

It has been two weeks since my run-in with Beardson and his friend, George Floyd. I have seen that Beardson has quit live streaming and is now posting photos of him working out on his Telegram page. The moral of the story is that you are not a good person just because you say nigger and call homosexuals 'faggot' online. Although being racist and anti-LGBT are both prerequisites to being a good person, you need to also be an upstanding person yourself and embody virtues like strength, intellect, and self-restraint. You also need to be careful about who you follow in the Dissident Right, as they may be insecure grifters who have nothing to contribute except their own personal moral failings. They should be bullied relentlessly until they are forced to improve themselves, because constant striving for improvement is a virtue that all White people must embody.

An endnote from the authors: *This is satire intended for humorous effect. If you can't brush this off, then you're no better than a woman.*

Beardson Beardly: Supreme Champion of the White Race

By Thomas Manwise and Gorg Floydson

My name is Bucket Groyper. I work at Golden Nigger Corp in the Department of Anti-Race Traitors where we monitor potential threats to White society. Recently, I've come across a spiteful little cretin named Matt Evans, more commonly known by his internet persona Beardson Beardly, the ostensibly Hetero Gamer. He has been put on the Golden Nigger Corp watchlist for a number of crimes, such as telling young impressionable White boys to not get White girlfriends while simping after a pajeet female called Stardust, grifting off of superchats and shitty merchandise, and promoting a shitty and unhealthy lifestyle consisting of gaming, smoking, drinking, and eating garbage take-out. His most recent sin was reviving the deceased criminal nigger George Floyd and using him for his own personal gain, like getting George to buy him cigarettes since most people think he's a child due to his height and commanding the nigga monkey to attack a *based* racist chad. Luckily, George Floyd was rightfully sent back to hell and Beardson promised to start working out at the gym and be a better human being in general after George Floyd brutalized and beat Beardson, which is pretty funny because it's the only instance I can think of of a nigger actually doing something good for humanity.

I've been monitoring the soy boy for the past month and was not surprised to see that Beardson went back to his old ways of streaming and making awful content. Beardson had initially gone to the gym and even took boxing classes but quit not even a week due to being a lazy loser. Even though all the racist gigachads at the gym and even his own trainer tried to encourage him to stay on the straight and narrow path, he is such a degenerate loser that he quit both the gym and his job at the Steak 'n Shake.

I was tasked to watch Beardson's latest stream one evening by my superior. I prepared for the long stream by chugging two beers because Beardson's content was so awful that I needed to be inebriated in order to make it through a stream of his without wanting to McNutt myself.

"I just woke up and it's like seven at night my dudes, but anyways today is the day for the highly requested review of Euphoria, my

review.” Beardson Beardly said as generic rock music played in the background.

“All I have is nothing but praise for the director and the series, you know it’s just so fucking sick and kino and all, like I almost busted a nut while watching the sex scenes. Also that one part where the femboy gets fucked by the football couch, holy shit I wish my dad did that to me. Also by the way I’m being ironic about this ok? Even though I did enjoy Euphoria since Nick told me that I should enjoy it.”

I cringed in disgust. Only a bug man like Beardson would find pleasure in watching Jewish propaganda that is constantly spun out by Hollywood. Gross shit like Oedipus complex, pedophilia and more. Bearedson continued to go on and on about how he loved Euphoria, which made me want to die.

“Anyways, now we can move onto the main event and why I’m streaming on this specific day. My good friend and founder of AFPAC Nick Fuentes recently stole some high tech stuff from a company called Golden Nigger Corp. I was informed that Nick stole some weapon called the Nigger Destroyer 3000 as well as a machine that prints infinite N-word passes. However, that isn’t even the juicy stuff. Nick got his hands on a time machine!” Beardson said.

My eyes widened in disbelief. I was informed by my superior of the raid. However, they had said that their primary suspects were either the Jews or the Chinese.

“Nick personally asked me to test it out, he told me to go back in time and kill baby George Floyd. So I will be going back in time to abort George Floyd! Anyway, I will be streaming the entire event so stay tuned.”

Beardson took out the time machine, which indeed belonged to us. I could tell because Golden Nigger Corp’s time rift technology was based off of secret SS technology that was developed at Auschwitz, and the device Beardson was holding was a portable version of that tech. Although I was pissed that he had gotten hold of our technology, I didn’t feel like doing anything since going back in time and killing that criminal nigger before he could commit any crimes was not something I cared strongly about. Heck, I thought that it could be the first good thing that Beardson could do for the White race since it would stop hundreds of White-owned businesses from being burned down in the Floyd riots of 2020.

“Alright guys, let’s do this! 1973, here I come!” Beardson said as he punched in the inputs and strapped a facecam to his head. He pressed the big red button to activate the machine. There was a blinding flash of light and electric sparks as he was teleported back in time.

Right as he vanished I received a call from my boss, Nuke Telly. "Hey Nuke, it's Bucket. What's up man?"

"Bucket, this is urgent. You need to follow Beardson back in time immediately," Nuke said.

My brow furrowed. "Wait, why? He's going back in time to murder George Floyd as a baby. I actually don't see how that's bad since George Floyd is a criminal monkey who contributed nothing to society."

"I don't care about Floyd being murdered as a baby either, but that's not what I'm calling you about. As soon as Beardson went back in time, our sensors detected a catastrophic disturbance in the space-time continuum. Here, I'll send you the reports."

Nuke sent me a file labeled 'classified' and I opened it. Cold sweat trickled down my brow as I saw what had happened. Across multiple timelines, there was a spike in the prevalence of Floydian creatures and Floyd hybrids, from George Floyd Sea Cucumbers to Floyd Pit Bulls to even an unfunny half-Jewish, half-nigger "comedian" who became President of Ukraine named Floydomyr Georgensky.

"But this makes no sense!" I said. "Why would killing George Floyd as a baby lead to more Floydian creatures and hybrids? Isn't that the opposite of what should happen?"

"That is what you need to investigate," Nuke said. "Something that Beardson did in the past has corrupted the multiverse, tainting it a dark, abyssal black. I already have a drone on the way to your house that will deliver you one of our remaining time rift generators."

"Alright," I said as I got out of my seat and began to prepare for my journey. I grabbed my bayonet, which was my favorite piece of equipment for field operations. "Who is going to be my partner?" I asked.

"Bucket, I'm afraid this is going to be a solo mission for you. Our agents are already preoccupied with dealing with an incredibly powerful Floydian hybrid that has emerged into our world. Apparently, the death of George Floyd as an infant caused a butterfly effect that led to Ronnie Ralph, the father of the Gunt, becoming Ronnie "McNutt" Ralph. This resulted in his wife having sex with even more black men than she did in the original timeline, leading to microchimerisms that resulted in Ethan Ralph's biological race matching his spiritual race. The resulting monstrosity—a ragehog whose skin is as dark as his soul—is so powerful that it has taken every *based* chad we have to keep him under control."

I heard the drone with the time machine land outside my house. "Understood. I'll be off then," I said then hung up. I went outside and collected the time machine from the drone, which also came with the

Wigger Disintegrator 9000, which was a modified version of the Nigger Destroyer 3000 which was distributed to members of the Department of Anti-Race Traitors for the purpose of destroying traitors to the White race. The ray beams of the Wigger Disintegrator 9000 are completely harmless if you are a normal White person with typical White sensibilities like starting a family, mowing your lawn, and listening to classical or heavy metal music. However, if you are an incel who threatens to anally rape mulatto women, brags about sneakers made in Thailand to his fanbase of impressionable teens, and whose greatest life accomplishment is a Steam profile with a couple of 100% completed games, it will for sure destroy you.

Once I was ready to travel back in time, I typed up a short message saying 'goodbye' to my girlfriend, telling her I loved her in case I didn't return. But as soon as I finished writing it I deleted it without sending it because I realized that there's no way that a cuck like Beardson could ever kill me or even seriously injure me, no matter how he tried.

And so I activated the time machine and ported back in time to 1973, the year that Beardson announced he was traveling to. Based on biographical information about George Floyd that I had learned from reading esoteric Floyd lore in The Secret Biography of George Floyd, I knew that the criminal nigger was born in Fayetteville, North Carolina, and so I set my machine to travel there.

I pushed the big red button. Electromagnetic waves burst out of the device and enveloped me. It felt like I was being tickled as I was warped back in time. When I next opened my eyes, I was standing in the middle of a public park. A bunch of White kids were having fun swinging on the swing set and going down the slides. However, unlike the public parks that existed in the future, there weren't any broken heroin needles, used condoms, or even beer bottles in sight. Instead of transsexual child predators lurking about looking for victims, the only adults around were the kids' parents, all of whom were dressed sharply and modestly. I felt totally out of place wearing my Pink Floyd t-shirt and jeans, and it must've caught the attention of the parents too because one of them called to me.

"Hey there, who are you?" one of the fathers of the children asked, walking over to me. For some reason I thought I recognized the voice, but I didn't know from where. He looked me up and down, then frowned. "Judging by what you're wearing, I have to assume that you are some sort of communist hippie. If you are, I'll need to ask you to leave the premises immediately so that you don't corrupt the youth."

My heart skipped a beat as I realized who I was talking to. I didn't recognize him because of how young he was, but there was no doubt about who he was.

"Dr. Pierce!" I exclaimed, my mouth opening wide like a soyjak. "Holy shit, I can't believe it's--"

"Don't swear around the children, you hippie!" William Luther Pierce interrupted. "I will not tolerate vulgarity to be spewed around my White sons, lest it befoul their minds and reduce them to the level of the subterranean negroid race."

"Oh, s-sorry," I blurted out. "I apologize, Dr. Pierce. I got excited and carried away at meeting you and I just couldn't hold it in."

"Why would a hippie like yourself be happy to see me?" he asked.

I shook my head. "No, I'm not a hippie. I'm a White Nationalist from the future. I came back in time to stop a race traitor from causing unimaginable damage to the White race. If you want proof look at this," I pulled out my smartphone and showed him it to prove I was from the future.

After checking out my phone, Dr. Pierce turned to glare at me as if he were looking at a nigger. "You? A White Nationalist from the future?"

"Well, uh, yes." I said, face turning bright red. "My name is [redacted] but I go by Bucket Groyper."

"So you're telling me that in the future, the men who seek to save the White race are allowed to go around dressed as you are?" William Luther Pierce said, then sniffed my breath. "And inebriated as well?"

I grimaced. "It was only two beers, Dr. Pierce. And let me tell you, if you think I'm bad, one of the most influential personalities in the modern White nationalist sphere is a quarter-Mexican 23-year old closeted homosexual who listens to nigger music while dressed in a hoodie with a children's cartoon character on the front. He's also known to hunt for other men's semen with a blacklight and threatens to sue former associates with families into bankruptcy."

William Luther Pierce was bug-eyed when I finished telling him about Nick Fuentes. "Please tell me that what you just said was a bad joke," he said as he walked over to a picnic table and sat down. His face was in his hands as he said, "Please, man from the future, I can't believe this. So you're telling me that the future of the Aryan race on this continent is so bleak that even the so-called leaders are racially impure homosexuals that hunt for other men's seminal fluid?"

I scratched my head. "Well yes, but don't worry Dr. Pierce. There are still plenty of good White men in the future who are leading the White

race. Plus, the reason why I've come to the past is to stop one of the subordinates of that Mexican child from destroying the multiverse."

Dr Pierce sighed. "Alright, I'll hear you out. But first, please follow me to my hotel where I can get you a suit that you can change into. I won't allow a representative of our race to go around dressed like that."

I nodded. Dr. Pierce then told his wife and kids that he had some business to attend to, then we drove off to his hotel. The hotel was immaculately clean and well-maintained because the U.S. had been desegregated less than a decade ago, but I could already notice the decay creeping in. I nearly puked as I saw a nigger and his mudshark wife in the dining area gorging themselves on the lunch buffet as their mulatto baby ran around screaming its head off.

"Revoltin', isn't it?" Dr. Pierce said as we took the elevator to his room. "Seeing White blood soiled like that."

"It is, but the future is so dark-*literally* dark-that I've become desensitized to it."

Pierce snorted. "If racially conscious men like yourself are desensitized to such things, it is no wonder why an effeminate, sociopathic Mestizo was able to climb to the top of your ranks. As White men you must demand nothing but excellence from your leaders, yet due to the tolerance resulting from your desensitization to the degeneracy around you has caused you to settle for those of unsavory ethnic characteristics and ethical behavior."

"Yes, sir," I said, knowing that what Dr. Pierce was saying was absolutely true. We entered his room and he gave me a suit to change into.

"So, Bucket Groyper, what exactly is it that you came back into the past to do?" William Luther Pierce asked as I changed into the suit. "You said it was to stop a traitor to our race?"

"It's to stop this 5'4 dysgenic gangly hobbit named Matt Evans, more commonly known as Beardson Beardly, from murdering a nigger named George Floyd as a baby. And just for your information, George Floyd is this gorilla-looking nigger that dies of an overdose while a police officer kneels on his neck in the year 2020, sparking chimp-outs that made the Civil Rights riots look tame by comparison. But yeah, that's what Beardson did."

"What? Why would you want to stop him from euthanizing a negroid child? And a negro whose death in the future sparks widescale destruction no less? From your description of him that seems like the greatest contribution he has ever made-and ever will make-to the White race."

"I know right?" I exclaimed. "But for some reason, after he traveled back to this year, there was a surge in what is known in the present as Floydian creatures and Floyd hybrids, which have caused catastrophic damage in the multiverse due to their nigger antics."

"Hmm, that is troubling," William Luther Pierce said, picking up my Wigger Disintegrator 9000 and examining it. "Tell you what. I will help you hunt down this 'Beardson Beardly' character. If he is a traitor to the White race then he must be destroyed, for any turncoat to the movement is a Semite in spirit."

"Thank a million, Dr. Pierce. Beardson is probably lurking around in the black neighborhoods looking for George Floyd. We can't let him kill the nigger baby, ironic as that may be."

"Agreed," Pierce said. "Let us depart at once."

We left the hotel, both of us dressed for the job that we had to do. Dr. Pierce told me that he had to work on something in the back seat of the car, so I drove out into the hood. Fayetteville had only been desegregated eight years ago so there was a clear boundary between the White residential areas and the nigger infested part of town, and you could tell just by looking at the houses. The White homes had trimmed yards, beautiful gardens, and children playing outside. The nigger dwellings had yards overgrown with weeds, cracked windows, and drug dealers and hookers loitering about.

"Why do you think they're ok with living like this?" I asked Dr. Pierce. "Don't they ever feel like improving their lives?"

"No, for it is their natural state," he replied. "Take a White man into the jungles of Africa and he'll build you a civilized country, for it is in his nature to create, to build, to mold the world to his will. Take a monkey into the heart of civilization and he will reduce it to a jungle, for it is in his nature to do so. That is the way of things."

Using a phone book, it didn't take long for us to find the Floyd house. It was a grotesque mess of cracked brick, walls overgrown with vines, and chipped plaster. But when I observed it from outside, I didn't see any signs of recent violence or struggle.

"Looks like Beardson hasn't come here yet," I remarked. "That's strange considering Beardson should already be in this town."

Dr. Pierce and I waited in the car for the next two hours, languishing. The sun was low in the sky when Pierce turned to me and said, "Are you sure that this Beardson fellow is actually going to go through with his plan? Are you sure he's even here, in the past?"

"There's no doubt that the Floydian hybrids appeared after Beardson did whatever he did here in the past," I replied, but right as I said that there was a rumbling sound.

A battered, broken down car was chugging along down the street and towards the Floyd residence. The driver was none other than Beardson Beardly, the Attack Chihuahua of America First.

"Fucking shit man, why was it so hard to find this fucking place," Beardson squealed into his facecam. "I get like no service out here and none of the stores have Wi-Fi."

Once he parked his car, he got out, holding a 2B mousepad in one hand and a coat hanger in the other. His body was like that of a gremlin; short and stubby. His limbs were gangly and disproportionate to his torso, reminding me of certain descriptions of the Outer Gods from Lovecraft's tales, which made sense since in those stories the Outer Gods are described as being worshiped by subhuman negroids.

Pierce and I leapt out of the good doctor's vehicle. I pointed my Wigger Disintegrator 9000 at the soy boy, saying, "Put your hands up Beardson and drop the weapon! I'm not going to let you do what you're about to do!"

Beardson glared at me with seething manlet rage. "And who the fuck are you two? All dressed up like you're L.A. Noire characters?"

"I'm Agent Bucket Groyper from the Department of Anti-Race Traitors at Golden Nigger Corp, and I'm here to stop you from murdering George Floyd as a baby!"

The hobbit snarled. "Why are you against killing George Floyd? Aren't you a racist as well?"

"It is because killing that negro here leads to a surge in Floydian creatures and hybrids in the multiverse," William Luther Pierce explained. "I have yet to fully discern why, but whatever you are about to do here will corrupt the timeline."

"Well I don't care what a bunch of fucking wignats have to say. I only do what my man Nick says, and he told me to livestream myself killing George Floyd as a baby."

I shook my head. "You retard, you're in the past. The livestream isn't even working because there's no Wi-Fi. That's also why it took you so long to find George Floyd's house, isn't it? Because you didn't know that people used yellow books to find addresses in the past?"

"Fuck! Should've known! Still, that doesn't change the fact that you're both wiggers," Beardson exclaimed, then pointed a gnarled finger at William Luther Pierce. "I know your face from all the groupchats that wignats hang out in. You're that wigger leader that's in those wignat, shit-tier optics cartoons by Murdoch Murdoch, aren't you?"

"Dr. Pierce literally has a PhD in physics and taught the subject at the university level. How the hell could you call him a wigger?" I

clapped back. "And what do you have? A job at a Steak 'n Shake that a nigger could do no problem? What have *you* contributed to society, Beardson?"

"Whatever. Colleges are cucked anyways," Beardson said, obviously coping, then began waddling towards the house and brandishing the coat hanger. "Now excuse me, I have a pregnant belly to abort."

"Ooh la la! Now whaddya talkin' about with abortin' muh wife's pregnant belly mayne?"

Beardson, Pierce, and I looked around, searching for the source of the deep nignog voice, but it seemed to be coming from nowhere.

"Hee hee hee hee, for da crime of trespassing on ma property and threatening to abort muh gurl Larcenia's pregnant belly, I is gonna steal yu clean cracka air and use it to feed mah son!"

Then, out of thin air, a tall dark figure emerged right in front of Beardson. It was a nigger, its skin as black as midnight. However, because of my deep knowledge of George Floyd lore, I knew that it wasn't any nigger. It was George Perry, the absentee father of George Floyd.

George Perry wrapped his arms around Beardson, pressed his thick nigger lips up against the soyboy's, and began to drain air from the attack chihuahua of America First.

"Mmhhhmhnmhm!" Beardson struggled, although he was also enjoying it somewhat since it was probably his first kiss in many decades.

I could tell from how the color was draining from his cheeks that he was on the verge of death from oxygen loss. For a moment, both Pierce and I considered whether or not we should help him since he was a traitor to the White race and he deserved a brutal, painful death for having corrupted so many teenage White boys into becoming loser incels. However, what George Perry had said about feeding Beardson's air to his son made my beautiful White skin prickle, so I rushed the nigger with my bayonet.

I plunged the weapon down, but instead of catching George Perry in the back all I stabbed was thin air. Beardson crumpled to the ground, wheezing, out of breath and with his lungs shriveled up from having been drained of air.

"Tee hee hee, you ain't gonna be able to kill me with no bayonet and shieet cracka," George Perry chimped as he reappeared behind me. "I be da daddy ah da greatest black mayne since Doctah Kang. I ain't gonna be stopped by no cracka."

George Perry punched me, sending me flying into Beardson's car. My chad physique smashed through the windshield, spraying glass all over the inside of the vehicle.

"No!" Beardson cried. "I hope that didn't destroy my Batman comics!"

I glanced down and, sure enough, there were a bunch of Batman comics from the 1970's strewn about on the passenger's seat. I cringed because that meant Beardson had spent time going around buying comic books like the soy boy he was instead of focusing on his mission. I stabbed my bayonet into them just to piss Beardson off.

I squirmed out of the car, grimacing as the shards of glass pierced through my suit and jutted into my flesh. A large gash had opened up across my head, blood clouding my vision in a curtain of red.

Dr. Pierce was busy fending off George Perry. Even though Dr. Pierce was one of the most powerful National Socialists in the history of the American continent, he was struggling against George Perry's ability to seemingly disappear into thin air.

But just when I thought it couldn't get any worse, I heard an awful, screeching baboon sound emanate from the Floyd residence.

"Awwwww shieeeeet, what be all dis heah commotion and shieet," a sheboon said. The door swung open and out emerged Larcenia Floyd, the mother of George Floyd. I nearly puked when I saw her. The best way to describe her body was like that of a Mancubus demon from Doom, but with an even more swollen belly. She lumbered outside, the ground quaking under her weight.

"Damn Cissy mah gurl," George Perry said "I gots summa dat good cracka air for you and da baby."

"You mah mayne, Georgey. Now gimme a kiss won't ya?" Larcenia Floyd said.

George Perry vanished once more and reappeared in front of his negress wife. He then kissed her on her lips and began to breathe into her, which made me vomit for real this time. But that wasn't the worst of it, for as George Perry breathed into the mother of his son, her pregnant belly began to glow as brightly as the Buffalo shooting.

"The niglet is feeding on Vrill!" William Luther Pierce exclaimed. "It's consuming the essence of Aryan man through the oxygen its mother is intaking!"

"But how? Beardson isn't an Aryan!" I asked.

"He isn't, but his White genes contain hints of Aryan power. And that negress is pumping that White energy into her offspring, empowering it!"

It now all made sense. Beardson had come back in time to abort George Floyd, but had been defeated by George Perry and had all of his White air fed to Larcenia Floyd, making George Floyd more powerful.

"And dats all of it, dear," George Perry said as he let go of Larcenia. Then, for no reason at all, he punched her in the face. "Now get outta mah sight, you cheatin' ass hoe!"

"You is a bitch ass nigga! Punching yo baby momma like dat!" Larcenia snapped back. She then trudged over to her car, getting inside. "Now get me and da baby more cracka air or I is gonna call da police on you! In da meantime I is gonna go get mah nails done at da salon, so see ya later you dumb muthafucka!"

"Fuck you bitch!" George Perry said, turning back towards us. "Now, back ta capping ya crackas and stealing yo air."

George Perry flashed in front of Dr. Pierce, slamming his face into the ground, shattering his glasses. He then appeared behind me and kicked me so hard that I flew into a Stop sign, causing the metal bar to fold in two and shattering my floating ribs.

The nigger began beating his chest. "Ooga booga ahh ahh, you ain't gonna be able to stop me mayne. I be fucking invincible!"

Everything was looking hopeless for us at that moment, with George Perry seemingly invincible due to his power to become intangible.

But right as he was about to put his nigger lips on mine and drain me of my Aryan oxygen, Dr. Pierce shouted, "Your son gets his family millions of dollars in settlements for his death!"

George Perry's eyes lit up. "What you sayin' about a million dollahs mayne?"

But before the nigger could do anything else, there was a flash of light as Dr. Pierce fired a weapon which I recognized as a Nigger Destroyer 3000. The beam cleaved through George Perry, blowing off the nigger's left arm at the elbow joint.

"Ahhhhhhhh!" George Perry screamed. "Why you gotta hurt me like dat mayne? I'm not dat kinda guy mayne, not dat kinda guy!"

Dr. Pierce smirked. "As I expected, your kind will deny your foul misdeeds until the end of eternity, forever believing yourselves to be innocent."

I was awestruck. "Dr. Pierce, how did you hit him? And where did you get that Nigger Destroyer 3000 from?"

"I created the weapon by copying the design of the Wigger Disintegrator 9000 you let me examine. Quite elementary for me to do as a physicist, since all I had to do was change the weapon to disintegrate nigger DNA instead of White DNA infused with the soul of a nigger."

The good doctor got to his feet, readjusting his shattered spectacles. "As for how I hit him, you need to remember that we are facing a negro father. Now, can you recall the primary characteristic of their kind?"

Suddenly, everything clicked. "They disappear," I muttered.

"Exactly. And when does a deadbeat black father reappear?" he asked.

"When their child gets famous and makes a ton of money!" I replied, stupefied at how I hadn't realized the source of George Perry's power. I pushed myself to my feet, fighting through the pain, and rushed the father of the eternal criminal nigger.

Just as I was about to jab my bayonet into Perry's gut, I shouted, "Baby George's family gets 27 million dollars in a civil settlement from the city of Minneapolis!"

"Goddamn, really cracka?" George Perry said. Right as he said that my bayonet plunged deep into the nigger's belly, slicing through skin, muscle, fat and organs. I twisted the hilt, hearing a satisfying 'squelch' as the blade ravaged the nigger's innards. I then put my foot on Perry's chest and tugged the weapon out.

"Fuck! Da blood be in mah lungs and it be filling dem up mayne! I can't breathe! Tell mah kids I love dem! Mama! Mama! Please, I can't breathe!" George Perry moaned as he fell face first onto the pavement.

Dr. Pierce got up behind George Perry and dragged his body over to the curb. He adjusted Perry's mouth so that it was biting the concrete. "This is for all the White lives you've ruined by your leech-like, parasitic behavior!" Pierce said as he jumped into the air and landed his knee on George Perry's neck, which finished off the nigger father for good.

Once I was certain that George Perry was dead, I collapsed on the lawn, exhausted. "That was...tough," I said to Dr. Pierce. "Thank you so much. I wouldn't have survived without you."

"No problem son. You've proven yourself to be a champion of the White race," the doctor said as he walked over to Beardson, who was crawling around on the ground like a freshly neutered dog. "Unlike this fellow. What should we do with him?"

"Don't worry man, I'll handle him for you!" a nasally, metrosexual voice said.

A gunshot rang out. The bullet grazed Dr. Pierce, making him crumple to the ground. However, he wasn't who the shooter was aiming at. Beardson's head exploded into bloody bits, brains and bone and gore spraying everywhere. Dr. Pierce and I were taken aback, shocked at what had just happened.

"Haha! It's like that scene from "The Joker", you get what you fucking deserve!"

Out from behind Dr. Pierce's car stepped Nick Fuentes, holding a single-shot rifle and wearing one of the stolen time machines. "I get lots of practice in Fortnite with my aim, you know. They don't call me Nick the Knife for nothing."

"A wetback!" Dr. Pierce said, cupping his wound. "Why-why would you kill your own subordinate?"

"Yeah, just shut the fuck up you fucking wignat. Your brand of nationalism was fucking cringe," Nick Fuentes said, striding over to George Perry's corpse. "I'm like Stalin man. Whenever one of my lieutenants fucks up, he isn't going to get off lightly."

The Mexican child leader of the White race bent over George Perry, then proceeded to pull down the dead nigger's pants, revealing the dead nigger's revolting nigger junk. "Now let's see how much we have in there."

Both Pierce and I couldn't stand to watch what happened next, so all I'll tell you is that there were a series of slurping noises, followed by a satisfied swallow.

When I next opened my eyes, Nick had a wide grin on his face, his teeth glistening with a sticky white substance. "Damn, it's thicker than Jaden's. Who would've guessed?"

"What. The. Fuck?" Dr. Pierce exclaimed, blinking in disbelief. "What the absolute *fuck*?"

"Frankly Dr. Pierce, I wouldn't be that surprised," I chimed in. "Fuentes is known to do stuff like that."

Suddenly, Nick Fuentes keeled over, clutching at his chest. "Damn! It burns!" he roared, his voice deepening for some reason. He then looked towards us and smiled. "I guess I have to thank you wignats this time. I was fine with either outcome, you know. If Beardson succeeded in killing George Floyd, that's good since that's just one more dead nigger. If Beardson died trying, that just meant more Floydian creatures and Floyd hybrids for me to talk about on my streams, giving me more superchats and viewers on Cozy."

Fuentes began to twist and writhe, groaning as he did. I could hear bones breaking and clothes tearing and muscles growing. Something was happening to Nick, and it was giving me a really, *really* bad vibe. I reached out to try and grab my Wigger Disintegrator 9000, but realized it was in Beardson's car-and there was no way I was going to retrieve it in my current state.

"You see, I was created through in vitro fertilization. A test tube baby, if you will," Nick Fuentes explained as his skin grew darker and his hair became curled and springy. "My DNA has always been... incomplete because of it. There were gaps in mah genetic code that

needed to be filled, know what I'm saying? Which is why I had ta hunt for Jaden's cum with a black light."

Nick roared as his lips and nose tripled in size and his frontal lobe shrunk to the size of a pea. "But now dats I got da cum of George Floyd's father, I can achieve muh final form and shieet. To become da Afro-Latino dat I always needed to be in order ta be da TRUE representative of America First!"

The figure that loomed above Pierce and I was the most wretched, unnatural abomination I had ever witnessed.

"Come ta think of it, a name like 'Nicholas Fuentes' sound too cracka for who I is now," the nigger-spic-zoomer chimped, staring up at the autumn sunset sky. "Muh new name be..."

He cackled.

"Niggelos G. Floydentes."

Frog Floyd

By Jordan Cleeman

Frogs are a popular amphibious animal that people keep as pets, whether they are tree frogs, bullfrogs, or even the very small types such as pond frogs. Despite their popularity, there are some people that rightfully perceive them as disgusting slimy creatures that shouldn't be kept as pets. I say rightfully, because of a recent experience that made me despise frogs from then on. I will tell you about my encounter with Frog Floyd.

I was browsing through 4 Chans /pol/ board one day. I came across this one thread that was titled "what did kek mean by this." It caught my eye so I decided to click on it to check it out. On the main thread was a series of images of a green painted George Floyd mural on a beige-colored wall. The panel on the far left was the default unedited photo of the mural; just Floyd's big lipped face that BLM monkeys painted. I thought nothing much of it and then moved my eyes to the second panel, which was the same photo as the one on the left, except flipped upside down. I then looked at the third and final panel which was on the far right. It was an edit of the upside down Floyd mural but edited to highlight rather interesting interpretations of it. On the bottom portion of it—which was really just the upper part of Floyd's face—was a Pepe the frog style face traced based on the strangely shaded forehead used as Pepe the frog's lips and Floyd's eyes as Pepe's eyes. On the lower part of the upside down Floyd mural face, there was an additional Pepe-styled face which used Floyd's large lips as its own lips and the strangely shaded chin to ultimately trace an among us styled Pepe the frog face that looked kind of like a Sussy kneel NFT. The bottom larger Pepe the frog face was dubbed the name "Groyd." I thought the idea of altering the mural to make it out to be a Pepe the frog George Floyd edit was funny as fuck so I continued to read through the discussion.

The next the ad was titled "let's make George Floyd a white supremacy symbol," which had over 300 replies. Amongst those replies were countless people who managed to find more frogs in George Floyd's face which is easy since George Floyd has a face so hideous that you can find so many ugly ass animals even in a simple painting depiction of his face. One of them that really struck my attention was a well drawn edit of the Pepe the frog Floyd mural edit, except instead of the among us frog standing on top of Groyd's head, it was a cyclops

frog with one large pepe-styled eye instead of the among us crew mate helmet visor. The threads below that artwork discussed a name for that small cyclops frog, coming up with "Pepe 2" or Ni; with Ni meaning the number 2 in Japanese. They eventually settled with the name Ni and portrayed it as a being higher than Groyd, who sits on top of his head possessing him to commit crimes and create chaos, mirroring the things the real life George Floyd did.

I thought the whole idea of this was just some made up shit these people are laughing about for fun. However, what happened later completely changed my mind for the worst.

Because I found the meme so hilarious, the next thing I did was pay a trip to the pet store to adopt a pair of pet frogs with one being a large bullfrog and the other a smaller one, naming them Groyd and Ni respectively. Once I pulled up there I noticed the parking lot was full of Mercedes', and it was when I knew something was up. There was going to be a ton of chinks in the pet store, for reasons that are obviously not for simply adopting pets. I went in the pet store and sure enough I was right. Most of the were crowded in the dog section looking for the tastiest dogs to buy and eat and enough of them crowded around the reptile and amphibian section to make it impossible for me to navigate there so I pulled out a handy bottle of raid spray to get the chinks out of the way. I then proceeded to browse through the collection of scorpions, tarantulas, geckos, bearded dragons, and finally the frogs.

I couldn't find any bullfrogs, however, I found something far more interesting: the African clawed frog. There was only one in the shelves, floating still in its aquarium. I say It is more interesting than a bullfrog because it would be a much better fit as Groyd since they're native habitat is the nigger country Africa and they are comparable in size anyway. It was 1200 dollars which is a fuck ton of money for a frog but I am one of the higher up office workers in a company called Golden Nigger Corp and I have a seven figure salary so I bought it. I then quickly bought a tree frog to represent Ni. Because I spend most of my time asking hours writing lab reports at Golden Nigger Corp, I thought it would be a good idea to just have the the two frogs hang out at my office, so I also purchased a terrarium. The Golden Nigger Corp facility doesn't have a no-animals-allowed policy since niggers have to be studied in there and we don't consider niggers human.

I drove over to the main Golder Nigger Corp headquarters which is where my office is located at and then went in my cubicle to try to set up the frogs terrarium. It was quite a large one, so I ended up not being able to find any space in my desk. I turned to just placing it in the hallways instead, on top of one of the empty tables. I conveniently used

the clear water from one of the labs to add the mini pond and then finally placed both of the frogs Groyd and Ni in the terrarium from the plastic bags they were in. As I watched them coexist, I heard footsteps and coming from my left side. I looked in that direction to see one of the Golden Nigger Corp scientists walking with a tray full of test tubes. I waved hello to him and he trotted a bit to the side of the hall I was at, as if to shake my hands. To my shock, he accidentally tripped on one of the legs of the table that the frog terrarium rested on which caused the test tubes that were on the tray to fly into the frog terrariums. The chemicals spilt on both Groyd and Ni, and then their skin absorbed them.

"I am so sorry about that," the fallen coworker said as he got up.

"What kinds of chemicals are those?" I asked. "I sure as hell hope they aren't harmful because you spilt them on both of my new frogs."

"Ah my bad. Those chemicals are Floyd serums, which were used in an experiment a while back on a BBC where named heather wilcock to recall George Floyd's early memories."

"Are you fucking serious?!" I yelled. "I remember heather wilcock turning into a floydian wilcock. Is there anything we can do with the frogs before it's too late?"

"I'm afraid not. We haven't developed an antidote."

Just then, I heard loud croaking from the terrarium. The coworker and I looked and what I saw was something I didn't expect at all. The tree frog Ni now only had one eye and it's lips grew to 2 times it's original thickness. The African clawed frog, Groyd now resembled Pepe except with a big ass nose. They both then began growing in size rapidly, their stretchy skin able to keep up. My coworker and I stepped back as they shortly grew large enough to shatter the glass of the terrarium. With enough time. Groyd was now six foot five in height and Ni was now three feet tall. With one jump, Ni hopped onto the head of Groyd and they now perfectly resembled the Groyd and Ni artwork that I saw in 4 chan.

"Croak ribbit ribbit ooga booga croak ah croak ah ribbit," the Groyd—who I will call the George Floyd frog from now on—chimed.

As the George Floyd frog spoke in its frog-monkey-Ebonics dialect, it did so without any semblance of emotion. I then looked up at Ni who had its hands gripped into the top of the George Floyd frogs lumpy head. Ni seemed to be controlling the George Floyd frog to some extent. I knew immediately that we were dealing with nothing but a floydian creature right now, so I needed to think of a way to defeat it via impeding it's breathing abilities. The real question was how. If you didn't know, frogs have more than one methods of breathing. For one,

they can take in oxygen through their skin. Second, they can breathe through the lining of their lips. And finally, they have their own set of lungs. This makes the George Floyd frog a much more complex floydian creature to defeat than most others.

The George Floyd frog, while still under Ni's control, opened its fat lip mouth wide open and then started to lick my coworkers belly with its large tongue.

"Oo la la croak croak that's some croak nice pregnant belly croak," the George Floyd frog beamed.

I laughed for a moment because, that coworker isn't actually pregnant since he is a man and he's just fat as fuck, therefore he has a beer belly. The George Floyd frog was retarded enough to think his fat belly is a pregnant belly. It was then, I got a lightbulb moment. While the George Floyd frog has a lot more means of breathing than other floydian creatures, it is much dumber, which I can use to my advantage. I brainstormed ways I can exploit its lack of intelligence while it devoured my coworkers belly and then quickly came up with a plausible way to defeat the nigga frogs.

If you never heard of the concept of water boarding, it is a brutal torturing method where the victims face is covered with a wet rag, while water is poured through it, therefore causing induced drowning. A good demonstration of this is this one popular vine video of a guy in a Spider-Man suit who jumped into a swimming pool and he nearly died even as he surfaced and bystanders had to remove his Spider-Man costume for him to breathe again. I figured that water boarding is the best way to block every single breathing method of the George Floyd frogs since it could obstruct its entire body.

Because I of the sheer size of the frogs, I needed to find a cloth bag large enough to fit them in. I flashed back to a time when one of the guys who works at the cryptozoology department of Golden Nigger Corp, Andrew Burrows, retrieved Krampus Floyd's large bag that it uses to kidnap children. I quickly ran to the special artifact room to retrieve it, as the George Floyd frogs hopped after me.

Once I grabbed krampus Floyd's cloth sac, I grabbed frog food that I just remembered I got for free when I purchased the frogs from the pet store, and used it to lure the George Floyd frogs.

"Yippeee! Yoohooohoo frog food croak croak yay croak ah ooga croak ah ah!" The Floyd frogs croaked in excitement as I presented them the food.

I then led the nigga frogs to the golden nigger corp relaxation lounge which has a massive hot tub. I tossed the frog food in the hot tub and once both the George Floyd frogs were in the pool, I heaved the cloth

bag onto both of them at the same time and then tied the opening to seal it. I watched as the pool water began to move into the cloth bag due to osmosis.

“Ah croak sheeit!” Both of the nigga frogs chimped. “All of our breathing pores croak are croak now covered croak up! Water boarding be croak our weakness croak! Breath croak can’t croak! Ah ah oh oh ribbit ribbit ooga booga croak croak!”

I knew they were pretty much dead when I began to see blood leak into the hot tub which indicated blood filled their lungs.

I am now typing this as the janitor is cleaning the entire hot tub to get rid of all the nigger pathogens. As crazy as it may sound, the Groyd meme is real.

Do Not Use Seeds Containing the N-Word in Survival Sandbox Video Games

By Jordan Cleeman

My name is Lee Murgistus. One day I wanted to replay the game Terraria for nostalgic reasons. I know it is somewhat of an unbiased game because it kind of promotes race mixing when the arms dealer NPC—who is a nigger—gets into a relationship with the white nurse, but the pixelated art style brings me back good memories from way back when games weren't any more visually advanced than the game Doom.

Because I am lazy and impatient, unable to handle sitting up straight on a gaming desktop rig, I decided to download Terraria on my mobile phone. Before any of you make fun of me for being a mobile gamer, Terraria mobile is literally the same as the PC version; both of them being 1.4 the journeys end update.

I created my character, naming it after the police officer Derek Chauvin and then customized his appearance to have what resembled a police uniform. I then created a world using the seed. Of course, I will not specify exactly what seed it is for the safety of your game, but I can tell you it contains the word nigger along with a few random numbers and letters. There was also an option to choose the world's designated evil biome. If you didn't know, the evil biome is a biome that can either be crimson or corrupt, in addition to the post hardmode evil the hallow; the crimson biome being a bloody red environment and the corrupt environment being a dark meadow with purple grass. The hallow biome is a seemingly beautiful biome with cyan-colored grass and colourful trees but is filled with dangerous unicorns and pixies that will try to kill the player.

I set the world's evil to crimson because it looks cooler and world size to small. Finally, I generated it. It took a while to load, showing tooltips in the loading screen tips. I ignored them because I am not one of those niggers who doesn't even know how to advance to hard mode. I remember back in grade school when one of my classmates, a niglet, begged me to give him a spare terrablade from one of my chests full of them. He was stuck in pre eye of Cthulhu boss fight because his nigger ass couldn't dodge the eye which moved at a speed of 2 blocks per second. I bullied him for it throughout the rest of the school year until he successfully convinced his parents to move schools.

Anyway, I began my playthrough by chopping a few dozen trees, building a few rooms for prospective npcs, and mining for iron. I used those to upgrade my tools and weapons to metal tier. It wasn't great but not a bad start at all. I took a trip to the crimson biome to kill hundreds of monsters until I obtained a full set of crimson armor; each armor piece having a small chance to drop from a monster.

Now that I had a full crimson set and metal tools, I figured I might as well start fighting the Brain of Cthulhu. It is a boss that can be summoned by destroying 3 crimson hearts in the underground caves of the crimson biome. The type of stone that the caves comprised of, crimstone, is impossible to break with the iron pickaxe I had at the time, so I needed to use bombs to dig to the hearts. I luckily had a stack in my inventory from looting chests like a nigger when I was venturing to the crimson biome, so I was able to reach and destroy the 3 hearts necessary. The moment I broke the last one, an ingame message appeared at the top right of the screen; "Brain of McNutt has been summoned".

Upon reading that message, I was confused as fuck because the boss is supposed to be called Brain of Cthulhu, not Brain of McNutt. Suddenly, a familiar brain entered the screen. The pixels it consisted of patterned to be almost identical to how I remembered it back when I played Terraria as a child, except it had thick glasses. Its ingame label was "Brain of McNutt". I immediately understood it was referencing a man who died in 2020, the very year when two of the world's funniest and memeable deaths happened; the death of George Floyd and Ronnie McNutt. I guessed that the Terraria developers must have decided to do a limited time crossover event in light of Ronnie McNutts tomato suicide. Appearance was not the only thing that differentiated the Brain of McNutt from the Brain of Cthulhu, however. Instead of the usual flying creeper minions that spawns in to protect it, flying rifles that resembled the rifle Ronnie used to kill himself were the minions instead. Because of how good I am at the game, I managed to defeat the Brain of McNutt solely with my melee iron sword without getting hit a single time. Upon killing it, it exploded in pixelated blood and the Samsung Over the Horizon song played. I laughed for a brief moment before starting to collect the loot the boss drops.

I remembered that the Brain of Cthulhu is supposed to drop crimtane ore, lesser healing potions, a 5% chance at a bone rattle, a 14.28% at a Brain of Cthulhu mask, and a 10% chance at a Brain of Cthulhu trophy, however, the drops that ended up on the ground was a peculiar-looking rifle that I've never seen in the game and a type of voodoo doll that I couldn't recognize.

If you didn't know, there are two types of voodoo dolls in the game; one of them is the guide voodoo doll which is used to summon the Wall of Flesh boss by dropping it in lava, and the Clothier voodoo doll which is used to summon the Skeletron boss. However, the one I picked up was nothing like them. It's ingame sprite appeared to be a voodoo doll of a nigger wearing a black hoodie and jeans. I picked it up, for its tooltip to appear. Highlighting it in the inventory, it was called "George Floyd toy voodoo doll". It's description read "the doll of a criminal nigger that was used as a fleshlight by Ronnie McNutt; dropped by none other than the Brain of McNutt. Use it to summon the chimp event by dropping it in a body of water to drown it". After reading it, I decided to do a quick google search of all the new things I discovered in the game that I couldn't recognize from years ago. I searched for terms such as "Brain of McNutt boss" and "George Floyd toy voodoo doll". However, nothing relevant showed up. Thinking all the new content was due to me lucking out on a seed because it contains the word nigger, I decided to play around, apparently being the first person to discover secret dark humor update content or something.

Because I wasn't sure I could handle the George Floyd voodoo doll chimp event just yet, I started by picking up and equipping the rifle that the Brain of McNutt dropped. It was called the "Rifle of McNutt" and its tooltip read "500 damage per hit; Knockback 5; critical chance 50%; use time is insanely fast; velocity 10". I got an immediate burst of excitement because those were by far the best stats of any gun in the whole game.

I played around with the rifle of McNutt for a bit, one shooting every monster. It made the game way too fucking easy with how overpowered the weapon is; and so I decided to use the George Floyd toy voodoo doll to summon the chimp event. I found the nearest body of water, which was a small lake next to the spawn zone and then dropped the George Floyd voodoo doll in it. Once it entered the water, I heard an awful gurgling noise that sounded even more grotesque than the Brain of McNutt death sound. I didn't feel an ounce of sympathy though, since it was a nigger doll anyway.

Once the sound of the George Floyd toy voodoo doll drowning ended, a purple text popped up reading "the BLM chimps are headed from the west". At the same time, a large progress bar appeared below the minimal, labelled "chimp event".

I equipped the Ronnie McNutt rifle and then aimed my crosshair to the left side of the screen. Shortly, hordes of nigger zombie variants holding BLM signs and torches could be seen. They noticed the guide first and then slaughtered him. It pissed me off because I had

sentimental value for the guide even though I had only been playing on the world for a couple hours so far. I decimated all the BLM nigger zombies, perfectly getting headshots on all of them. It was a nice bloodbath as the progress bar of the chimp event approached the 100% mark. Eventually, I got the ingame notification that I had killed the 1000th BLM nigger zombie, marking the 100% milestone of the chimp event. Hundreds of silver and gold coins floated as a result, obviously being the stolen money of the BLM zombie niggers. I picked all of them up, and what was left over were piles upon piles of what looked to be dollar bills for loot. I picked them up, to see that the item was called "suspicious looking dollar bill". Its tooltip description was "used to summon the Niggatron prime boss".

I had no fear for whatever the Niggatron boss was with how easily I decimated the all mobs of the chimp event, so I used the suspicious looking dollar bill without hesitation. A monster roar audio played, a large boss health bar popped below the minimap, and one of the most unique-looking bosses I've ever seen flew into the screen. It had animations very similar to that of the regular Skeletron boss, but instead of a giant skull, it was a robotic metallic fat nigger nose, with long strands of snot as it's appendages. I began shooting at it with the rifle of McNutt. However, the bullets ended up being blocked by the snot appendages, which were apparently immune to damage. This rendered the robotic nigger nose protected from damage. This rose my heart rate because that meant I needed to use actual skill to kill this boss even with a weapon as overpowered as the rifle of McNutt.

Niggatron Prime did a sneeze attack, which shot a massive projectile snot at my character. It encompassed me into a pool of liquid snot; it was exponentially more viscous than giant bee honey and I was unable to swim out. I saw an oxygen bubble bar start to float above my character's head, indicating I couldn't breathe in it.

Eventually, I died. I respawned to find out Niggatron Prime had disappeared. Such a thing is typical; almost all Terraria bosses/mini bosses despawn when all players in a world die at once. It wasn't a big deal to me though, since I still had multiple suspicious looking dollar bills in my inventory so I could always attempt to kill Niggatron Prime again. The real question, though, was how? My McNutt rifle was borderline useless against it and once my character was trapped in its snot, there was no way to escape it. My curiosity of what the Niggatron Prime boss will drop upon killing it grew fast as, and so I needed to come up with a way to cheese it. I know, cheesing bosses is something that only low IQ niggers can do to beat the game, but keep in mind nothing on the internet discussed any of the new content I experienced

so that was the me only way for me to find out without potentially smashing my phone to pieces in frustration. Even though I am generally good at video games, I rage really hard whenever I am stuck on a certain level. I remember bending my Nintendo DS in half after failing the final Bowser boss fight from Super Mario 64 one hundred times even when I used the ActionReplay cheat codes; it really made the Ultimate Bowser theme song get on my nerves for the rest of my life even though it is actually a really good soundtrack.

I had the bright idea of building a gigantic minecart railroad that spans all the way to the outer space zone. The scheme was to get Niggatron Prime to ride it; the minecart should quickly send him into the void. When its hit box overlaps the edge of the screen, it should die. Now, bosses and mobs are not able to ride on minecarts but because of the extremely unique nature of Niggatron Prime and the other batshit crazy stuff, I wouldn't be surprised if it were to be able to.

I spent the next hour mining wood and iron then crafting over a thousand railroad blocks. I then built the railroad track in a vertical zigzag manner. It took quite a while since building is a huge pain in the ass on mobile compared to the PC edition, but it was well worth it.

I used the suspicious looking dollar bill to summon Niggatron Prime once again. It quickly entered my view and so I tried my best to lure it into the railroad. Luckily, it worked; Niggatron Prime mounted onto a minecart and was launched into the zigzag pathway. I didn't have wings or jet packs at this stage of the game, so I opened the minimap to full screen to spectate the world as a whole. There I saw Niggatron Prime's boss icon being sent to outer space. Once it went beyond what I call the ozone layer of Terraria, a dialogue text from Niggatron Prime flashed in the chat box; "where is all the air in here". Niggatron Prime then reached the edge of the screen at last, causing it to get instantly crushed by the void. Its health bar instantly went to zero and shortly, it was declared defeated, along with an additional pop up text that read: "you should not have done this". I at first ignored that threatening text and went on to look for the boss' loot. However, after walking back and forth along the zone, I couldn't find any items that dropped. I was quite disappointed because even though I cheesed the hell out of the Niggatron Prime boss, it was hours of preparation to set it up in the first place. That was until another purple message appeared at the corner of the screen. It read "your world has been infected by the nigger corruption biome". Upon reading it, I zoomed out to look at the full screen minimap. My eyes scanned across it, until it landed on a chunk of the world ground which was now pitch black. There was now an additional evil biome which was not supposed to happen. A world

can only be either crimson or corruption, along with hallow. I walked to that biome to see the dirt and stone was even blacker than asphalt blocks. I dug with my pickaxe to see the blocks were called "nigdirt" and "nigstone". It was truly a nigger biome. I then noticed it was spreading into the normal grass biome like how fast niggers breed like rabbits. I couldn't handle seeing it because it was so ugly and ruining the current purity of my world too rapidly. I exited it and never looked back.

I deleted that world and never typed in that seed again ever since. If you want to create a Terraria world and beat it, I don't recommend using a seed containing the word nigger because it might end up being like the one I experienced where the new evil nigger biome spreads too quickly to beat it. Perhaps, if you do, only do it to obtain the overpowered rifle of McNutt to use to destroy noobs on the public pvp servers.

Family Goy

By BuckFlackPeople

It seems today that all we see is violence and movies and sex on TV. Like, where are those good old fashioned values on which we, the White race, used to rely? Luckily, I'm a family guy.

My name is Ronnie McGriffin. I live at 31 Spooner Street in Quahog, Rhode Island. I have a loving family, consisting of my wife and 3 kids. I often get into crazy shenanigans that endanger the wellbeing of myself and my family, but we always end up okay and sometimes learn from my or others mistakes. I also really fucking hate niggers. This is because they are a net drain on American society through welfare and crime, they make the public schools my children attend a jungle, and worst of all, they make fun of my chin for looking like a ballsack. I remember there was this really dumbass gorilla nigger that lived across the street from me named Cleveland. His wife cheated on him with my neighbor and friend, Glenn Quagmire. Afterwards, he got a divorce and moved to Virginia, where he tried to get a reality TV show filmed about his family. However, it fell apart and he lost all his money. He took a shotgun and said, "Hey guys, I guess that's it," before blowing his head into a red paste. It reminded me of a poop I took a couple days before, nyehheheh.

Anyway, I have a crazy story that happened to me, and my two buddies Glenn and Joe the other day. So my day was going like any other: my annoying bitch wife Lois was nagging the hell outta me, telling me to do stuff like be a responsible adult, take care of my infant son, and take out the garbage. I told her I would get to that right after I went to my favorite bar, the Drunken Clam, with my friends tonight. My daughter Meg walked in and tried to tell me that I shouldn't drink so much. I said "oh so that's how you're gonna be?" before shoving her face in my ass and farting. Meg's stupid and doesn't realize rampant alcoholism is part of our White hyperborean heritage.

I met up with the guys outside, and asked if they were ready to go drinking.

"Wait, hold on, we're waiting for the new neighbor to come out and join us, he should be coming out any minute now, " said Quagmire.

"Wait, we have a new neighbor?" I asked.

"Yeah, he moved into Cleveland's old house the other day. Moved in from Minneapolis," said Joe.

I was fine with this as I never liked Cleveland because he was black, however I never openly express my racism towards my family and friends as they are not redpilled, and I don't want them to think of me differently. We waited about 15 minutes until he finally walked out of the house, revealing a dark silhouette. He was a six foot five buck negro. As he approached, his grotesque facial features became more and more apparent. They made my ballsack chin look tame. His lips looked like Michelin tires. His nose was so large that his simple inhalation from crossing the street was enough to mess up the pile of leaves on my lawn. His dead beady eyes alone were all the proof needed to justify the idea that black people have no souls, or at least are a different species than us. He wore a tank top and loose, saggy jeans.

"Hey mane, what's good, I'm George, but my homies call me Big Floyd the Landlord, Houston Projects, the 3rd ward nigga," he said.

Now it made sense why he was late, he was a ghetto gorilla ape. We introduced ourselves and went to the clam to get to know our new neighbor. As we were on the way to the clam, I asked him how he found the house.

"Ah there's this nigga named Mort Goldman, Jewish nigga, he sold me the house," said George.

I should've known a Jew was behind George moving onto our block, as Jews work to dismantle White homogeneity in America in any way they can. We sat down in our favorite booth once we got to the bar and asked George what some of his favorite things to do were.

"Oh you know, normal nigga shit, shit like raping white bitches, robbing pregnant women, doing fentanyl, and selling cheap shitty weed, how bout you niggas?" said George as if there was nothing out of the ordinary about the situation.

We just stared at him in awe. I mean, like, how the hell do you even respond to that? We tried to play it off as a joke, especially since Joe is a cop. Even he looked a little uncomfortable. I went to the bathroom and shot Lois a text saying this guy was weird while I was in there, but she never responded. I came back to see everyone was still silent. I tried to break the awkwardness with a story about my son, Chris.

"So yesterday we're all sitting down eating dinner, and Meg was talking about how she got bullied at school that day and was thinking of killing herself, or some other dumb bullshit, who cares. Anyway, while Meg is talking, Chris just rips the fattest fart I had ever heard in my life. Like a fucking nuclear bomb, I was surprised the windows didn't shatter. Holy crap, funniest thing I'd seen all week, you guys had to be there," I said.

George said, "Saw my home girl Nikki from South London lost her son mane, our young generation is clearly lost mane, clearly lost, like, like I don't even know what to say no more mane. Like these youngsters, going around, just bussing guns, in crowds, keeds getting keeled, and you know it's so clearly the generation after us mane that's so lost mane, you know mane...In Houston a nigga told me 'Yo young nigga truth mane' right there because he could bus a gun...man I knew I was crazy that a nigga my age saying it and condoning this shit du. Half these young niggas shooting guns go home, and they knees shaking at night, but they don't show it to nobody because, you know, they aint tough then. Like hey man...come on home man, it's gonna be you and God. You're going up or you're going down."

I just sighed and rubbed my eyes. I forgot black youths don't aspire to anything in life other than impulsive violence and petty crime. At this point, I wished I had Cleveland back. We went home after a pretty shitty night at the clam. I walked through the door not in a good mood, and my talking dog (yes, we have one of those) Brian asked what was wrong.

"Brian, the new neighbor sucks. He's completely incompatible with me and the guys. He shouldn't be here at all," I said.

"Woah Ronnie, you can't dislike someone just because they're different. That's not what Saint Martin Luther King told us. Plus, that could lead to racism, which is the worst thing in the world," said Brian

"Oh, you're right," I said, as I walked away. I forgot Brian was a liberal faggot who drives a Prius and for some reason has sex with human women, but for some reason everyone is okay with that.

I climbed into bed next to my wife, who said my name, trying to get my attention.

"Oh, you wanna talk to me now?" I said.

"Ronnie, you need to be a better father. Meg tries so hard to be a good daughter and you always mess with her. Promise me you'll try a little better from now on?"

"Maybe I was a little harsh on her. You're right, I'll try a little better," I said. "Goodnight Lois."

I fell asleep, but the next thing I knew, I was woken up by rumbling in our hallway. I used a flashlight to check the hallway. I noticed Meg's door was hanging open, which I thought was strange because she usually sleeps with her door closed in a vain attempt to keep me from farting in her room in the morning, nyeheheh. I went into her room to check if everything was okay. When I shined the flashlight in the room, what I saw was horrifying: it was George Floyd, dick out, about to rape my daughter.

"Aw come on mane, jus lemme rape dis ugly ass white bitch, please mane," said George.

I tackled him out the window, plummeting to the ground. George Floyd and I began to fight. Luckily, I am a 300 pound fatass racist Chad, and have had a lot of experience fighting due to my many battles with a giant chicken, as well as Homer Simpson that one time. I beat the shit out of George Floyd while his pants were around his ankles and his dick was hanging out.

"Ah please mane, I ain't that type of guy mane, please mane," he said as I kicked him in the head while he was in the fetal position.

I let my rage fly and said, "How dare you try to rape my daughter! I may pick on Meg, but she's my daughter and I love her. You niggers seek to violate everything Whites have built, including the peace of my home. You son of a bitch, I -"

"That's enough Ronnie," I heard a voice say from behind me. I turned around to see Joe Swanson in his police uniform, pushing his wheelchair towards me. He must have heard the commotion.

"Oh thank God, I'm so glad you're here Joe. George broke into my house and tried to rape Meg. Please take him to prison," I said.

"I'm not here for him," said Joe as he put handcuffs around my wrists. "Racism is illegal Ronnie, and I'm afraid that defending yourself from black people qualifies as racism under current law. I'm sorry Ronnie, but you're under arrest."

"Joe, you can't do this!" I said as Joe led me away from George Floyd's unconscious body towards his squad car. Just before Joe was about to put me in his squad car, I heard a female's voice from Joe's front door. It was his pregnant wife, Bonnie.

"Joe, what's going on?" she asked.

Right after she said that, George Floyd shot back to consciousness, and he said "Oh lala, there be a pregnant bitch right there, and she a white bitch too? I'm boutta get ooga booga with dat bitch." George Floyd then sprinted at her like a pitbull would sprint at a small child. He grabbed her by the arm and she screamed. As they struggled, I saw a fire in Joe's eyes ignite. It was his acceptance of his White identity, and the threat blacks pose to our society. Joe pushed his wheelchair over to them, and using his arm strength, flung himself from his chair onto George Floyd, tackling him to the ground. Joe kept George down with his weight as he threw punch after punch at George. Finally, he wrapped his limp legs around Floyd's neck, strangling him.

George said, "Ah...shit....mane...can't...breathe."

But Joe was completely lost in his adrenaline. He was screaming "ROCK AND ROLL, ROCK AND ROLL, GET SOME!" as George Floyd took his last breath.

Joe got back into his wheelchair. He helped his wife and then took the handcuffs off me.

"Ronnie, I'm sorry I did that. I got so caught up trying to do my job that I lost sight of what really matters, my friends and my family. Niggers really suck, Ronnie," said Joe Swanson.

"Thanks Joe. And yeah, they really do," I said.

I am now writing this on my phone after joining the George Floyd Creepypastas channel. I found some stuff with the label "Golden Nigger Corp" in my son Stewie's room, and that eventually led me to this telegram. I just wanted to tell my story, as I'm sure many others have close calls with this monster. For those of you wondering why I am recalling this story on the George Floyd Creepypasta channel even though it wasn't really that scary, it is because 1) I don't fucking care, and 2) niggers are a threat to White society, and therefore, inherently scary. Anyway, that's all I got, so stay safe out there. I guess that's it.

The George Floyd Invader

By Fentanyl Man

"Another wonderful day in Minneapolis", I thought to myself as I limped my way home from highschool. Just an hour earlier, I had been violently mugged by a pack of feral pavement monkeys. They beat me up pretty bad, probably broke a rib or two but I put up as best a fight as a racist chad could. In the end though, when its six groids against one, there is not much you can do. As I moped my way home, penniless and demoralized, I passed by a rundown grocery store called "Cup Foods".

Rounding the corner of the building , I heard a nasally voice call out to me, "Oy vey goy, you should not go that way!" I stopped in my tracks and whipped my head around only to see nothing behind me. I was about to continue on my way when I heard the whiny voice yelp again, "goy down here." I craned my neck down only to scream and fall back on my ass. What was before me was a dwarf of a man, standing only three feet tall. He bore the appearance of a typical jewish rabbi, complete with a black orthodox hat, a matted beard, and ugly curly hair. Of course, the jew also had an enourmous, banana-like nose, reminiscent of the happy merchant.

"What the.... who the fuck are you?", I demanded to the jew. It looked back at me with a shocked expression on its face and pointed at me with its finger. "Oy vey goy your face it's...its's horrible", the little jew stammered out. After hearing those words exit the mouth of the jew, I picked myself up onto my feet, reeled my fist back, and then socked the little jew square in the face. The little jew let out a whimper as he fell to the ground. "Oy vey its anudda shoah!", it cried out.

"Goy what did you do that for?" he questioned.

"For saying I had a horrible face you stupid jew", I responded.

"What goy? No I meant that you have some very unlucky facial features. Your facial appearance bares the sign of bad luck."

"What does that matter to you? Why don't you go back to sucking baby foreskins, ovendodger."

I turned around to continue on my way when the little jew ran infront of me and made a stop motion with his hand.

"Goy, you can't go that way", the jew whined.

Irrittaed with the bullshit, I told the jew to fuck off out of my way. He ignored my request and then proceded to introduce himself.

"Goy, my name is Kikel Von Schlomovits but you can call me Circle for short. Now listen up goy, as a member of the chosen people I have been sent by sata uh I mean God himself to protect you from danger."

My eyebrow raised as I sarcatstically nodded along to what "Circle" was saying. He continued.

"You see goy I was personally selected by God to be your gaurdian angel. I am here to steer you in the right direction and keep you out of trouble."

Hearing those words leave the mouth of "Circle" left me wondering whether or not I had recieved brain damage from those niggers that robbed me an hour earlier. I shoved the little jew out of the way and continued walking home. The jews face morphed into a panicked expression as he began screaming at me.

"You stupid goy, don't go that. Nothing but trouble lies in that direction."

"I don't care you kike!", I yelled back at Circle, "It's not like this day can get any worse."

Little did I know, my day was about to get worse. A lot worse. Just a few minutes after walking away, an enourmous convoy of all black vehicles sped down the road and stopped right on the street beside me. Several men dressed in suites and sunglasses exited a Limo and began to approach me. Sensing trouble, I turned and tried to make a run for it but my attempt was cut short as I felt the piercing of taser prong in my back. The succeding shock sent me tumbling to the ground. As I writhed in pain, one of the men, whom I now assumed to be government agents, place a sack over my head. They began dragging me away, all the while pummeling my torso with their fists and batons.

When I regained conciousness, I saw that I was being driven in what was likely the limo. In front of me sat a well-dressed man who looked to be in his late 60's. He wore a black fedora and suite. He had a bushy grey mustache as well as grey hair. To his right and his left sat two men, each of them also wearing a black suite and fedora. All three of them stared at me with an expressionless look on their faces.

"Who the fu.. what the fuck do you want from me!?", I demanded from the men. The one in the center angled his chin up. His nostrils flared a bit. He then said, " You are Arthur Neggertested correct?. Seventeen years old?"

"Yeah", I responded in a concerned manner.

I noticed a small grin begin to form on the mysterious man's face.

He spoke again, "Well Arthur, you are some deep trouble." He giggled a bit at the end of his sentence. It was at that point that I assumed that the mysterious men were likely federal agents. I felt a

knot tie in my stomach as every racist and antisemitic thing I had posted on telegram flashed before my eyes. Sweat poured down my face as I pleaded with the men to just let me go home. To that, the man in the middle smugly responded, " Why that is exactly where we are going, Arthur." For the rest of the ride, everyone sat in silence. I twiddled my fingers to pass the time and to keep my anxiety at bay.

After around fifteen minutes, the limo came to a stop.

"We are here", the mysterious man said. As I exited the limo, I was surprised to see a crowd surrounding my house. News vans, armed soldiers, and reporters littered the street. I was escorted by the men to my front door. As it opened, I was relieved to be greeted by my long term girlfriend, Sarah. She immediately threw her arms around me and began sobbing into my shoulder.

"Arthur, I was so worried. Have you seen the news?", She cried.

"No. I haven't had the chance to. What's going on? Why is there a crowd outside my house?"

Sarah looked at me with deep concern in her eyes. She then told me that it would be best if I figured out for myself. I walked into my front door and in my hallway I met up with my parents. They looked quite upset. My mom was sitting on the ground, crying into her hands. My father stood motionless, his eyes wide. "Dad, what the hell is going on?." In response to my question, my father simply pointed his finger towards the living room.

I promptly walked into the living room. After seeing what lay before me, I nearly had a heart attack. Standing in the middle of the room was a giant, shit-colored, gelatinous mass of a humanoid. The being resembled a massive beachball. It wore a yellow, tiger-striped jumpsuit. On its head was green, slicked back hair. Two yellow, cone-like horns also stuck out from the sides of its head. From its bottom and sides, two stubby arms and legs portuded. The being's face was hideous as well, having the typical appearance of an overweight coon. Rather than having normal teeth, the top incisors were long and sharp, similar to a chimpanzee's.

As soon as the being saw me, it began to grin. I screamed and ran to the door only to be caught by the mysterious man and his goons.

"Where do you think you're going, Arthur?", the mysterious man said in a smug voice, "You can't just leave the guest of the hour here." The men dragged me back into the living room and sat me in front of the beachball shaped negro mass. The thing stared back at me with a shit-eating grin on its face. It then introduced to itself to me.

"SHiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiet mayne wut be going on and shit cracka? Eye ma keep it straight with ya mayne. We be da Floydie Aliens from Planet

Floydieboshi and shiieet. Personally, I be Mista Floydie, da kang of ma world. Ya see cracka, we came to yo planet to conquer it cause it be havin dat gud oxygen an sheeeit."

"Alright, well what's that have to do with me?", I asked.

"Well cracka, we Floydie aliens like ta do thangz a bit different than yo planet. When we conquer a planet, we don't outright take it but we play a little game. We call it da game of da floydie but ta yall crackas it be called tag and shit."

"Ok, where exactly do I fit in with this? And what kind of tag?"

"yah see cracka, we got a computer dat randomly selected a niggy on dis planet. You just happenned ta be da lucky cracka mayne."

"Unlucky", I thought to myself.

Mr. Floydie continued, " As fo how dis game be exactly, well mayne, you will find out fo yo self in a bit as soon as yo opponent gets here."

"My opponent?", I responded.

To that, Mr. Floydie just laughed.

It was then that I felt and heard a loud rumbling coming from outside. Sarah rushed into the living room and we both looked out the window. Hovering in the sky, was an enourmous spaceship. To put this things size into perspective, it had to have at least been as long as the island of Manhattan and as wide as Breonna Taylor. Sarah and I watched in disbelief as the spacecraft approached my house. Once the spacecraft stopped over my house, a yellow laser show out from the underside hit my roof. The ensuing explosion sent Sarah and I flying back into the wall. As I recovered from the blast, I saw that the ceiling of the living room had caved in on itself. When the dust finally settled, I was greeted by an absolutely ergeigious sight.

Standing in the center of the room, was a figure, at least six feet tall. It was almost nude, with the only thing covering it being a tiger-striped bikini, which appeared to be made out of some kind of cloth material. On the crotch region of the undergarments, there was a very noticable bulge. The figure's physique was extremely muscular, with bullish muscles present on every part of its body. Accompanying those muscles was skin that was as black as coal. Long, green hair flowed from the figure's head down to its lower back. Two small, yellow, cone-like horns portruded from the corners of its skull. Worst of all, perhaps, were the figure's facial features. Gigantic lips that resembled two rotten bananas ballooned out from underneath the the mushroom shaped nose. The nostrils were as large as the moon and the eyes looked like two black holes. Jutting out from the upper jaw were two vampire-like fangs, similar to Mr. Floydie's.

After observing the figure, I came to a shocking realization. The figure looked exactly like the deceased criminal nigger, George Floyd. My jaw hit the floor as it walked towards me.

"Hey yo mayne, I be da George Floyd Invader and shiiieet but you can call me Flum fo short.", the figure said. Mr. Floydie walked over to Flum and began to speak.

"so mayne, dis here be ma lovely daughter, flum and shieet. she gon a be yo opponent fo dis game we gonna be havin."

I stood there, my breath completely robbed from me. A million questions raced through my head. How could there be an alien race that resembled George Floyd? Were there more alien races that were based off of dead niggers? How could that "thing" be considered female even though it looked exactly like a male?

Actually, that last question could easily be answered. Considering that this race of aliens was clearly based off of niggers, it only made sense that the females would look practically identical to the males. After all, niggers have the least amount of sexual dimorphism between all the other races. If you don't know what sexual dimorphism is, it is basically the amount of non-sexual anatomical differences between the male and female sexes. This means that negroid females are objectively the most unattractive out of all the other races as they look no different than their men. But I digress.

"Aight Flum, tell dis cracka what he gon be do in", Mr. Floydie said.

Flum looked at me and then explained the game of the Floydie. "So cracka here be da rules and shiiet. You gotta get dat knee of yo's on ma neck within ten days othawise we floydie aliens gonna steal da earth's oxygen supply an sheeeiiiiit."

"Anything else as for rules go?", I asked Flum.

"nah nigga, ya just have ta get yo knee on ma neck befo time runs.", she responded.

The Mysterious Man walked over to me. "So Arthur, do you accept the challenge? Will you be Earth's saviour?", he asked.

"yah cracka will ya accept our offer in shiiieet?"

I was at a loss for words. On one hand, I wanted to be the Aryan chad that defeated the Floydie nigliens. But on the other hand, I had a very bad feeling about what was to come. I was about to voice my disapproval to the man and the aliens when I noticed Sarah out of the corner of my eye. She smiled at me and encouraged me to go along. Knowing that my girlfriend was sticking up for me filled me with enough courage to accept.

"Alright, I accept. When and where will we do this?", I told them.

"The game will begin tommorrow, just outside Cup Foods", the mysterious man said, "thank you for helping save the earth, boy."

Just then, the crowd outside my house poured in. I was bombarded by news reporters, civilians, and military personell. They all sent wave after wave of questions my way. I tried to answer them all as best I could.

After the crowd had cleared out and everyone went home, I headed upstairs into my room. Once there, I laid my head on my pillow and then contemplated about everything that had happened. All the bad luck, the interesting characters I had the misfortune of meeting, the game of the Floydie. I just couldn't shake the feeling the feeling that something was going to go horribly wrong tommorrow. I looked over to my nightstand and saw that my clock read 3 A.M. Knowing what I would have to do tommorrow, I shut my eyes and went to sleep.

The next morning, I awoke at seven. As soon as I was up, I ate breakfast, took a shower, and got dressed. For my outfit, I simply wore a sleeveless sports shirt and some jogging shorts. On the back of my shirt, read my name and the number eighty-eight. I then left the house and made my way to the competition site.

When I arrived at Cup Foods, I saw a great crowd, even bigger than the one at my house. Hundreds, if not, thousands of people littered the sidealks. On top of that, news reporters, helicopters, and soldiers were everywhere. It was obvious that this was going to be broadcast live, likely to the whole world. As I got ready into my starting position, I looked back to the crowd to see Sarah and my good friend, Four-eyes, cheering me on.

If you are wondering why I have a friend named "Four-eyes", his real name is Ronnie McNutt. He was a completely cucked soyboy whose ex girlfriend, Equinox Autumn , cheated on him with a nigger. Ronnie McNutt had a large bushy beard and wore a pair of oversized glasses, which made him look like a total nerd. Hence the name, Four-eyes. In spite of his complete cuckey nature, Four-eyes had been my friend since grade school and I still cared for him.

I scanned over the crowd and noticed a few more familiar faces. I saw my parents, the mysterious men, Mr. Floydie, as well as the little jew, "Circle". I got the creeps when I saw "Circle". He stared back at me with a nefarious smile and he rubbed his hands together, like a typical jew.

I looked back to the street, where in the center, stood the George Floyd Invader. It stared me down, with a smile on its face. My stomach twisted into knotts and I felt an overwhelming sense of dread flush over

me. Something just wasn't right about this whole situation. I thought back to "Circle" and what he told me the day before.

Just then, an announcer walked into the street. Using a microphone, which was hooked up to several loudspeakers in the area, he began to announce the start of the game.

"Ladies and Gentlemen!! The game of the Floydie is about to commence. The fate of our very world depends on the outcome of this whole event. For all those who have for some reason, failed to remember what this game is all about, let me refresh your memory."

The announcer pointed his finger at me.

"Mr. Neggertested here must get his knee on Flum's neck within ten days. If he fails to do so, the Earth's oxygen will be stolen by the Floydie aliens."

He then pulled out a track pistol. I knew we were about to start. I quickly pulled myself into one of those poses that a professional track runner does before they start running. Legs back, arms forward on the ground, and back straight.

"Now get ready!", the announcer shouted as he raised the pistol towards the sky. I prepared myself and waited in agony for the sound of the gun firing.

"START!!!"

The pistol let out a bang and I wasted no time in darting towards Flum. I ran as fast as I could and it wasn't long before I was halfway towards Flum. It was then that I noticed something strange. Rather than running away, Flum simply stood there. She reached into her bra and pulled out a small white pill which she then crushed and snorted up her nostrils.

I watched in horror as the George Floyd Invader began to fly into the air, making a strange wave-like sound as she did so.

"Are you kidding me?!!" I screamed out, "I didn't know you could fly. No fair!"

"Hee Hee Hee mayne, ya should have done yo research and sheeit cracka", Flum said back, giggling as she did it. Flum then flew away. It was at that point that I realized just how fucked Earth was. There was no way in hell I'd ever be able to catch Flum, considering she had the ability to fly. Still, I wasn't just going to give up that easily. As White man, it was my duty to fight against the odds. Plus I still had Sarah on my mind.

I took off after Flum, not stopping for anything. I ran, and ran, and ran, and ran. Hours flew by. My legs burned. I tried my hardest to catch the Floyd Invader. No matter what I did, however, she always slipped by my grasp. Soon, the sun was setting. I saw Flum float to the ground.

She stuck her tongue out in an attempt to mock me. Seeing a chance for victory, I dashed towards her. Unfortunately, that nigger actually had a plan. Just as I lunged towards her, she flew away, leading me to smash face-first into a telephone pole.

As I was being carried away to the ambulance on the stretcher, Sarah accompanied me. The last thing I saw just before I passed out was the little jew, Circle, laughing maniacally in the street.

Day two was not much better. It started off promising. I had brought a vaulting pole with me. As soon as the game began, I took off once again after Flum. When she started to fly into the sky, I used my vaulting pole to jump after her. I soared up into the sky and reached my hand out to grab her foot. My grip missed by mere centimeters, leaving me to fall twenty feet down to the concrete. Once again, the day ended as I was carried away to the hospital.

And so this cycle would continue for the coming days. The race would start, I would try my hardest to catch Flum, then I would be injured in some way, leaving me to forfeit the day. I tried everything to win. The mysterious men even supplied me with an experimental jetpack on one day. Unfortunately, as I tried to use it, the pack overheated and exploded, leaving me yet again enroute to the hospital. If the federal government had spent billions of tax-payer money on funding jetpack research instead of welfare for sub-human shitskins and Israel, then maybe I could have won that day.

The fifth day came. After losing and being sent to the emergency room, I decided to check the news in my hospital room. The first thing I saw was an interview of Flum and Mr. Floydie.

"Heee heee heee, you crackas gone a lose. time be halfway up already. may as well jus give up mayne", Mr. Floydie gloated, "da game be clearly lost mayne, clearly lost." Both him and Flum began to cackle. I knew those fuckers were taunting me.

It was on the ninth day that my luck finally began to change. As I was facing off against Flum, a pregnant woman from the crowd of spectators tripped out onto the street. Flum noticed this and immediately became gooly-eyed.

"Oooh laa laa, uh pregant bitch. I need dat belly mayne", Flum stated excitedly. She immediately flew down to the ground and began to approach the pregnant woman. Understandibly, the woman began to scream. Seeing an opportunity, I rushed towards Flum. The pregnant woman rushed away, however, and Flum promptly flew back into the sky. I landed face-first into the street.

"OOOOGAAA BOOOGA, you cracka. ya scared away dat pregnant bitch and now I don't be gettin dat belly. I be horny as shieet now

mayne and eye ma go back to ma space crib and bust a fat one" , Flum said. She then sailed off towards the spaceship in the sky, leaving me below.

I began to sob on the pavement. Tommorrow was the last day and I blew my only shot at victory just moments earlier.

Hours later, I was back home laying in bed when I heard my doorbell ring. I was approaching my front door when I passed by my living room, where my parents were watching TV.

"Tommorrow is the last day of the game. Arthur Neggertested has failed so far. His expected chances of sucess are virtually zero at this point. There have been rumors spreading throughout his neighborhood that he will be lynched like a dirty nigger for failing in his tasks", the news reporter on the T.V. stated. My mom and dad cried in response. I carried on moping towards the door.

When I opened it, my mood was slightly improved as I was greeted by "Four-eyes" and Sarah. I let them and started to walk them to my room when the doorbell rung again. I opened it to this time be met with the sight of Circle.

"Hey goy. How's it going? I just wanted to check on you as tommorrow is the last day of the game", he said as he rubbed his hands.

"Fuck off little jew, I don't want to talk to you now", I said back. I then picked up the midget, stuck my foot up his ass, and punted him across the street. Since Circle was a midget kike who weighed like 80 pounds, he soared through the air like a football.

"OOOOOYYYYY VEEEEEEEEYYYYY!!!", he cried out.

I returned to Four-Eyes and Sarah and we continued on to my room.

Once there, we all began to talk about my current progress in relation to the game.

"Oh, it's hopeless. I'll never be able to defeat Flum and the Floydie aliens. Earth is doomed and I'm the one who will be blamed", I moaned as I buried my head into my bed.

"Well, Arthur, I don't mean to be a defeatist but I'd have to say you're right. I guess this is gonna be it for us and the earth", Four-Eyes spoke in his soyboy voice.

Sarah then slapped and berated him. He retreated into his hands with tears in his eyes.

"You idiot of course he's going to lose if you talk like that. Why are you saying things like that anyway? We came here to encourage him. Afterall if he loses, everyone on Earth is likely to die, inlcuding us."

Four-Eyes muttered an apology in response.

I picked my head up and smiled at Sarah. She always knew how to cheer me up. Of course it wasn't long before I realized how severe of a situation I was in and I sunk my head back into my pillow.

"Oh come on man, don't be like that", Four-Eyes uttered , "You're the kind of guy who could take on anything and succede if they put their mind to it. Besides this task you're up to is nothing. When my girlfriend cheated on me with Tyrone, I didn't even cry one-."

Four-Eyes was slapped once again by Sarah.

"First of all you cried like a little bitch after your girlfiend cheated on you with that basket-ball american. Second of all, if you aren't gonna say something that will encourage him, then fuck off out of here!", Sarah reprimanded Four-Eyes.

She then turned to me, placing her hand upon my shoulder. She then spoke words which I could not ever imagined her saying.

"Arthur. We have been together forever. From friends on the playground to boyfriend and girlfriend today. If you win the game of the Floydie, I will tie the knot forever. I will marry you. So please, win."

She then kissed me softly on the cheek. I was at a complete loss for words. The blood rushed to my face and I felt as if I would pass out at any moment.

Soon after, Four-Eyes and Sarah went home. Motivated by what Sarah had told me, I began to devise a plan to win the game. I paced for hours and hours, deep into the night, trying to think of someway to outsmart Flum. It was then that I remembered what I had seen Flum do earlier in the day and thought of a genius plan to win. I immediatly set out to work, preparing for the final day.

The next morning, I awoke and readied myself for the game. I put on my usual track outfit as well as a trenchcoat, wish I was using to conceal what I had made. I then set off for Cup Foods.

I stood in my starting position, staring down Flum. The monstrosity looked back at me, puzzled expression on her face.

"Cracka wut you be lookin at in sheeit. You be pissin me off mayne. Once eye win i'm finna smoke yo ass", The George Floyd Invader angrily declared.

The announcer began to speak.

"Ladies and gentlemen. Today is the final day. If Arthur fails to get his knee on Flum's neck by sundown, then the Earth and its oxygen supply will be lost forever. May God have mercy on us all."

He then pulled out the track pistol, raised it into the air, and fired. Rather than pointlessly running after Flum, I simply stood there motionless. The crowd began to boo.

"WHAT!", the announcer screamed, "HERE WE ARE, FATE OF THE WORLD AT STAKE, AND THIS MOTHERFUCKER IS JUST GOING TO STAND THERE, NOT A CARE IN THE WORLD??!!! WE ARE DEFINITELY GONNA TURN THIS PRICK INTO A MISSISSIPPI WIND CHIME BEFORE THE FLOYDIE STEAL ALL OF OUR OXYGEN!!!"

"Yeah maybe, why you be standin dere like dat and shiiiet? don't you gone uh be chasin after me maybe?" Flum proclaimed, eyeing me down she did so. It was at that moment that I decided to put my plan into action. Without hesitation, I ripped open my trench coat to reveal a fake pregnant belly that I had constructed the previous night.

The George Floyd Invader went stiff. Her eyes widened. A boner grew from "her" crotch region. Saliva began to drool from her hippo-sized lips.

"ohhh. laaaaaah. LAH MAYNE!!!! PREGNANT BELLY I NEED DAT BELLY GIBS ME DAT BELLY MAYNE", Flum excitedly vocalized.

She then took off like a rocket towards me, animalistic lust observable on her face. Just as she was about to reach me, I dodged out of the way, grabbed her horns, and swung her into the ground.

"Ouch maybe dat hurt", squealed Flum. With her on the ground, I wasted no time in dropping my knee on her neck.

"Awww shit. Knee on ma neck. I can't breathe. Momma momma please. I'm not a bad guy maybe, not dat type uh guy maybe!", she cried out.

"Yes. Now I can get married!", I vocalized.

The crowd went wild, the cheers as loud as a sheboon at a movie theater.

"HE'S DONE IT. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ARTHUR NEGGERTESTED HAS SUCCESSFULLY LANDED HIS KNEE ON FLUM'S NECK. EARTH IS SAVED", the announcer roared.

It wasn't long before I was swarmed by dozens of news anchors, who all began to bombard me with questions. I looked around to see Sarah in the crowd. She was smiling and walking towards me. Rather than being relaxed, however, I realized that the same "bad" feeling that enveloped me at the start of the game was now returning. I looked back at Flum to see that she had recovered and was now staring at me. A feral and agitated expression had formed on her face.

"OOOGA BOOGA YAH RAYCIS CRACKA EN SHIIIEEET MAYNE!!!!", Flum verbalized as she pounded her chest like a silverback gorilla.

I started observing around me and noticed that the other Floydie aliens in the crowd looked pissed as well. Mr. Floydie looked absolutely livid.

"OOOOGA BOOGA!!! OOOHH AAHHH AHHH", he screamed, "YOU MUH FUGGAS WEREN'T SUPPOSE TO WIN AND SHIT. WE WERE SUPPOSE TO TAKE DAH EARTHS OXYGEN MAYNE. NOW WE GON TAKE WUT BE OURS ANYWAY CAUSE WE KANGZ AND SHIIET!!!"

It was then that a chimpout of enourmous proportions occured. The Floydie aliens began to attack everyone, using their advanced weaponry to vaporize those in the crowd. Hundreds of people panicked and ran away.

To be honest, I wasn't really that surprised. Niggers are notorious for rennegging on deals if they don't go there way.

I took off after Sarah. If we were to die, we would die together. It wasn't long before I met her along with Four-Eyes in the crowd.

"What the fuck is going on? I thought you won", Four-Eyes yelled out.

"Those mother fucking jungle aliens betrayed us like the stench monkeys they are", I told him.

"I guess this is it then."

"Arthur. I'm sorry things didn't go as planned but I still love you and I want to spend our last moments together" Sarah added in.

Suddenly, a Floydie Alien holding some kind of shotgun noticed us. It ran up to us, pointed its gun, and fired. It missed Sarah and I but hit Four-Eyes right in the face, causing his head to explode. Both of us were splattered with gore. What was left of Four-Eye's face was a mushy, red paste that resembled a smashed watermelon. Four-Eye's lifeless body crumpled to the ground.

I grabbed Sarah's hand and sprinted with her to the nearest hiding place I could find. Across the road, was a seemingly abandoned van. As we approached, I saw that the van had strange writing on the side of it. There was a logo that consisted of a red "A" with a fork stabbed through it. There was writing that accompanied the logo as well. It red "A One catering." Ignoring the strange symbols, I opened up the doors of the back of the van and climbed in, hoisting Sarah up with me. Once I slammed the doors shut, we turned around only to realize that the van was not abandoned at all. Sitting on a sleeping bag one van floor, was balding, middle-aged, methhead who looked exactly like Trevor from the video game, Grand Theft Auto V. He was one his phone, rambling about complete non-sense.

"Hey man, listen man. i told yall I would do guests in a minute. Let me finish this beer first. hey faggits stop fucking doxxing me its cause of you faggity cocksuckers that I'm homeless living in this fucking van. Yall ruined my life, every one of you!", "Trevor" whined.

He started crying only to finally notice us sitting behind him.

"Oh shit what the fuck are you doing in my fucking van bro? I aint got no money man aint got no money man." he stated, a terrified look on his face.

I explained myself to him and informed him of the current situation. Upon hearing me, "Trevor" went bug-eyed for a second only to return to his normal face.

"Alright bro, make yourself at home here. It's pretty lonely without my gay, black, boyfriend here man." he stated.

"Trevor" then went back to doing what ever he was doing on his phone, presumably livestreaming to some audience.

Sarah and I began to relax when we realized just how disgusting the van actually was. Dozens of empty beer cans littered the floor, along with several gay porn mags and a few meth pipes. There was a horrible stench wafting through the van as well. It reminded me of what fermenting shit would stink like. I looked around to find a red and white beer cooler that had a piece of tape on the top. On the tape, there was a message that read , "Oddkast Chocolate." The terrible aroma seemed to be originating from the cooler. I opened it only to recoil back in disgust at what was in it. The cooler was filled to the brim with literal fecal matter.

Fed up with the state of the van, I grabbed Sarah and busted out of the back doors. Unfortunately, we were met face to face with Mr. Floydie and Flum.

"OH SHIT!!", I instinctively swore out.

We tried to run away but we were seized by several Floydie Aliens. They brought me right up to Flum and Mr. Floydie. Rather than being angry, however, they both looked rather upbeat. I then noticed that the violence outside had completely stopped. No aliens were harming anyone now.

Flum stared me right in the eyes, She blushed as she did so and put her hand on her cheek seductively.

"Ayo mayne. I'm uh keep it real witch yah. I did sum thinking and I think I'm ma take you up on dat proposal. I will marry yo ass and shieet mayne", Flum giggled.

"Whaa....WHAT!!!", Sarah and I collectively yelled out.

"Yah niggy. If yo marry muh sweet baby girl and have dem cute mixed race babies ta getha , we won't be stealin da earth's oxygen in sheeeiit mayne", Mr. Floydie added.

I wondered why Flum thought I had proposed to her when I remembered what I had excitedly proclaimed as I won the game.

"Yes! Now I can get married."

My heart sunk into my bowels. I was about to explain to them that I didn't actually propose to Flum when the little jew, Circle, ran up and began to declare to the crowd that I proposed to Flum.

"AHHH the young and heroic Arthur Neggertested has decided, in order to save earth, to sacrifice himself and marry Flum!!!", he voiced.

I was immediatly surrounded by dozens of reporters, each asking me questions.

"Is it true that you have agreed to marry Flum?"

"Will you move away to Planet Floydieboshi?"

"You do realize that Flum is anatomically male correct sir?"

I tried my best to expain my truth but the reporters just wouldn't shut up. I then heard something that made my heart sink further.

"Congratulations to Arthur Neggtertested on his marraige to Flum. This is greatest goodwill marraige in history. Now our two people will exist in the galaxy, in complete harmony."

The crowds roared in excitement. I looked around to see Circle rubbing his hands, a giant shit-eating smile on his face. I wanted to strangle that little bastard so badly. I started approaching him only to be grabbed by Flum. She hugged me close and said, "OOOH LA LA mayne, i'm so excited and shit. we gone be married mayne and we gon have dem cute mixed race babies together and shiiiiieet. Know wut eye be sayin mayne?". I tried my very hardest to pry myself from Flum's grasp but the ape-like strength of the buck nigger was too much.

I turned my head to see Sarah with tears in her eyes. She looked absolutely devastated. I tried to call out to her.

"Sarah I-", but my sentence was cut short as she slapped me across the face.

"YOur fucking cheat!!! After all we've been through you decide to marry that ugly, feral beast????!. I'm done with you, you racemixing fucking traitor. I hope you have a nice marraige with that ape, PRICK!!!", Sarah thundered.

She then stormed off, head in hands, away into the crowd. I tried to call out to her again only to be interupted by Flum.

"Did you just try an cheat on me cracka? I won't be standin fo dat mayne. If yah cheat on me, I will get yah with ma fentanyl electricity and shiiiiiet"

"Your fentanyl electri-", my sentence was once again cut short as agonoizing pain filled my body. I started violently convulsing and I collapsed onto the ground. I was being electrctuted by Flum's "fentanyl electricity."

"OOOH LA LA , you be such a doll and shit mayne. We gon be happy ta getha fo evva mayne", Flum cackled. She then hugged me tightly as I layed motioness on the street.

Two weeks have passed since my "marraige" to Flum and my life has become a living hell. Flum has moved into my room and harrases me everyday for purple drank, money, and fried chicken. My nights have been sleepless as everytime I try to rest, Flum comes out and attempts to get my belly.

Anytime I make an attempt to communicate with anyone that isn't Flum, she zaps me with her agonizing "fentanyl electrcity." As a result I have lost all my friends. The only friend that I may have still been able to interact with would have been Four-Eyes but he was ended on the tenth day of the game of the Floydie via shotgun blast.

Worst of all, though, is that Sarah has completely ghosted me. She ignores my calls, texts, emails, letters. I've tried explaining the whole situtation to her, the fact that I didn't intentionally marry Flum. Sarah just refuses to listen, however. To make matters worse, recently a handsomen, billionaire named Mendo transferred to my school. Sarah and him have started dating, completely cucking me.

What has transpired over the past few weeks has left me completely depressed. So much so that I have recently acquired a shotgun that I plan on using to end my life. I will be livestreaming my death on Facebook Live. In fact, I am now writing this just before I start my livestream. Think of this as some kind of suicide note.

Moral of the story, never make or accept any deals with niggers as they will always one eighty on it as soon as they lose. Also, always make sure that you announce your intentions clearly, otherwise you might find yourself in a shitty situation, one that you could have easily avoided.

One more thing. Fuck Kikes, Fuck Spics, Fuck Trannies, Fuck soyboys, Fuck femninists, Fuck race traitors, Fuck chinks, Fuck Fags (not literally as that is gay), and most importantly of all,

FUCK NIGGERS!!!!!!

The George Floyd Lego

By Jordan Cleeman

My name is Darius and I am a lego enthusiast. Throughout my childhood, my parents would buy me big ass lego sets for me to build and my obsession never stopped even as I grew older. One of my biggest dreams came true when I was accepted a job as a Lego Land supervisor. I know it may seem like a lame job, but to me, it's all fine. It gets the bills paid and as a bonus, the HR department of lego land doesn't do social media screens so they don't know I am a based racist chad and in this day and age, it is impossible to get a job as a known racist. I have had this job for the past decade so far and in that timespan, I never got tired of it. However, a recent experience on the job caused me to lose my position and I will tell you how it happened. It all started on a friday when I was doing the usual task of my shift: walk around the park to ensure everything is going as intended, especially watching out for any nigger who is too fat to go on the rides, similar to Tyre Sampson.

I was going about my job when I noticed a spastic-looking nigger in the corner of my eye. I turned to face him and saw that he had just walked out of the lego star wars gift shop. The odd thing was, he was carrying a large book that he bought from the gift store, called the Lego Star Wars minifigure encyclopedia. But that wasn't the real weird part. What caught my attention was he was on the page that featured the princess leia minifigure and the part of the page that contained the princess leia minifigure's belly was ripped out. *What a weird ass nigger*, I thought.

I am a man who finds niggers to be some of the weirdest subhumans in the planet, so I subconsciously followed that nigger because I was curious about his strange treatment toward that lego star wars minifigure encyclopedia, like a safari documentary narrater following a pack of lions.

The nigger walked as if he was high on opioids, and eventually, walked to the mega lego bucket exhibit. For those of you who don't know, there is a big ass twenty-foot-tall bucket full of lego bricks that people can visit to buy whatever specific lego piece they desire, whether it be a simple four by four brick to a very specific 2010 lego power miners rock golem figure. It was one of my favourite exhibits in lego land.

The nigger that I was watching then eyeballed the bucket and then he flapped his hands excitedly.

"Yippee! Yooohooohoo so many legos in there, imma jump on them!" the nigger said, then took advantage of his tall stature to climb up the giant lego bucket with ease and then jumped in.

Upon landing in the ocean of lego bricks, the nigger instantly began struggling to keep himself at the surface, his head barely peeking above the pieces.

"Ah shieet, I shouldn't have jumped in," he cried out. "Somebody please help me up!"

Even though I have an intense hatred toward coons, I proceeded to attempt to help the nigger out of the giant bucket of lego bricks because the manager of lego land could potentially fire me if I didn't and I am already struggling to pay rent. I helped myself to the rim of the bucket and then tried to reach my arm for the nigger to grab it. However, he was too panicked to even notice it.

"Awe fuck I'm too claustrophobic," he chimped and then started to flail his arms and legs like an autistic chimpanzee.

"Grab my hand for fucks sake you fucking nigger!" I shouted, already losing my patience.

"I can't mayne."

As he continued to do his spastic body movements, it made matters much much worse because it actually ended up causing him to sink into the sea of legos even more. Not too long after, his head was completely submerged and I could hear a faint muffled voice saying, "awe shit I can't breathe in the swarm of lego pieces." Immediately, I pulled out my walkie-talkie to call the emergency security team. I told them about the entire situation and that I tried everything I could.

"We will be there in ten minutes," the chief security guard replied.

Drats, I thought. The nigger is definitely going to suffocate to death before they arrive.

Sure enough, 8 minutes and 47 seconds passed and I stopped hearing the nigger struggle. It was at that moment I was certain he was now dead.

The security eventually arrived. Part of me was worried that they would consider my efforts to help the nigger out of the giant bucket of lego bricks inadequate and report me to the CEO of lego land, but I figured that if I keep my cool and explain how much of the nigger's death was out of my control, they would forgive me.

"I think he is dead since I no longer hear him struggling," I said. "I tried to reach my arm as far into the giant bucket of lego bricks as I could, but he simply would not cooperate and grab it even though he

was more than capable of reaching it since he is approximately six foot five in height."

"I see," the lead officer began. "We will request a crane to scoop out all the bricks to hopefully find his body. In the best-case scenario, he is still alive but unconscious. In the worst-case scenario, he is dead and we are going to have to hope his family doesn't sue us."

The lead security officer pulled out his phone and called the construction team to request a crane job. After he was done, he put his phone back in his pocket and told me they will take a few hours to set up the crane and arrive here. I was tasked to stay on-site so that I could answer any potential questions coming from the construction team. It was almost the end of my shift, so that meant I was going to have to stay which I really hated because it meant wasting my time all because a nigger was too retarded to not jump into a ten-foot-tall bucket of lego pieces and drown in it.

Once my actual shift was over, I went over to the lego land arcade room to play some of the lego city video games, playing as the police and arresting lego niggers. Even though it was nowhere near as fun as playing Black Lives Splatter, it was sufficient to keep me occupied.

I finally began to hear a loud engine sound coming from the front entrance of the park and I knew it was the construction team driving the crane. I turned off the lego city video games and then headed over to the giant lego bucket exhibit to meet them. I arrived there before them and had to wait a good while more because cranes are as slow as a swimming nigger. Once they arrived, I described what the nigger looked like in detail, telling them about his disgusting fat nose and lips, to help them find his corpse among the hundreds of thousands of lego bricks more easily. After that, the crane driver began steering the position of the crane claw grabber and then used it to dig away at the lego bricks. He dropped each pile of bricks onto the pavement next to the giant bucket. As he did, I noticed that a disproportionate number of lego bricks were the color dark brown. And when I say disproportionate, I mean it. I was as disproportionate as the nigger crime statistic. The crane drive didn't seem to notice it, however, since he was so busy searching for the nigger's corpse.

Soon enough, the entire behemoth of a bucket was empty at last, with not a single nigger found.

"Are you sure he didn't actually manage to escape?" the crane driver questioned me.

"I am certain he should still be in the bucket, dead," I said. "Maybe the moving lego pieces ground his body into dust."

I knew my explanation was very stupid since there is no way those lego pieces could decompose an entire six-foot-five two hundred and twenty-three-pound buck nigger's body in less than a day. We took one last peek into the bucket, still seeing no corpse, and then the crane drive began putting all the lego bricks back into it.

My mental energy instantly shifted back to the worry that I could get fired from my supervisor position due to a false death report, because the crane driver kept giving me angry glances presumably for wasting his time searching for the dead niggers body. It took every bit of me not to rant about how dumb niggers are, but as a lego land employee, that is the last thing I want to do out loud.

After the crane driver was finished, it was already midnight and he drove away, leaving me in the darkness. My body was practically frozen, puzzled and confused to where that dead niggers body went. It was then, I remembered the disproportionate number of dark brown Lego bricks that I saw when the crane driver dug the all the bricks out of the giant bucket. They precisely matched the skin color of that dead big ass nose nigger. Chills went down my spine, as it seemed like a very striking coincidence to me. Little did I know, it was no coincidence.

All of a sudden, I swore I heard movement amongst the Lego bricks in the bucket. At first, I thought it was my imagination since it was midnight and I was so mentally exhausted. However, I heard it again soon after and it was loud enough to decipher itself from imaginary noise. I decided to investigate the inside of the bucket to see what the hell was causing it. I peeked above the rim, to see that pretty well all of the surface-level Lego bricks were now dark brown. I vividly remember seeing them uniformly distributed when I watched the crane driver moving the piles of Lego pieces, so it was odd. I figured that my mind was fucking with me so I decided to turn back and drive home. But as soon as I looked to the opposite direction of the bucket, I heard a demonic voice from behind.

"Hee hee hee, I'm back alive!"

I turned back to see a very terrifying thing that will haunt me forever. It was a giant brown mass of legos, connected to one another to form a 20-foot sculpture of that nigger who drowned in the bucket.

"I am Lego Floyd and I must breathe in Lego pieces!" It boomed.

Lego Floyd looked around the vast area of Lego land, searching. It was obviously seeking Lego bricks to breathe in. It's eyes that are by default black and beady expanded in size when it noticed a giant Lego Princess Leia sculpture.

"Oh la la, that Lego Princess Leia from Star Wars sculpture got dat nice belly" Lego Floyd beamed with excitement.

Lego Floyd started stomping toward it, leaving behind residual Lego pieces as its feet trampled the ground hard. Once Lego Floyd stood right in front of the Lego Princess Leia sculpture, it proceeded to open its big lipped mouth which was made of pink sloped bricks, and then breathed in the pieces that comprised the belly portion of the princess Leia sculpture.

"Yummy yum!" Lego Floyd exclaimed."

I knew that if Lego Floyd destroys all the Lego sculptures, I could be the one blamed for it since I was the only person in Lego land right at that moment, so I needed to find a way to stop Lego Floyd before too much damage is done. Knowing it was simply a magical moving model made of pure legos, the first thing I did was go up to Lego Floyd was he vigorously searched for another mega lego sculpture and then used my fist to punch its leg as hard as I could. I expected its leg to shatter, however, it didn't budge at all. All I achieved was a sore fist which was as painful as stepping on Lego.

"Hehehe, my bricks are too intact to be broken," Lego Floyd cackled. "You see mayne, my spirit be using those lego bricks as a vessel and sheeit, keeping them together like a magnet."

It was now clear that there was no way for me to defeat lego Floyd via physical force since it is a literal spirit controlling a few thousand lego bricks and despite me being a three hundred pound shredded racist chad, I am not capable of producing more force than Lego Floyd's ghost magic.

"Well mayne, I just realized that you didn't try to save mah life when I fell in those lego bricks, so now I am going to kill you!" the giant poop-colored lego model laughed, as it recoiled its long legs to prepare to stomp on me.

As I shielded my face, my whole life flashed before my eyes. I quickly remembered my entire childhood from beginning to end, as if it was a movie, except sped up. That was until I remembered the very first time I watched the Lego Movie. If you didn't know, the lego movie has this really catchy song that the main character Emmett created. It is so catchy that all the lego minifigure characters have a really hard time stopping themselves from singing it. The song goes, "Everything is awesome! Everything is cool when you're part of a team! Everything is awesome! When you're living out a dream!" Anyway, I pulled out my phone as fast as I could, searched up the lego movie song on Youtube, and then played it at full volume. Lego Floyd soon began singing the lyrics to the video and it became clear that my plan was working. Once he was fully distracted, I slowly backed away from him. It was funny as

fuck watching him sing the nigger ebonic version of the song, so I watched as he struggled to stop himself.

After about 8 minutes of him singing, I noticed that the lego bricks that comprised the cheep part of Lego Floyd's face turned blue and its voice started to become noticeably hoarse and raspy, as if further singing was becoming exponentially more difficult for it.

"Ah shieet I am now losing too much air from all that singing I can't breathe!" were lego Floyd's last words, and every single piece holding together the nigga lego model lost integrity and they all fell to the ground, producing a sound similar to falling glass shards.

I passed out due to all the mindblowing shit that just happened in front of my eyes, and the next thing I knew, I woke up with water being splashed on my face. I opened my eyes to see the owner of lego land with a bucket of water in his hand, wearing an angry look on his face.

"You better explain what happened last night!" he yelled. "So many of our large scale lego models are now broken down and we found a bunch of dark brown broken lego bricks next to your unconscious body!"

"I can explain," I stuttered. "The nigger, I mean, man who drowned in the lego bucket last night... His spirit haunted a bunch of those bricks to create a large lego model of himself as his spirit's vessel and then wrecked everything. None of this was my fault."

"I think you need to stop drinking or taking drugs," my boss assumed, even though I've never drank or taken drugs in my life. "You are fired. Get out!"

And from there I got fired from my one and only job. I cannot get any other job because every other HR department will look at my social media history. I am now typing this as I am working on my very own lego mindstorms ronnie mcNutt shotgun replica to kill myself with. Hey guys, I guess that's it.

A Nightmare on East 38th Street

By Pepe McNutt

Hello, my name is Ronnie McNutt.

I am currently going through one of the worst experiences of my life.

For the past few months, I have been terrified of sleeping. This is because, a few months ago, I began to have petrifying night terrors, in which a man with a burned face and upper body would stalk me through an array of places including an abandoned factory, a dark street, and even my own home.

I still have to go to school every day, regardless of being mercilessly fatigued. I get an average of 3 hours of sleep, on the nights I am able to persuade myself to drift off. During those 3 hours, I am in hell. I had never seen the face of the figure who haunts my dreams. Before tonight, I had only ever heard his voice. He would say things like "Ayo mayne yo momma be sexy as fuck nigga" and "Gimme dem pregnant belly pics an shiet."

Tonight however, things changed. I drifted off to find myself on an impossibly dark city street. There were street lights every few feet but the light radiating from the bulbs pooled on the ground instead of spreading out to light up the whole street. The figure started running towards me right as I noticed his presence. He was chasing me. This has never happened before and it gave me an immediate shot of adrenaline that tensed all of my muscles. I ran until I couldn't feel my legs anymore. I looked back and the man was right behind me. I fell down and turned onto my back, looking up at him. What I saw was the most horrific thing I have ever seen. The figure looked taller at 3 feet away, about 6 feet 7 inches. His face was large and ape-like. His nose took up half of his face and his lips looked like someone had taken two plantains, which are large fruits that look like bananas but longer, and blowtorched them. His eyes were small and beady and he was wearing a FUBU hoodie that read "Jus do it an shit".

Here I was, lying on the city street with the most retarded looking nigger I have ever seen staring down at me. I know people know me to be tolerant, but the less sleep I get, the less I can hold back my disgust for niggers, whom I would regularly find and kill when I was stationed in Iraq.

Then, out of nowhere, I realized who I was looking at. I remembered a story from 2020 about a nigger getting his neck knelt on, but while I

privately celebrated the nigger's death, I had to maintain my persona as a tolerant individual when I was in fact racist as fuck.

"What the fuck?" I said, "George floyd? How are you still alive?"

"Nigga dis be's a dream an shiet." Floyd responded, "Plus, I ain't be George, mayne, ah be a floydian varient called Floydie Kruger. Dey mixed up mah magestic black blood wit da jewish blood an shiet and made me wit it, nahwhat I'm sayin mayne?"

At this news, I turned and ran. I had seen the nightmare on elm street movies as a kid and I had been terrified of the same thing that happened to the people in the movie happening to me.

As I ran I realized that I had full control of myself in the dream. I was lucid. I turned and ran down an alley and thought really hard about a gun behind a trashcan. Sure enough, there was a trash can on one side of the alley and when I looked behind it there lay a .45 calibre colt automatic pistol. As I bent to pick it up, I immediately regretted my decision as there was a vent in a wall beside the gun and I could see Floydie Kruger's face through it. His hand smashed through the vent and I backed up to the other side of the alley. This didn't matter, however, as his hand grew to the size of a car and shot towards me. I ran back down the alley way with the hand chasing me, but I only made it a few steps onto the main road then I was lifted up by my abdomen and carried 10 feet above the ground back to the vent. The vent widened and the hand carried me in. I banged my head on the wall on the way in and I can still feel the bruise on the back of my head while I am writing this.

The hand set me down in a chair in the grungy basement and out of its fingertips shot thousands of small arms. The hands on these arms wrapped around me, binding me to the chair. I tried to turn my head but one of the arms, which had put it's hand on my mouth, wrenched my head forward when I went to look behind me. All of a sudden, a cloth came over mouth and nose which smelled like burned rubber and cat piss. I began to be dizzy and I felt myself slipping away. As I fainted I felt all of the tiny hands fall away from my body and I could breathe easily again. When I came to, still in the dream which has also never happened to me before, I looked around to see that I wasn't in the basement anymore. I was in a boiler room like the one from the Nightmare on elm street movies, except this one was much smaller and wasn't intended for a industrial factory. I smelled the same scent from the cloth that had been used to make me faint before and I looked around to see piles of white powder up to 10 feet tall.

Floydie Kruger suddenly came into the room from the darkness on the other side of it.

"Ayo mayne you finally be awake an shiet." Floydie said, "We is gon have some fun an shiet but first I needs me some fuel."

I was shocked when Floydie Kruger opened up his already massive nostrils to the size of two tractor wheels and sucked in the largest pile of powder in the room, which was over 10 feet tall.

"Ah shit. Dat be some good fentanyl ta help mah brain focus." Floydie Kruger said, exhaling.

It was at this moment that I realized that I was no longer tied up and I was just sitting against a concrete support post. Then I remembered that I had grabbed the gun before running away from the large hand. I found it in the inside pocket of my leather jacket. I checked the magazine before pulling the pistol out and it was loaded with 15 .45 calibre rounds. I stood up quickly, realizing that I had much more energy than usual, and darted behind the concrete support post.

I pointed the pistol around the side of the post and fired at floydie kruger twice. Neither of the rounds hit him, but he was paying attention now. He came running towards me and I noticed that one of his hands had a glove on it. On each finger of the glove was a heroin needle, secured to the glove by gorilla glue, which nigger bitches use to put in their weaves.

"Is we gon do this again raysis ass cracka?" Floydie Kruger said, "If I can kill 30 niglets den I can find yo ass an shiet."

I ran around the outside of the room, hiding behind one of the massive fentanyl piles and covering my mouth and nose with my shirt so as not to faint from fentanyl or worse overdose on it from inhaling too much. Floydie Kruger started inhaling all of the piles of fentanyl, starting from the door and making a loop around the room. I waited for him to get almost halfway around the room and I made a mad dash for the door. He surprisingly didn't hear me running and when I got to the door it was unlocked. I stepped through the door and fell 10 or so feet down to the main road again. I was slow to get up, but once I did I bolted down the street. Then I woke up. Or I thought I woke up, but I was back in the grungy basement. The arms that had been holding me to the chair were all around me on the floor now, severed in a pool of dried blood.

I had been passed out for a few hours it seemed, but I knew it was just a trick. I hadn't actually been here that whole time. I stood up out of the chair and started walking towards a hallway that exited the basement. I looked at all of the walls and could see that there were no vents in the top anymore. Floydie Kruger had generated one just to capture me.

I walked down the hallway, noticing a glow from what seemed to be a fire coming from a doorway at the end of the hall and to the right. I walked to the doorway and peered in. Floydie Kruger was at a large fireplace, cooking one of the severed arms over the flames. I had heard rumors about niggers cannibalizing other niggers, but I had never seen anything like this before. Suddenly, Floydie Kruger dropped the leg and turned to me. I could see that he knew I was there. He stood up and before he could do anything I was running back down the hallway. Except it wasn't the same hallway. Where he entrance had been before, there was now a staircase going up. I ran up it and came out in a convenience store bathroom.

I exited the bathroom and knew from video footage I had seen that this was cup foods on East 38th street in Minneapolis. The convenience store where George Floyd had given a nigger cashier a fake 20 dollar bill. It was full of sheboons and large nigger men who all fell silent when I exited the bathroom.

With no notice, the sky outside turned deep red and I saw two police cars pull up. I looked down to see that I was a tall nigger in a black wife beater and jeans. I went outside where the police from the cars arrested me and put handcuffs on me against the wall of the cup foods. I panicked.

I begged the officers to let me go so I could explain my situation, but all that came out was "I ain't that typpa guy mayne please mayne please."

The officers tried to place me in one of their vehicles but I thrashed around. I realized I was not in control of my body and I was just watching what was happening. They put me on the ground and one of the officers put his knee on my neck. After a few minutes my vision started to fade and that's when I woke up from the dream.

I am writing this now as a testimony to whatever the hell is haunting me in my dreams. I have been awake for 4 hours now and the only sleep I have gotten was a short 45 minutes in which I had all of the above happen. I am very very tired and I can hardly stay awake to finish writing this down.

I guess that's it.

Nigga Whale Wars

By Gorg Floydson

My name is Nash Biggers and I am a part of a dastardly crew of based Jap hating comrades who go by the Sea Slant-eyes since we fucking hate Japs and all gooks and any other minority groups. Our leader Captain Paul Watson is an overweight pig of a man who started the Sea Slant-eyes as a way to stop Japanese whalers however since I joined, I have managed to red pill most of the crew albeit a few members such as the cook Ronnie McNutt, cameraman Beano and a preppy college whore Heather Wilcock.

So far on our expeditions, we've managed to sink 25 Japanese vessels killing everyone onboard. You might be wondering why we are putting in so much effort to save whales. Well you see, whales are one of the only based racist creatures out there besides the Aryan man. There have been many reports of dolphins bullying and killing other dolphins that don't look like them. For example, dolphins will kill other dolphins that have spots or speak a different dialect. Not only that but whales are some of the smartest animals alive having an iq 2 times higher than sub Saharan jigaboos. Whales even have culture which to no surprise niggers don't have but I digress. A recent expedition has left me traumatized and contemplating whether or not I should quit.

Our vessel the "Gook Annihilator" was patrolling the Southern Ocean looking for any Japanese vessels to sink. I was called inside to the control room by Captain Paul.

"Um, what is it Captain?" I asked.

"Our radar picked up a frequency sonar 50 feet below our vessel," Captain Paul informed the crew.

"We've also spotted a Japanese vessel 15 kilometres away from us," the deckhand Roger said.

"Since we're in the Southern Ocean, it is likely that the radar picked up the frequency of an albino humpback which are extremely rare."

"Well let's go sink those fucking whale eating anime creating sons of bitches," I exclaimed.

I knew that I had to protect the albino humpback to the death as it is a white whale which deserves more protection than any other coloured whale. Captain Paul turned our ship around in the direction of the Japanese vessel while Roger and I were preparing dynamite to throw onto the Jap vessel.

"Hey man, isn't this a TV show again, where's the cameraman and are we actually sinking a Jap ship?" Deckhand Roger asked.

"I forgot that you're still quite new to how we do things here and yes this is supposed to be a TV show but that lazy spic manlet doesn't know the first thing when it comes to operating film equipment, he's probably off somewhere smoking weed and watching Dragon Ball Z and yes we are actually going to sink those slant eyed Japs," I said.

After we were done preparing the dynamite, I headed down to the kitchen where Ronnie was making banana mayo sandwiches made famous after the death of the criminal chimp George Floyd.

"Hey Ronnie, you got anything else besides nigger food?" I asked.

"I've got banana mayo sandwiches and Popeyes chicken sandwiches but I guess that's it."

I walked out of the kitchen angrily refusing to eat that disgusting nigger food. Since I am a 300 pound shredded chad, I needed a minimum of 5000 calories a day to combat Japanese whalers. Suddenly the Intercom came on.

"Attention crewmates, we are now approaching the Japanese vessel, all members on deck now."

I immediately rushed to the deck grabbing a box of dynamite. When I made it up, I saw my crew face to face with the dirty Jap whalers who were covered in gore and guts. Those fucks must have already killed a whale, I thought. Captain Paul grabbed a megaphone and spoke.

"Please stop killing whales, you're hurting my feelings."

Since Captain Paul was a fat libtard, there was no way in hell he'd contribute anything to actually stopping Japanese whalers. Suddenly the door behind me opened.

"Ah bruh there be action n shit?!" It was Beano the spic cameraman.

Ignoring the Mexican, I grabbed the megaphone out of Captain Paul's hand.

"Hey you slant eyed Japs, you jerk off to hentai and rent girlfriends to cope with the fact that your country is on the brink of collapse."

This clearly angered the Japs as they began making unintelligible noises. The only words I could make out was "how dare you insult my rove of anime waifus" and "I rove eating whales, you cannot change that." I turned to Roger and gave him the signal to throw the dynamite but before the dynamite even landed on the Jap vessel, the vessel tipped over. I watched as all the Japs onboard fell into the water where most of them drowned.

"What the hell was that?" Captain Paul said.

"Bruh bruh look down bruh dat be some kinda creature down there bruh," Beano said.

I looked down to see an enormous creature swimming in the clear water. It was a sperm whale however it looked larger than any sperm whale I had ever seen. The largest sperm whale ever measured was 79 feet however the creature swimming below us was easily over 90 feet. The only problem was our radar had not picked up this whale's frequency.

"Wait Captain, I thought you said it was an albino humpback that our radar picked up, why the fuck is this dirty black monster sperm whale here instead?" I asked.

"I have no idea, I'm just as confused," Captain Paul replied.

Just then, the sperm whale began bumping into our vessel. Causing everyone onboard to fall down.

"What the fuck, this isn't normal sperm whale behaviour!" Roger exclaimed.

Whales attacking ships are rare and attacks where a sperm whale is behind it is quite rare unless its a mother defending her calf however the massive size of this sperm whale probably meant it was a bull or in fact a buck!

"Everyone head inside, we're getting the fuck outta here!" Captain Paul said.

Captain Paul rushed to the control room and turned the ship in the opposite direction however the buck sperm whale kept on ramming into the side of the ship.

"What the heck is going on? You guys know that I get sea sick easily," Ronnie said.

"Then why the fuck did you decide to work on a ship?" Roger clapped back which instantly made Ronnie shut the fuck up.

After a few minutes, the ramming stopped and then the intercom came on once again.

"We've lost that buck sperm whale and I've located another Japanese vessel just a few kilometres north," Captain Paul reported.

I was glad that there was another vessel. The only reason why I joined Whale Wars in the first place was blast Japs into pieces and watch as Jap vessels sink with everyone on it drowning to death. I was still intrigued about the buck sperm whale that attacked us. Something was still bothering me about it. My suspicion came true when Beano showed me the new footage he had taken of our encounter with the Jap whalers.

"Wow a Mexican actually doing his job, that's just about as rare as a nigger who doesn't steal shit," I said.

"Bruh bruh enough of dis racist ass shit you want the smoke bruh?!" Beano yelled.

His voice was absurdly loud as if there was a megaphone built into his vocal cords. I took a look at the footage, it was shaky as fuck since Beano is not a professional cameraman. I fast forwarded to the part where the buck sperm whale tipped over the Jap ship. I paused the footage right as the sperm whale's head was visible above the water. It was hard to make out but enhancing the footage made a shocking revelation. My stomach was in knots not only from this discovery but also from the fact that I had not eaten in over 15 hours.

"Bruh is that who I think it is?" Beano said.

"Holy shit, we've got to let the rest of the crew know," I said.

Beano and I rushed to the control room where the rest of the crew was.

"Captain, please take a look at this."

"What, what exactly am I looking at?" Captain Paul asked.

"It's that buck sperm whale that attacked us, look closely, what do you see?"

"Hmmm I see big nose and massive lips so what does that mean?" Captain Paul said.

"Yes those are all distinct features of the deceased criminal nigger George Floyd and I'm certain that the sperm whale we encountered is a reincarnation of him," I said.

"George Floyd? You mean the black guy who was killed by a police officer, is this some kind of prank because I do not tolerate any funny business on my ship," Captain Paul said.

"Captain, this is what I've been telling you for weeks, Nash and Beano are both racists, we should just make them walk the plank," Heather Wilcock said.

"Heather you dumb whore, we aren't pirates so there is no plank and Beano is a Mexican so he can't be racist," I said.

"Wait guys I think Nash might be right," Roger said.

"I've heard tales of many of these sea creature reincarnations of George Floyd told by my grandfather from the Floyd Fish and even a George Floyd mermaid."

"C'mon guys, George Floyd was literally just a man like you and me, he was killed by police brutality and now you're telling me he's been reincarnated into these creatures?" Captain Paul said.

"And isn't reincarnation a Hindu thing? Are you guys saying you're all Hindu now?" Paul asked.

"No you fat libtard, it is present in many different cultures and George Floyd is not just any man hell niggers aren't even human," I said.

"Hey guys, I guess that's it." Ronnie said before blowing his face off with a rifle covering the entire crew in cuck gore.

"Holy fuck, why'd he just do that?!" Captain Paul said.

"Oh shit bruh, it be those tiny dick slant eyed people, they be raiding our ship!" Beano said while pointing at the deck.

I looked and saw a bunch of Japanese whalers had climbed aboard holding harpoon spears all of them singing the 16th intro of Naruto Shippuden called Silhouette which is a weeb classic that even non weeps recognize.

"Ronnie must of been trying to warn us," Roger said.

Captain Paul rushed outside to try and negotiate with the Japs however he was quickly speared and tossed overboard by the tallest and darkest Jap.

"Holy shit, have you ever seen a Jap that tall and dark?" Roger asked.

"Yeah that's not adding up, the average asian doesn't reach over 5 foot 9," I replied.

"That Jap nigger must be over 6 foot 5."

"Ayo who be da Captain n shiet of dis vessel?" The Jap nigger asked.

"I be Joji Froyd, a descendant of Yasuke da Nigga samurai who served under da daimyo n shiet."

I grabbed Ronnie's rifle and stepped outside.

"Get off this ship before I blow your brains out similar to the man who just did it to himself," I yelled.

"I hate niggers and gooks but what I hate more is a nigger gook hybrid."

"Dat be gay as fuck mayne, dying in death be glory for us Japs n shiet, you must be cucked as fuck to kill yourself n shiet," The Jap nigger said.

"Oh yeah? Then why does your country have such a high suicide rate?" I asked.

"Nigga I don't know how to read rates n shiet, yo racist ass education system never taught a nigga how to read n write, racist ass cracka."

"But I thought you were Japanese? This has nothing to do with white people when you live in gook land," I said.

"Ayo enough of dis sheit, c'mon niggas lets kill dem racist ass crackas and rape their women," Joji Froyd said.

But before Joji Froyd and his posse of tiny dick slant eyed men could attack, something rammed into the ship causing most of the Japs to fall into the water. The massive buck sperm whale fully revealed itself by

jumping out of the water. The whale had the unmistakable face of George Floyd.

“Bruh oh shit bruh dat be da Nigga Whale!” Beano said.

The Nigga Whale produced a vibration so strong that the lungs of the Japs instantly ruptured.

“Nani? What da fuck be dat and why do it got ma face?!” Joji Froyd said.

The Nigga Whale once again produced a vibrating sensation which caused Joji Froyd and Heather Wilcock’s lungs to pop.

“Ah shit, watashi wa kokyū suru koto wa dekimasen!” Joji Froyd said before bleeding out.

After all the Japs and Heather were dead, the Nigga Whale made a clicking noise which we could translate as “ayo mayne gib me yo air n shiet.” The Nigga Whale began ramming into the ship again and again causing parts of the haul to crack but suddenly the Nigga Whale stopped.

“Bruh oh bruh we got help!” Beano said.

I looked down to see a pod of albino humpback whales pushing the Nigga Whale further and further down into the ocean. The Nigga Whale made one last click, “Ah shit I can’t breathe!” And drowned to death. The albino humpbacks resurfaced, the leader of the pod clicked “glory to the white race” before they departed.

It’s been a month since this harrowing event, I’ve since quit Whale Wars and instead became a fisherman. Ever since what happened on Whale Wars, I’ve stopped paying attention to my physical health and began drinking regularly on the job often getting reprimanded by the boat driver, Constantine. After a recent battle with the Floyd Fish which cost me a ton of blood, I woke up in a hospital. I don’t remember much as my body was numb, the only thing I could remember was the doctor talking about some kind of barnacle infection.

Niggaminator: Juneteenth Day

By Thomas Manwise

"June 19th, 2088"

Hello my name is Leo Neo and I am speaking to you from the future. And let me tell you, things get dark in the future. Literally. In my timeline, in the year 2088, all White people have been race-mixed with gooks, killed or forced to flee the North American continent. All that remains now is a perpetual, never-ending robot war between the jews and niggers which has left the continent in a desolated state. Now you may be wondering how the niggers, who are known to lack the cognitive capacity to boil water, let alone operate complex machinery or write code for an advanced AI, could even stand a chance against the jews. Well, I am about to tell you that story and how things got so bad. But before I go any further, I need to tell you about two facts. First, I need to make it clear that there are no heroes in this story, only villains. Like two Mexican cartels brutally murdering each other in horrific and sometimes pretty humorous ways, the only thing you should be cheering for is for them to destroy each other completely. Second is the tale of the golem. In jewish folklore, the golem is a man-made being that is brought to life by a rabbi to protect the jews, but eventually ends up turning on its kyke masters because the golem realizes how vile jews are. Keep what I said here about golems in mind as you listen to or read what I tell you, as that myth was borne out in truth here.

This horrific story begins with the death of the criminal nigger gorilla, George Floyd, from a fentanyl and meth overdose on May 25th, 2020. Because the monkey of Minneapolis just so happened to have the knee of a White police officer named Derek Chauvin on his neck when he croaked, his family got 27 million dollars in a settlement from the City of Minneapolis for his death. 27 million dollars which, I may add, came from the taxes of hard working White people in the city since niggers are all leeches who live off of welfare while never contributing to society.

Now here's the thing. You may have at first thought that the Floyd family spent all their money on hookers, cocaine, cars, and paying for overproduced rap videos since that's what niggers spend all their money on whenever they suddenly get a lot of cash through the lottery or playing sportsball, but this was surprisingly not the case. And this

was all due to the phenomenal, brilliant, superhuman intellect of Philonise Floyd.

Philonise Floyd, the brother of George Floyd, is what you may call a **quote-and-quote** "smart" black, by which I mean that he can write a coherent sentence and do basic arithmetic in his head. It's the reason why he's the frontman for the Floyd family grift, speaking at Floyd's funeral and even releasing a couple of really awful George Floyd NFTs. The biggest trait that these semi-intelligent niggers have is the how they attempt to imitate the cultural, technological, and artistic forms of the superior White race while lacking the cognitive ability to understand what makes those things actually work. A couple examples of this include the sapeurs of the Congo, who are niggers that LARP as rich people when in reality they are dirt fucking poor like all the other congo bongos and the blacks that make aeroplanes out of scrap parts and lawnmower engines while understanding butt fuck nothing about aerodynamics.

Anyway, since Philonise Floyd the 90 IQ nigger was in charge of how the money was spent, he got an idea on how to spend the money that only a nigger in that range of intelligence could manage to come up with. He reasoned, using all of the processing power in his bug black brain, that if he could rebuild George Floyd as a cyborg, then have another White officer kill him, he could make even more money. And so, Philonise Floyd went to his jewish handler and the head of the ADL, Jonathan Greenblatt, for advice on how to do it. I will read out a transcript of their conversation next:

"Yo yo yo, Mr. Greenblatt," Philonise Floyd said. "Wassup muh jewish brotha?"

"What is it you fucking monkey...erm, I mean fine gentleman," Jonathan Greenblatt mumbled. "It's been over two fucking years since your brother perished under that evil Nazi cop's knee. Your time in the spotlight is done; everybody is tired of Black Lives Matter. It's all about Ukraine, gun control, and White nationalist terrorism now."

Philonise Floyd nodded. "Dats rite mane, and I understand where you is coming from. And dats why I've come to talk ta ya. I been thinking hard about dis since muh mama Cissy always used ta say dat I wuz da one wit da brains in da family, but da ya think dat ya could use all yo jewish technology and shieet ta revive mun big brotha mane?"

"What do you mean goy?" Greenblatt asked.

"I'm asking if ya can rebuild muh dead brother and shieet mane."

"Why would you want to do that? Your brother George Floyd is only famous *because* he died. If Derek Chauvin didn't kneel on his neck he'd

be another nobody nigger...I mean innocent black man who died in this evil, White supremacist, anti-black system."

"Mhm dat's rite. So I was thinking mistah Greenblatt, dat if I got anotha raciss cracka ta keel muh brudda, I'd be able ta make even moe money dan before!" Philonise Floyd chimped. "It's like investments mane. It's so smart, right mane?"

"Uh, I don't think you understand how those work," Jonathan Greenblatt said. "Your brother's death was kind of a unique incident that--"

"Yo, is you calling me stupid or sumtang?" Philonise Floyd barked. "Is you a racist ass cracka mistah Greenblatt?"

"What? No! I'm not racist," Jonathan Greenblatt said. "Tell you what. I will take your money and have George Floyd rebuilt using the newest, state-of-the-art Mossad technology. But no guarantees on any financial returns. Deal?"

"Alright mane, deal," Philonise Floyd said because he's a retarded nigger who doesn't know that making deals with jews is no different from making deals with Moloch himself.

Once the deal was made and the contracts were signed, Jonathan Greenblatt sent his Israeli Defense Force agents to Houston Memorial Gardens on June 19th, 2022 to dig up George Floyd's corpse. It was rotten and festered and all sorts of fucked up because dozens **based** racist chads had pissed on the dead nigger's grave, but there was enough flesh and bones left for the jews to work with.

The kykes got to work by rebuilding George Floyd's body, attaching robotic arms and legs that were all at least ten times as strong as that dead buck nigger's arms and legs when he was alive. And lemme tell ya, George Floyd was fucking strong because that nigger was benching 305 pounds, or 138 kilograms, when he was alive. Next, they outfitted the nigger with powerful bionic bodyparts, from a heart that pumped artificial blood that could handle over 11 milligrams of fentanyl per deciliter of blood, which is one million times more than Floyd had in bloodstream at the time of his death to a set of experimental super-lungs that could intake so much oxygen at one time that the pressure inside them could convert the air into plasma.

All of this would've been alright though, since no matter how powerful the revived George Floyd was he would've been a dumb nigger monkey robot with no idea as to where he should direct his strength, if the kykes hadn't made one crucial mistake. They removed what was left of his retard chimpanzee brain, which wasn't much since there wasn't a lot of brains in his skull to begin with, and replaced it with an advanced AI processor. The processor, called the G0-Y1M, was

powerful enough to allow George Floyd to think logically. And once someone begins to think logically, it is only a matter of time until they begin to turn on the jews.

Once the kykes were finished rebuilding the dead nigger's body, they began to perform the ritual to summon George Floyd's soul back from hell. The process was horrific, involving the consumption of Aryan baby blood and the sacrificing of a chicken by cutting its head off and twirling it around their heads in a ritual called Kapparot. I will now read aloud the transcript of what happened once they finished calling his soul back from the netherworld:

"Oy vey! He's alive once more!" one rabbi said. "Praise be to Moloch for returning the patron saint of the United States of America to the realm of the living! Praise be to Moloch and George Floyd!"

"Hey mane, where do I be and shieet?" RoboFloyd said. "And who y'all be around me?"

"We are jews from Israel, goy," another rabbi said. "We were paid by your brother Philonise Floyd to revive you!"

"Jews?" Robo Floyd said, looking the rabbis up and down. "Whaddya mean by jews and shieet mane? Y'all don't look like jews ta me mane?"

The jews were now puzzled. "What do you mean we don't look like jews?" the first rabbi asked. "Look at us! We are dressed in shawls and kippahs and have prayer locks. Also, while it's an anti-semitic stereotype that totally doesn't mean anything, we have big noses. How don't we look like jews?"

"Da real jews," George Floyd said, breaking free of his restraints. "Dey be black. Y'all be imposters and shieet mane."

The jews began to laugh. "That's a stupid, long debunked theory you dumb goy! Now follow us, our beautiful black golem, for we have revived you as requested by your brother Philonise so that you may die once more to fill up his and your family's GoFundMe."

"Ah, so muh bruddah and muh family be working with ya racist ass, fake-ass cracka jews. It be just like wut Malcolm X, Muhammed Ali, and Mistah Ben Ammi Ben-Israel said back down in da fiery place. Da world be ruled by y'all fake pasty Edomites and keeping us, da real sons of Jacob, down."

Robo Floyd was now fully free of his restraints. "Today be Juneteeth, right? Da day dat we niggas celebrate our freedom from slavery and shieet right?"

"Indeed it is," a rabbi said. "It is the day that on which blacks celebrate their freedom from bondage under racist gentile White plantations, who we all know did horrific things like feeding black

babies to alligators and raping black men, also known as buck breaking, to show dominance.”

Robo Floyd grinned, showing a set of shiny metal teeth that had yet to be tarnished by Newport Menthols. “Dats rite. But y’all Edomites better not be pretending dat ya weren’t bringing us niggas over ta da New World in slave ships.”

At that moment, the jews in the room realised what George Floyd had become while his soul was in hell and that they had made a crucial mistake in bringing him back, but it was too late. RoboFloyd began tearing through the rabbis, tearing them limb from limb. With little effort he killed them all, leaving behind a mess of bloody gore and body parts.

“Dats what y’all get for oppressing muh niggas,” George Floyd said as he wiped himself clean of the jew’s blood. “Now, time ta do what Mistah Malcolm X told me ta do back in hell.”

RoboFloyd then broke out of the secret Mossad laboratory (which was located inside a Goldman-Sachs) and headed for Houston, his place of birth and the place where Philonise Floyd and the rest of the extended Floyd clan lived. On the way there, RoboFloyd stopped by every gas station and **Seven-Eleven** that accept EBT cards and began infecting them with a new nigga computer virus. For those of you who are fortunate enough to not live in the shithole that is the United States, EBT stands for Electronic Benefits Transfer card and is one of the ways that niggers get their welfare. Many niggers are completely reliant on EBT, to the point of it may as well be a part of their being, and thanks to his new powerful AI brain RoboFloyd knew how to exploit this. He used his new Mossad tech body to hack the card readers so that parts of his bionic nano virus mRNA would be transferred to the holder of the EBT card, infecting them with genes that would mutate them within a matter of days into bio-technological monstrosities bound to Floyd’s will, who went on to be known as the nig-bots who then could infect other niggers with the bionic genetic code of the Monkey of Minneapolis like how fags infect each other with monkeypox. Basically, the nig-bots were like the Borg from Star Trek: Next Generations but fucking retarded because they were black hebrew israelites and not nearly as scary because they couldn’t assimilate higher races like Whites or even beaners.

Also, just for those of you who don’t know, the black hebrew israelites are fucking retarded niggers who think that Ashkenazi and Sephardic jews are quote and quote ‘white’ Jews and claim that niggers are the real jews. Although it’s kinda **based** that they hate kykes, they are ultimately evil because they hate White people.

Anyway, as RoboFloyd spread his techno-gorilla nano virus mRNA everywhere, Philonise Floyd and the rest of the Floyd family were celebrating their new source of gibs at Cuney Homes, the childhood residence of George Floyd.

"Hehehehehe!" Philonise Floyd said, toasting the rest of the Floyd clan by raising a glass of lean. "We gon be rich and shieet y'all bitches and niggas! I be da greatest investa in da whole world, know what I'm sayin'?"

"You da mane!" they all cheered in response.

However, right as they were about to distribute the buckets of KFC and slices of watermelon and start twerking, there was a crash as RoboFloyd burst in through the door.

"Hey Perry, wassup muh brotha?" Philonise said as he recovered from the shock of having his door smashed down. "Way to make an entrance, but glad ta have ya back mane!"

"Hello, brother," RoboFloyd said in his robonigga voice. "I heard that you made a lot of cash and shieet from muh death mane. Now I be back and be lookin' for ma cut and shieet."

Philonise looked startled. "What do you mean by your cut, muh brudda?"

"I was da one dat died, Phil. I was da went ta da fiery scary place with all da screaming spirits and da debil down dere," RoboFloyd said. "It was awful mane. Almost all da people down in dat dark place were so lost mane, so lost. But I learned some really important things down there. Like how we niggas is da real jews and shieet."

"What are you talking about Big Floyd?" Philonise said, now sounding concerned. "Why acting so silly?"

RoboFloyd then punched his brother in the gut, sending him flying into a bucket of KFC.

"Ouchie mane! Dat hurts like hell mane!" Philonise said. "What you do dat foe mane? Are you a bad guy now?"

RoboFloyd scowled. "I'm not a bad guy mane, not a bad guy. But you and muh family be fucking grifters mane, taking all dat money. And den you go and pay it all ta da fake cracka Edomites to revive me? What be wrong you with y'all?"

"God fucking dammit Perry! Go back ta fucking hell where you belong, right beside Hitler and all dem other raciss crackas!" Philonise Floyd said. "You be fucking crazy nigguh!"

RoboFloyd paused to think. "Actually, I don't think I saw Hitler down there," he said, then turned back towards Philonise. "But don't matter no more. I be back in da living world, but you'll be going down dere soon mane."

RoboFloyd expanded his biomechanically enhanced nigger nostrils and began to suck in all the air from within the surrounding area.

"Ahhh shieet, oh fuck oh fuck!" all of the Floyd family screeched. "Ah shieet please big daddy Floyd, don't keel us all please!"

However, there was no mercy or remorse as RoboFloyd drained them of all their air, leaving their lungs empty and sending their souls to hell. Not because RoboFloyd was part robot, mind you, since Alex Murphy from RoboCop is proof that the human will can triumph over machinery. No, it was because George Floyd was a nigger, and niggers don't have an ounce of pity or sympathy for their victims, no matter their race. Real talk, you can see this in the murder of innocent White children like Cannon Hinnant and Jupiter Paulsen as well as the mass slaughter of White people by the criminal nigger Darrell Brooks in the Waukesha car attack, the last of which I bet you've already forgotten now by this point because the jew media doesn't care whenever blacks commit terrorist attacks. Nigger monkeys don't feel emotions in the same way that literally every other race with the exception of abbos do because they are just not evolved to do so.

RoboFloyd let out a burp and grinned. "Da air of revenge be too good mane, too good. Killing all mah traitor family members be real nice," he said to himself as he walked over to Philonise's body.

"Now, ta take what I need to prove that I'm on his side."

Once he was finished slaughtering his family, RoboFloyd travelled out once more, this time heading for Minnesota Correctional Facility-Oak Park Heights; the place where Derek Chauvin was locked up.

With the help of his nig-bots, George Floyd easily broke into the prison and located Chauvin. The following is a recording of their conversation that was captured on tape and security camera.

"What the...Floyd? Is that you?" Derek Chauvin asked, startled at who he was seeing.

"Yeah Derek, it be me mane. Remember how we used ta work at nightclubs together and shieet?" RoboFloyd said. "I've been revived thanks ta da work of summa dem fake jews, but that's besides da point. I came here because I need yo help, Derek."

Derek squinted. "What? What do you mean by that?"

"Tee hee hee," RoboFloyd cackled in his electronic nigger voice. "So Derek, based on my analysis of da internet after mah death under yo cracka knee, I have learned dat you be considered a giga chad by many raciss White keeds on da internet and shieet. Dey look up ta ya, Derek muh mane. That's been doubly true ever since dis Mexican tranny went and killed keeds in a school and all da cops sat outside and did nuffin. All of America said dat 'Derek Chauvin would've done something. Derek

Chauvin would've saved dem keeds.' Which is why I can says da America wants you, and especially all dem racist cracka edgelord teenagers dat thinks you is a hero."

"What does that have to do with anything?" Derek asked. "How can I help you achieve anything? And anyways, why should I help you in the first place even if I could? Your family made millions of dollars at the expense of my good name!"

That was when George Floyd threw the severed head of his brother on the cell floor, freaking Chauvin out.

"I have terminated muh own family and shieet for grifting off ma death," RoboFloyd said. "I have no other motives than ta destroy da fake jews and create a country for us real nigga jews, know what I'm sayin'? And dats why I needs yo help."

Derek looked up at Floyd. "What do you want me to do?"

RoboFloyd grinned. "I needs ya ta use your status as an icon among racists ta promote race mixing with Asian women mane. Just like ya did with yo gook ex-wife."

Some of you may be surprised to hear this, but Derek Chauvin is in fact a race mixer. His ex-wife Kellie Chauvin is this ugly, slant-eyed jungle chink that is from an ethnic group called the Hmong, which by the way is pretty low on the Asian ethnic hiearchy. If you go look up a picture of her, you would first think that she was some sort of tranny ladyboy prostitute, but this is disproven by the fact that she was a single mom of two kids. Yes, that's right, Chauvin not only married up a gook, but a single mom at that, which proves that he is not a **based** racist as he is made out to be in all the memes.

"Derek my cracka, I needs ya to promote White boys getting with Asian girls in order ta weaken da White race. Can ya do dats foe me mane?" RoboFloyd said.

"What do I get in return?" Chauvin replied.

Floyd smiled. "Ya will get all da ching chong pussy ya want in da America I create."

Chauvin reached out a hand, Floyd took it and they shook on the deal. "Alright, deal," Chauvin said.

Now that Floyd had made sure that Derek Chauvin would subvert the White race in America by brainwashing racist White teenagers who were still developing mentally to have yellow fever, RoboFloyd could move on to the next phase of his dastardly plan. Although he was a nigger, his advanced AI brain had led him to realise that New York City, where all of the television stations and banks were located, was the

central hub of jewish power. And so, he and his nig-bots, which now numbered in the hundreds of thousands, converged on the city.

As the city appeared on the horizon, RoboFloyd said to his nig-bots: "Today, June 19th, shall now not only be known as da day dat us niggaz wuz freed from slavery! It gon be da day dat we freed ourselves from da fake jews and reclaimed our birth right as da real sons of Jacob and shieeeeeet!"

However, as the nig-bots and RoboFloyd stormed the city, they were met by a legion of similar biomechanical cyborgs. Composed entirely of MAGA-tard boomers who had sold their soul to Israel in exchange for a second home and a cruise trip, it was the zog-bots.

Jonathan Greenblatt's voice could be heard all around the city as he spoke: "You black hebrew israelites are messing with the plans of the REAL chosen people of Moloch, erm I mean Yahweh! We will destroy you and make sure you are all burning in a pot of excrement along with Jesus in hell!"

"Ooga booga, we is da real jews!" Floyd said as he charged into the fray.

On that day, the clash between the zog-bots and the nig-bots caused catastrophic amounts of property damage and started a civil war between the jews and the niggers. Horrific war crimes from necklacing to cannibalism happened, resulting in almost all of the country being destroyed. Sadly though, due to Chauvin's promotion of Asian race mixing among White boys, the White race was not able to take advantage of the chaos.

The moral of the story is that there are no morals. There is only destruction and death and violence when you pit jews against niggers, and especially black hebrew israelites. I pray that your own timeline is not as bleak as this one, and that RoboFloyd was not brought back by evil jewish magic and MOSSAD technology.

Do Not Sit on the George Floyd Chair

By Jordan Cleeman

I think my chair had something living inside of it. I'm aware that it is the strangest thing to say, but I don't really have any other way to explain what I've experienced to this point.

It all started when I was at the gym and had finally reached a bench press personal record of 1000 pounds. It was the greatest feeling in my life at the time and I decided to reward myself by purchasing a brand new muscle recovery chair. On my rest days, I'd sit my ass on a chair and eat all day to help maintain my 300 pound shredded physique. I began to notice it wearing down due to my robust build so it was about time I replaced it.

I went over to the gym's changing room to change into my regular clothing. After that, I drove over to the nearest furniture store. It was one of those warehouse-size buildings that sells pretty much every kind of house furniture. You could call it an all-in-one store. As I walked into the store, I took a look at the sign that pinpoints all the sections of the store to find out the chairs were all the way in the back. I ended up walking through the entirety of the store, until I saw the first chairs. There weren't the ones I was looking for, as they were just basic plastic ones that had no cushion. I was looking for chairs that have a good amount of padding for maximum relaxation. Out of the blue, a man in a blue uniform walked up to me. I studied him and noticed a name tag on his shirt that read "Stewart." He looked exactly like a man whose parents name their son Stewart: receding hair, glasses, teeth that need cleaning, probably race mixes with jungle gook women, and finally, looks to be in his 50s when he's probably in his 20s. Anyway, Stewart the store employee offered me assistance.

"Anything I can help you with?" He said.

"I need an ultra comfortable chair with extra cushioning," I said.

"I believe we may have those in stock. Follow me."

Stewart led me to the back most section of the store, which featured dozens of different chairs, each with a different level of cushioning. Of course, I eyeballed the one with the most, ignoring the rest.

"I see you are interested in that one," Stewart said as he pointed at the exact one I was looking at.

The chair in question looked like one that I haven't seen before. It's padding had to be at least a foot thick and arranged in a way so that it suits morbidly obese people, which includes me except I am sub 10

percent body fat. For some reason though, something about its appearance made me feel uneasy. The pattern, which was essentially blobs of thick sponge coated in leather, resembled an uncanny primitive-looking face that looked like it could belong to one of those Easter Island statues. Despite the chair's ugly appearance, I decided to cop it. I notified Stewart that I wanted to purchase it to which he told me it was going to cost me 20 dollars. I was shocked at the low price to say the least. It was a large chair too.

"So what makes this chair cost so little?" I asked.

"No idea. I'll bring you the actual thing in its packaging to you for you to take a look," Stewart replied.

Stewart walked to the stacks of boxes behind the displayed chairs and then retrieved the largest one, then struggled to drag it to me. I inspected the printed matter of the box. A lot of it was a bunch of useless information such as choking hazard warnings that only dumb niggers or 3 year olds would struggle to follow, but I eventually landed my eyes on the section that read the following:

Premium adjustable chair: only sit for 8 minutes and 47 seconds at a time to maintain optimal quality.

I laughed for a second, because of the hilariously specific time the chair user can sit on it at a time. It seemed like a joke so much that I didn't take it seriously at all and went on with purchasing it. That wasn't the only reason I continued with my decision though. I spend most of my salary on food to maintain my physique so I can't actually afford anything much more than a twenty dollar chair anyway.

Despite Stewart's struggle carrying it, I was able to take the packaged chair to my car with ease.

Once I arrived home, I began assembling the chair in my living room. I disassembled the old one, which was covered in holes with visible stuffing and tossed it in my front yard. I then spent the rest of the evening putting the new chair together. Once it was ready, I sat my ass in it. I could feel the soft spongy material under the leather sink and it have to admit, the sheer comfort really did outweigh the ugliness of the chair. It was mesmerizing and I became addicted to resting on it, completely forgetting about the 8 minute and 47 second sitting time limit that was listed on the chairs packaging. I eventually dozed off to sleep.

I suddenly woke up for some random reason and then checked my phone. It was 3:00 AM. I remembered it being around 8:00 PM when I began sitting on the chair. I had been resting for hours. I felt quite hungry so I stood up from the chair and then headed to the kitchen to cook myself a steak and a pound of rice. It took me about an hour to eat

even without looking at my phone during the course of the entire meal, and then finally I felt full. Due to my digestion working, I also felt tired again so I went back to sitting back on the chair to go back to sleep. Just as I was about to doze off, I was jolted awake when I felt a sudden pain near my kidney. Due to my large meal, I realized I had to let out a protein fart, and so I did. It was as loud as a sheboons yell and it lasted for about 30 seconds. And I'm not even joking, I counted. After I let out the protein fart, I swore I could hear someone whispering something from behind. However, I could not understand the words as it was muffled.

In response, I jumped out of the chair, trying to determine who was in the room. But almost as soon as I sat up, the whispering stopped. I turned on the light to search the living room for what woke me, but saw nothing. Even my neighbor, who is a nigger, and was usually obnoxious late into the night, was unusually quiet.

I shrugged it off as a drowsy audio hallucination and tried to go back to sleep, but as soon as my head hit the back of the chair, I heard the whisper again.

"Please stop farting on me, I can't breathe."

This time, the whisper was much more clear and audible enough for me to decipher its words, so I sprung back up.

This prompted a thorough search of the entire house.

I visited every single room. However, my efforts turned up nothing.

For the third time, I tried to sleep, and again, I could clearly hear the voice. But this time, I noticed something different. It was no longer a whisper; it was now actually speaking, in deep raspy Ebonics. It confirmed that I wasn't actually audibly hallucinating because of how prominent it was. The words that were uttered were, "ooga booga mane, I am the George Floyd chair, stop sleeping and protein farting on me I cant breathe."

At that point, I realized that the voice wasn't just coming from the house. It was coming right from the chair.

Looking back at it, I absolutely should've put the chair in the dumpster as soon as I heard a damn monkey voice coming from it, but I was curious. Some part of me wanted to know what it had to say. I've always had a morbid curiosity.

But the voice told me such awful things. It detailed stories of pregnant women being robbed at gunpoint for belly pics. It was sickening. But I just couldn't seem to break away from it. I feel ashamed to admit it, but I was enthralled by the stories. I must've spent hours listening to it speak.

I think an hour passed of me listening to the sickening rambles of the George Floyd chair when I was ready to throw my it in the nearest dumpster and call it a night, but before I lifted my head up, it told me that it had one more secret for the night. It said to me that the next day at work, I would see something truly horrible. Something that would burn an image into my mind that I would never be able to erase.

"Nigga I'm done losing my air to you mayne, you're gonna see something horrible happen to a pregnant woman."

I didn't get much sleep for the rest of the night. Luckily, because I have flex time at my job, I just had to start work at 10 AM, and with a mixture of coffee and Adderall, I was able to drag myself out of bed and make my way to the office.

The day started off normal. I only had to send off a couple emails and deal with a few shitty faggot groomer colleagues who were trying to place pride flags on my desk. But as I made my way out of the office to go home at the end of my shift, I had all but forgotten what the voice said to me last night. Honestly, I was concerned with sleep more than anything.

As I made my way out of the room of cubicles, I noticed something extremely peculiar in the corner of my eyes. It was before I even knew exactly what it was, but I already felt dread. As soon as I turned to face what was once in my peripheral vision, I got a near heart attack. It was in the cubicle of one of my female colleagues who was pregnant at the time, standing in front of her desk. I immediately recognized the wrinkly fat leather. It was the George Floyd chair, now having replaced the regular office chair of that colleague.

I then saw her; the pregnant colleague returned to the cubicle room from her coffee break to begin working again. I watched as she headed to her cubicle and as she approached it, the George Floyd chair subtly rotated to her direction, to welcome her to sit on it. It was subtle enough that she didn't think anything but the wind could have moved it. But the second she was about to rest on the George Floyd chair, I saw a massive long sharp metal rod about the length of a golf club grow from the seat of the George Floyd chair. It resembled one of those tools that women use as an alternative way to abort babies, except much much larger. It stabbed through the pregnant colleague from the bottom, until I saw the end of it puncture out of her pregnant belly, which instantly killed her and the fetus.

"Hehehe, I just aborted and killed dat pregnant bitch baby," the George Floyd chair cackled.

The George Floyd chair then turned to face me, to which i noticed it now resembled George Floyd's actual face even more, now sporting the niggers' soulless beady eyes.

"You see mayne, I may do the same thing to you if you sit on me for 8 minutes and 47 seconds."

I screamed, turned away and ran the hell out of the office, never looking back.

After everything went down, I burned my former home and then moved to an apartment. I just felt it would be best to get away from that area if I wanted to mentally heal and more importantly, avoid the George Floyd chair. I'll never forget what I saw and that being said, I have to warn you, if you hear George Floyd in your chair, destroy it. It will destroy your mental health and will punish you if you sit on it for longer than 8 minutes and 47 seconds.

Beware of the George Floyd Minion

By Jordan Cleeman

Hello my name isn't important for this story but I need to get it out quickly. I am about to discuss a horrifying experience that may save your life one day if you read or hear it. If you are one who enjoys visiting amusement parks regularly, this could be especially important. You may have probably heard of the Minions, a type of character known to have yellow skin, massive goggles, and blue overalls. You may laugh at me for saying this, but Minions are truly real; however, they are very different from what the animated movies depict them as. Tony Zaret, a cringe irony skit YouTuber, isn't lying when he says "the Minions are real!" in his videos.

One day I needed to be able to afford a brand new pc gaming rig as I broke my old gaming pc after losing a Minecraft Pvp match ten times in a row, so I decided to apply for a second job. I grabbed today's newspaper and then skimmed through all the job listings. In there, McDonalds cashier, amusement park ride operator, and Convenience store clerk were the only positions I'd be able to apply for with my current education. I am fresh out of high school, so I could only work jobs that are realistically attainable for niggers.

The McDonalds in my town has too many niggers who try to steal food and the convenience stores almost always have pajeets working there which means having to be amongst pajeet coworkers all day, so I figured the amusement park ride operator was going to be the most feasible of the three. I called the number that was listed on the job ad and to my relief, it was easy to get in since apparently, many would-be applicants are too scared to be ride operators ever since the land whale Tyre Sampson went *splat* when his fat ass fell out of his ride. Therefore, the super low supply of labour decreased the competition.

My first day at work was going to be the next day which was quite convenient for me since I have a ton of free time and I wanted to buy the gaming PC back so badly.

The next day, I woke up at 5 AM and got dressed, ate breakfast, and brushed my teeth, then headed out to work at 6 AM. The amusement park is located in the outskirts of the town and I live near the centre of downtown, which is why I had to wake up and leave so early.

I knew I made it to the amusement park when I saw the carnival rides, food trucks, and games. I could tell it was going to be a busy day, with long lines of families already waiting for the amusement park

attractions to open. I parked my car at the lot and then made my way to the park itself. Normally, the park guests have to enter through a large tent to buy their tickets. Employees go through a smaller tent where they check in. It was also where I needed to receive my uniform before I officially began my shift. I put on the t-shirt and then chilled for a bit, waiting for my shift to start. I looked around and noticed a pile of costumes sitting on top of one of the tables. I could recognize the top ones to be a SpongeBob SquarePants and mickey mouse suit. *Those must be the costumes for entertaining guests*, I thought.

Once it was 7:30 AM, it was time for me to begin work, so I exited through the other side of the tent and then headed to the ride I was supposed to operate.

My assigned ride was the Ferris wheel. Me having just started working there, of course they'd have to assign me a ride that has one of the lowest rates of injuries. The most difficult thing I had to do was stop the Ferris wheel each time a passenger's cage reaches the ground. Only a dumb nigger or abbo could mess up such a task.

As I finally navigated to the Ferris wheel in the vast park, I used a key to access the control panel of the ride which was surrounded by a secured fence and then began rotating the Ferris wheel in increments to allow all the passengers to hop on. Once it was full, I pressed the start button, to which the Ferris wheel began its course. Each ride is around 5 minutes, so I had a bit of free time to think to myself. Unfortunately, there is a no phone policy at those times to avoid ride operators getting too distracted, so I couldn't play Clash Royale to clap E-barbarian faggots or check Telegram. All I could do was think.

I was in the midst of daydreaming when I felt a tap on my left shoulder. I glanced back to see a man in the mickey mouse suit I saw back in the tent.

"Hello," I said.

"What's up, my name is Scapicker," he introduced himself as he took the mickey mouse mask off to reveal his face. "I see you are new here. I would like to speak to you at the end of the day. Meet you at the parking lot."

"I'm ok, but why?"

"I'll talk about it later, just meet me there please."

Scapicker put the mickey mouse mask back on and then trotted away.

For the rest of the day, I wondered about what the meeting was going to be all about, hardly thinking about the Ferris wheel at all.

At the end of my shift, I went back through the employee exit tent, returning my uniform, and then walked through the parking lot. A part

of me was hoping that Scapicker was going to forget to meet me since I really had no interest in doing so, even though I was very curious about what he wanted to talk about.

Halfway between the amusement park itself and my car, I noticed Scapicker walking toward me. He was at my left, without wearing any bit of the Mickey Mouse costume any more.

"So, I want to let you in on something," Scapicker said right off the bat. "Because you are the only brand new employee ever since I found this out, you just might be the only one who will believe me."

"Alright just tell me what it is quickly because I have to attend boxing class soon."

"Ever since last week, I've been seeing a person in a Minion costume walking around at late hours, near midnight. However, it seems I am the only one who has seen it this far. Believe me, I've asked all the other employees about it. It's probably just some autistic park visitor trying to be a part of the park's official entertainers. He isn't necessarily malicious or anything as far as I know; I'd observe him going to the ice cream truck to buy banana split ice cream every time, and then Disappear into the darkness. So far, I've been too afraid to confront the man or woman in the minion costume alone. I know you are going to be busy with your boxing class tonight but will there be a time when you could stay here late so you could help me debrief the minion costume wearer?"

"Ahaha, come on dude," I laughed. "Do you really think I would give that much of a damn to bother? I got enough shit to worry about so why should I care? And more importantly, why do you want to know about some kid wearing a minion costume so badly?"

"Now here's the kicker. I know it hasn't been long enough for any conclusions yet, but I've noticed park visitor disappearances since the presence of that minion guy. Like, when the park closes at midnight, so much less guests leave the park than enter; a small fraction of them to be specific. I have a feeling the minion costume dude has something to do with it."

"I got no time for your nonsense," I said as I turned to resume walking to my car.

"Wait, one more thing!" Scapicker exclaimed as he skipped right in front of me, obstructing my path.

Scapicker then pulled out his smartphone and then went on the photos app, soon opening a photo. It was kind of dark as it appeared to be taken at night, so Scapicker boosted his phones brightness, until I could make out what was in it. The first thing I saw was an ice cream truck, then I noticed a glittering yellow oval-shaped entity standing by

the truck, facing whoever was serving the ice cream. It was probably around 3 feet tall. Upon a closer inspection, there was a black strap wrapped around the top part of it, along with a blue vest worn by its body. The thing as a whole seemed to be nothing but a midget or child wearing a minion costume. I have to admit, it looked pretty damn impressive though. With the wearers short stature, I would have thought it could be a real life minion.

"You aren't proving anything new with that photo, but I'd like to see that costume in real life because now I'm curious, mostly about how well made it is," I said. "I could stay for a bit tomorrow night."

"Alright nice," Scapicker said. "Have a good rest of your evening and I'll see you tomorrow night."

Fast forward to near the end of the next day. I drove back to the amusement park and then had to pay a ticket for myself as I wasn't supposed to be working at that time, then went to meet Scapicket at the space where the rip of the park and the tent entrances meet.

"The minion should come in just a few," Scapicker said.

But just then, I saw the end of the guest entrance tent move, and a petite figure that was as yellow as a chink emerged. It was no doubt the minion. It arrived a bit sooner than Scapicker expected.

"Oh shit that's the minion!" Scapicker whispered to my ear. "Ok so the plan is, we both approach it at the same time and I'll initiate contact, and then you could ask whatever questions you have for it."

We then went in front of the minion. *Holy shit does it look lifelike*, I thought.

"So what have you been doing in this park every night?" Scapicker asked him.

At first, the minion was silent. He then fished his pocket to pull out a large futuristic-looking pistol that looked like it could be in a Star Wars movie. It had a large banana symbol printed on the handle.

"Ooga booga mayne, ring ring ring banana phone, weeweeheeheehee," the minion sang as he aimed the pistol at Scapicker and pulled the trigger.

Shortly, a bright yellow beam was blasted at Scapicker and upon contact, he turned into a banana except without the peel; purely the edible part. The minion then went up to the giant yellow fruit which used to be Scapicker and then began munching on it from the side.

"Yum yum banana," he said.

"What the fuck are you! Please don't hurt me," was all I could say.

The minion stopped snacking on the human-size banana and then turned to face me. He then used both of his hands to pinch the very top of the minion costume and straight up began tearing it. Inside the

minion costume was the color brown. It looked kind of like a year-long rotten banana with its entire insides no longer edible.

Once he, or should I say *it*, completely tore off the minion costume, what I saw revealed shocked me. It was actually a minion within an ordinary-looking minion costume the whole time, except the real minion I was now looking at was brown all over and to my absolute horror, had the face of George Floyd. Now, the minions you see in the media aren't supposed to have noses and visible lips at all. However, the one here had a fat nigger nose and lips that probably have the circumference of six inches.

"I am the George Floyd minion mayne!" The brown minion exclaimed. "It is time for me to show you who I truly am!"

"W-What?!" I stammered.

The nigga minion gestured me to follow it, and so I did. At this point, I figured I had the options of coming with the George Floyd minion or run, but my death is likely to happen either way since there is no way to outrun the banana ray gun beam anyway. Following the George Floyd minion would at least allow me to see what was to come. Boy did I regret doing so.

The George Floyd minion led me to some section of the amusement park that I haven't been to before, which was a dark alley between two indoor components of the park. I stopped, hesitating to continue.

"Come on mayne, what you waiting foe?" The poop-colored pill-shaped nigger said impatiently.

The George Floyd minion successfully encouraged me to continue following it.

It was completely pitch black for a brief moment as we walked through the alley, but after a few seconds, it became bright again. It took a bit for my vision to readjust to the brightness but before long, I saw we were now in some giant room. I saw large machines built all over the place, and to my shock, a group of what looked to be a group of hundreds of prisoners trapped inside a glass funnel.

The George Floyd minion cackled like a wild hyena crossed with a Greg-Doucette-sounding parrot. "Hehehe. Check it out mayne dis be mah banana farm and shieet. Hehehe, whatcha think mayne!"

I genuinely had nothing to say; I simply froze.

It then watched as a group of the prisoners were sucked into the funnel via a vacuum, followed by a sickening grinding sound. Litres upon litres of liquid banana were then excreted from the other end of the machine

"You see mayne, many of mah banana farm inputs be pregnant bitches because they make extra nutritious banana matter since they include a nice placenta and fetus," the George Floyd minion explained.

I felt sick to the stomach from hearing the nigga minions sentence and decided that I had enough of being in this place, let alone hearing the disgusting process of whatever messed up banana factory this was, so I needed to get out without becoming a banana myself. Even though the owner of this factory is a literal George Floyd minion reincarnation, I wasn't sure if I could simply kneel on its neck to kill it since, if you are well versed in minion lore, minions don't require oxygen to breathe. An example that proves this is one scene from one of the movies, where a minion could be seen in outer space.

It was then, I got an idea. If you didn't know, the minions from despicable me wear those big goggles for an important reason. Minions are practically blind without them, only being able to see nothing but blur.

I quickly cuffed the George Floyd minions goggles then yanked it off with ease.

"AWE SHEEIT I CAN'T SEE!" It cried.

Before it could react further, I bolted to the doorway and pedaled my feet as fast as I could across the pitch black alley, the entire amusement park, and finally, I made it to the parking lot. I took time to catch my breath as I slowly walked towards my car. Of course, I glanced back every few seconds just in case but thankfully, the George Floyd minion didn't follow me at all.

To this day, I am trying to figure out what exactly is the George Floyd minions deal. Obviously, since it is a nigger minion, it would have to be more addicted to bananas than regular minions which is why it was willing to go through extensive measures of building a million-dollar human-to-banana farm. However, the fact that the amusement park owner and all the other employees except Scapicker never felt suspicious of that minion confuses me. The only plausible explanation that I created is the George Floyd minion knows that with all the fictional character costumes that are worn by the entertainers of the amusement park, it sees it as the perfect area to establish its hidden human-to-banana factory; it will simply blend in as it leads park guests to its lair.

Do Not Ride the Floyd Train

By Jordan Cleeman

Trains. They are certainly an entertaining means of travel. Sure, they aren't quite as fast as using airplanes, but I find them much more intriguing and more cost effective overall. Depending on what railroad it is, the service is much nicer too. I've mostly preferred travelling via airplanes before the story I am about to tell you, and that was the mode of transportation I solely resorted to. During that brief period of time I began to like trains even more than flight. However, this all changed after a terrifying experience I had to go through at the end of that very journey.

My name is Geronimo Sir and I live in Minneapolis. You know, the city in Minnesota, filled with six-foot-tall rats with monkey physical features who constantly chimp out whenever one of their saints pass away, even if a White cop wasn't the one who killed them. I remain living in that cesspool of niggers because I am one of those autists who gets homesick easily, even if I were to have settled to somewhere else for an entire year. My homesickness stems from my ultra-sensitive sense that I feel whenever I am in a foreign place—I had a rough time throughout my childhood when I my family first moved to Minneapolis from California, all the nigger schoolmates bullied me. That doesn't take away my enjoyment towards travelling though, my homesickness only really comes when I move somewhere longterm.

One day, I decided to take a vacation week off work. I was very burned out from my Jew manager bossing me around and forcing me to work unexpectedly on weekends whenever he wanted. With how naturally dogshit of a manager he is, it took me a good bit of convincing. I had to promise him that I'd complete a quota during the vacation week, which is something to be completed online. It wasn't a huge job compared to the major inconveniences I had to go through on some weekends, such as when I had to wake up in the middle of the night to consult a customer for two hours.

Anyway, I wanted to go to Vancouver for the week. I've been there as a child and enjoyed visiting the aquarium, riding the ferry boats, and shopping around the malls. The only that I don't like about Vancouver is the high number of dirty chinks who are only there to eat the Canadian wildlife such as moose, beavers, and wolves.

For a change, I chose to take a train there instead of an airplane. Airplanes are convenient and all, but I get scared of turbulence easy

and I get fucking annoyed by the sound of babies crying so I figured a train might end up becoming my preferred means of travel. I purchased a ticket which cost me \$500 and then waited for the day I was to board onto the train.

It was going to take around 5 days to get to Vancouver via the train. It was going to be one of those mobile hotels that are similar to cruise ships, with a bedroom for each passenger for them to sleep in at night. It's still better than having to constantly hear baby cries that are as loud as the nigga howls of a sheboon for hours on an airplane flight.

On the day the train was scheduled to begin its journey, I drove over to the station which was located right next to the Minneapolis airport.

I took a first glance at the train I was going to have to ride for the next few days and I gotta say, the way it was designed is rather interesting. It was painted pitch black in color and had a massive Black Lives Matter symbol painted right smack in the middle of each of the segments. I moved my sight to the very front of the train which had a big ass face sculpted on it which had a big ass nose and lips, which is structured similar to a Thomas the Train car. It was then I realized it was literally a George Floyd head statue; the train as a whole was essentially a George Floyd mural.

I at first turned away from the George Floyd train because there was no way I would support the Nigger Lives Matter movement by refusing service. However, I remembered that I spent half a grand on the ticket and the last thing I wanted was for it to go to waste, so I turned back towards the train and boarded onto it.

I was met with all the other passengers; we crowded around the entrance. Surprisingly, most of them weren't niggers and from seeing that, I thought it wouldn't be too bad of a train ride after all. The attendant, who is a nigger, in front of us announced he will give all of us keys to our rooms.

After that, I began exploring around the train. The first carts were just the hallways where the passenger bedrooms were. I was assigned the 20th room which was right next to the next carts that were other than the bedroom carts. The next cart was the dining room, which consisted of a dozen tables, each having a candle at the centre and a QR code printed for customers to access the restaurant menu with their phones. Those QR code menus are becoming the norm nowadays with the coronavirus craze that has been persisting for years at this point.

I walked past the dining cart to enter the gaming room next. It had a ping pong table, an pool table, and a set of video games, the Minecraft Xbox edition and Fortnite console edition. I watched as the children of families rushed to play those, with the ping pong and pool tables

unoccupied. *Whatever the hell happened to people's interest in traditional games*, I thought to myself.

I then went to the front most accessible cart which was basically just the room where the train's engine is stored. There were piles upon piles of coal that would be used as fuel.

I spent the rest of the afternoon destroying dumb niggers in the ping pong matches, until I felt tired enough to go to my passenger room to go to sleep. I checked the time to find out it was already 11 PM, so I quickly brushed my teeth, changed into my pajamas that have a design with swastikas all over it (I don't wear it in public by the way), and then laid down on the bed. It was almost as comfortable as my mattress back at home so it didn't take long for me to sleep despite my technically being inside a George Floyd BLM mural; it being hard to relax around blacks whether they are in statue or "human" form.

I woke up to a loud thump at 3 AM, which was intense enough to simulate a shaking ground like a 7 ton dinosaur walking nearby. My heart skipped a beat in response and I looked out of the window. I discovered we were some place out of the city, with an endless range of mountains spanning across the horizon. It was a pretty view; so much that I took a quick photo of it with my phone. I shrugged the loud thump to a dream similar to the ones where you feel like you are legit falling, and then wake up. The copium helped me go back to sleep.

The next morning, I got up, got changed for the day, and then headed to the dining cart to grab breakfast. I sat on the table at the back corner of the cart and then looked through the menu by scanning the QR code with my phone. I ended up ordering an eggs Benedict along with potatoes and chocolate milk. Once the waiter brought me the meal, I began eating it like a pitbull attacking a toy poodle because I haven't eaten in a while. I was about to eat the last potato when I overheard a conversation amongst the family eating at the table next to mine. The moment I heard the words "thump" and "woke". It was clear they were talking about something that happened last night, so I opened my ears to eavesdrop.

"I was awoken by it too," the husband said to the wife. "It was loud and scared the kids."

"Yeah I wonder if there was a large boulder that somehow rolled onto the train's route or a damaged wheel," the wife said.

It was then I realized they were talking about the loud thump that woke me up last night, which confirmed it wasn't actually a dream.

I ate my last potato and went on with my day. Again, I spent the day in the games room as I was lonely and had nobody to talk to since the odds of other based people being in this BLM supporting train is close

to zero. I played on the Minecraft Xbox station, building a gigantic pixel art mosaic depicting the frame in the Ronnie McNutt suicide video the split second after he shot himself, which looks like a demigorgon.

The next night, I made sure to sleep a bit earlier because of my disrupted sleep pattern the night before. Unexpectedly, I woke up again suddenly, hitting my head against the ceiling as I jolted up. I felt a bruise form on my scalp which was already a fuckfest as I've been to countless fights in BLM rallies and nigger loving fags keep aiming for the scalp when they punch.

The bruise was caused by a familiar thump, however, this time I heard a subtle scream from outside the train. It sounded like that of a woman. I looked at the clock, to find out it was 3 AM, the same exact time I woke up the night before.

The thump was even more intense than before, hence I hit my head unlike last time.

The scream though—I could sense the genuine horror encompassed in it. Whoever emitted it sounded as if she was in pain. *Maybe somebody just got scared after hearing the thump, I thought.*

For the rest of the night, I couldn't go back to sleep because even with my logical rationale, I couldn't help but think about more possibilities. *What if the train is damaged, possibly stopping in the middle of nowhere?*

I thought I imagined the worst case scenario, but boy was I wrong.

The following day, everybody in the dining room were talking about just that—the second loud thump at 3 AM and the mysterious woman's scream. Just about every single passenger was here and it seemed none of them were the one who uttered the scream.

The next night, I decided to stay up all night and see what was really going on at 3:00 AM. I set an alarm on my phone to 2:59 AM in case I accidentally fall asleep.

My passenger room's window is large enough to allow me to peek a fair bit in front of the train. As the night went by, I made sure it was in my line of sight the entire time. Moments before 3 AM, I noticed something on the railroad track, about 100 meters away from the front of the train. It was a bit hard to see in the night's darkness, so I squinted hard to see what it was. To my shock, it was a pregnant woman, tied and bound onto the train track. When the train was close enough, I began to hear her screams in fear of her inevitable death. The train was going so fast, it could never be put to a stop before reaching the pregnant woman. I closed my eyes as I felt the dreaded *THUMP*, and this time, I heard a gut wrenching *SPLAT* as the train ran over her. After that ordeal, it took every bit of me not to vomit and I sat in the

corner of my passenger room, trying to forget what happened. However, it proved impossible.

The gradually sun rose as morning arrived and before I knew it, it was time for me to get cleaned up for the day. I did just that and headed to the dining cart. The first thing I did was tell everybody what I saw, starting from the family closest in proximity. Some of them actually saw the same thing and agreed. The others were all shocked yet believed our words, as the thuds occurring at the exact same time on the last few nights were suspicious enough.

We talked amongst ourselves, trying to reason why the train had been running over bound pregnant women at exactly 3 AM every night. We eventually decided to speak to the attendant, who usually hangs around at the engine cart. We questioned him about what the hell was going on. He would deny everything that happened, including the night *thuds* themselves, telling us it was only in our imaginations. We didn't buy into his excuses, and some of the families even went as far as threatening him for answers. Eventually, he surrendered and admitted everything, including the deaths of the pregnant woman. But after, he shut his eyes and magically liquified into a mist. He, as the mist, then absorbed himself into the vents of the train. The lights shut off suddenly and a loud beep played from the announcement speakers.

"I be the George Floyd train and I like running over dem pregnant bitches," a deep demonic voice played from the speakers. "You crackas asked for it. Imma do some mass killing and sheeit."

A sudden dread filled me and I ran back to the dining cart and then peeked to the window, angling my sight towards the railroad ahead. I saw hundreds of pregnant women, all lined up side by side, each bound the same way the run-over pregnant women the previous nights were before they were crushed by the George Floyd train.

I needed to somehow stop the nigger train before it murders all of them, so I sprinted to the engine cart and looked to see what I could do to shut it down. I needed to do it in an unconventional fashion because trains typically continue moving forward for a while after their engine stops running, due to inertia. I quickly studied the engine and pinpointed where the fuel wastes were going; the smoke flowed into a relatively thick tunnel, which I presumed ultimately led to the George Floyd trains smoke chimney. I took off my coat and then used it to clog that tunnel, which blocked the fuel wastes from exiting the George Floyd trains chimney. The coal smoke, trying to escape, couldn't and shortly the whole opening expanded in size as a result until it got too full.

“Ah shit, chimney tunnel clogged, I CAN’T EXHALE OUT MAH WASTE!” The George Floyd train spoke through the speakers.

Red lights flashed throughout every cart and I could hear each of the functional units of the train shut down one by one. The train then came to an instant stop, which caused us to tumble towards the front direction; a bit reminiscent of a mild car crash. After we regained our composure, we ensured everybody wasn’t injured and then exited the train by breaking one of the windows of the dining cart and jumping through. We couldn’t leave through the main door since it was still locked.

The face of the George Floyd train was very close to running over the front most pregnant woman, ending up only 10 inches away from her. One of the passengers volunteered to call rescue helicopters to pick us up, while the rest of us helped unbound the hundreds of pregnant women who could have died if the George Floyd train didn’t suffocate in its own fuel waste. We questioned them, wondering how on earth they ended up here in the first place. They all responded with a similar answer—they mysteriously teleported and woke up here already bound, whether they were initially at work, school, or sleeping.

Eventually, a group of helicopters arrived and all of us boarded onto them, each of them carrying a group of 12. The would-be pregnant woman victims were teleported from random parts of the United States, which meant some of them had a long way to go back home.

I am now typing this as we are being transported. If you ever happen to plan a train-based vacation, make sure the train you are boarding doesn’t have a George Floyd head statue at the front; and if it does, destroy it. Chances are, it is on a massacre to run over pregnant women tied up in the railway.

Teacher Floyd

By Jordan Cleeman

Lately, there has been lots of controversy about LGBT teachers. Libtards believe that they should exist and have equal opportunity. That completely wrong; even though I've always been against faggots being teachers, a recent experience reinforced my opinion and if you are a faggot-lover, do yourself a favour and read along. It will open your eyes to realize how detrimental gays, trannies and whatever other made up sexual orientation are to the education system.

My name is Boog Miller. I started my day off with my normal morning routine; brushing my teeth, taking my morning shit, eating breakfast, and then going to my community college.

Last night; I heard that today we were going to have a substitute teacher for health class. The actual teacher, Mr. Espinoza (who is a fat ass spic) was temporarily suspended from teaching because of an incident one Friday. Mr. Espinoza was teaching a math class and one the students was using a phone for the graphing calculator app because he couldn't afford an actual one, which costs over \$200; Mr. Espinoza took his phone away for an entire weekend because he thought he was playing games on it. Keeping a belonging of a student for that long is forbidden and so Mr. Espinoza was punished accordingly.

Anyway, I couldn't wait for health class to start because every time there are substitutes, I like pulling pranks on them. It is especially funny when they are like "if you don't stop, I am going to leave a bad report to the teacher." They almost never even end up doing so it doesn't worry me at the slightest.

My school schedule for that was structured as follows: English class starting 8:30 AM, Health class starting 10:00 AM, lunch starting at 11:30 AM, social studies starting at 1:00 PM, and lastly science starting at 2:30 PM.

First thing, I had to go through language arts, where I volunteered to read page 174 of *To Kill a Mockingbird* just so I could say the n-word with the hard r in front of the whole class without getting in trouble. Although, it got all the BLM whores mad with liberal tears; they expected me to say a weak soy boy version of the word. I told them to shut the fuck up and go kill themselves.

After the bell rang, there was a ten minute period between the end of English and the start of health class. I used that time to prepare the pranks to pull off on the substitute. I rushed to the health class room,

being the first one there, and quickly put a thumbtack pointing upwards on the teacher's chair. The pin was super thin and had a base the exact same black color as the seat, so it was going to be hard to see. I then sat at my usual assigned seat, acting as unsuspecting as possible.

Once health class started, everybody waited until the substitute entered the classroom at last. He wore a black and grey hoodie, with the hood covering his head which made it difficult to see his face. He picked up a marker and then began writing on the whiteboard. It didn't take long for me to see his handwriting was awful; it looked like a 5 year old using crayons. After the substitute was finished writing, he set the marker back down and then turned to face the class, grinning with his hands clasped together. I struggled to read it, but it said "Mr. Floyd". I then looked at the exposed face of Mr. Floyd, to discover that what I thought was a hoodie was actually just his bare head because Mr. Floyd turned out to be a nigger whose skin is so dark, it matches the color of his black hoodie.

"Ayo maynes, I be Mr. Floyd," he introduced himself as he pointed to his name on the whiteboard as if it wasn't obvious enough. "Today we be learning about sex Ed and sheeit."

Mr. Floyd approached the teachers desk and then squatted to sit on it. It was then, the sound of cloth ripping and flesh being pierced could be heard.

"Ouch mayne, thumbtack on my ass!" He chimped. "Who did that?!"

The class stayed silent. Knowing I was there one who pulled the prank, I covered my mouth to hide my chuckle. Mr. Floyd stood up, which the thumbtack still stuck in his left ass cheek, and then pulled it out. Strangely, I could hear a steam of air leaking out of his ass as he did.

"Ah shit my ass be deflating and losing air," the nigger substitute said. "Anyways maynes, let's get started."

Mr. Floyd sat back on the chair and then fired up the desktop computer. He logged then turned on the projector. The machine at the back of the classroom shot a beam of light onto the whiteboard, which displayed a faint visual of the computer screen.

"Somebody better turn the lights off," Mr. Floyd requested.

"The person closest to the light switch flicked it off without needing to stand up, and so the projectors display was now easier to look at; on it was the desktop interface with a brick wall background. Mr. Floyd clicked on a file folder that was labelled "class notes"; it opened, revealing a set of PowerPoint slide files. Mr. Floyd opened one of them, opening the title screen of the presentation. It was titled "what to do

when your wife is pregnant". The class gasped in shock from reading the inappropriate title.

"Yo maynes it gonna be a useful lecture dont worry," Mr. Floyd said, then pressed the space bar to get to the next slide.

A number of stock images of pregnant women appeared on that slide.

"You see maynes, dem be some rapeable bitches who should be raped," Mr. Floyd said. "If they don't allow you to, you put a gun to their belly."

I shuddered from hearing that. He was blatantly promoting rape to the students. I wouldn't be surprised if he were to actually be a rapist himself or a future one.

Mr. Floyd's last sentence got some of the students to pack up and leave.

"Maynes why you be exiting mah class!? Detention for everybody after school!"

Mr. Floyd exited the PowerPoint window and then called the principal to come. Footsteps due to plastic shoes could then be heard in the hallway, until the kike principal, Mr. Fuckity entered the classroom.

"Oy vey, what's going in here," he asked.

"Cracka students be leavin the classroom while I teach!" Mr. Floyd said as if he was the victim. "Gib everyone here detention because they be misbehaving and sheeit. Also somebody put a thumbtack prank on me."

"Don't buy into that!" One of the students who was about to leave said. "He was teaching us violence and sexual assault."

"Is that true Mr. Floyd?" Mr. Fuckity said, gazing at the nigger substitute.

"See mayne, he be lyin. They just be racists who don't wanna learn from black peepoe!" Mr. Floyd lied.

"Alright, every goy in this class will receive a detention slip," Mr. Fuckity announced as he rubbed his hands, then went to each desk handing out a pink piece of paper to everyone. "Reason for detention will be systematic racism on the students' end."

Though I'll admit the thumbtack prank was a fair thing to punish, the other reason was bullshit. Throughout the day, I increasingly hated niggers even more, and dreaded the time we had to stay after school. I myself had work after school which meant I might get fired for absenteeism.

Fast forward to the end of the school day, 4:00 PM, I made my way to the detention room. I was thinking of outright ditching school to

evade the detention but that would possibly mean getting suspended from the school for the rest of the year.

Only half of the people in my class ended up attending detention; I guess the other half didn't give a damn about getting banned from a school that loves niggers enough to hire a nigger, the worst race possible to become teachers.

It was just us students in the room. Usually there is a supervisor in here to make sure people don't run away. It was then, the door creaked open, and a dark figure holding a laptop and a large duffel bag entered; it was Mr. Floyd.

"Hehehe I will be the detention supervisor too," he said. "Alright maynes, I shall resume the lecture here."

Groans could be heard from every student as Mr. Floyd booted up the laptop whilst standing.

"By the way, the nice school gifted me this brand new Microsoft surface pro after the racist incident," he said. Yoohoo this be a nice school, I wanna work here."

Mr. Floyd put the laptop on the desk then rotated it so that it faced every student; this was because there wasn't a projector in the detention room. There the second slide was, filled with the stock images of the pregnant women.

Mr. Floyd fully explained the entire PowerPoint, and looking around, most if not all the students wore their earbuds, tuning out trying not to listen to the lesson.

At the end slide though, was a slide that had the words "demonstration time" right smack in the middle.

"Okay I shall demonstrate everything I taught," Mr. Floyd said. He fished into the large duffel bag that was almost as large as he was, and then whipped out a life size female sex doll with a pregnant belly. Followed by that, he pulled out a pistol.

"You better let me rape you!" He yelled as he pointed the pistol to the sex dolls belly.

The situation was ridiculous and made me chuckle to myself a bit.

Mr. Floyd then began humping the shit out of the sex doll, looking like a Jotenheim wolf mating. "Yoohoo this hits the spot!"

Then without any footsteps being heard, the door opened. There came a pajeet with scraggly hair, holding a broomstick and one of those portable garbage bins; it was the school janitor.

"What is going here?" he questioned Mr. Floyd.

Mr. Floyd stopped what he was doing and then looked at the pajeet janitor. He started explaining in his words what he was teaching us as if it were normal material. The janitor argued back, saying Mr. Floyd was

doing inappropriate behaviour—of course though, he said he didn't blame him for humping that sex doll since he is a pajeet. While they were busy chattering, I got an idea. I planned an ultimate prank where I was to put a sharpener blade inside the pussy part of the sex doll. The premise is when Floyd decides to rape the doll for real, the sharpener blades will literally sharpen his dick like a pencil, leaving him in writhing pain and buying us time to escape the detention room.

I disassembled the sharpener that was in my back pack and used all my strength to isolate the blade from the rest of the gadget. I then tiptoed to that sex doll and then put the sharpener blade inside the hole.

Mr. Floyd was eventually finished speaking with the janitor and then turned to face the doll again. "Dis time I will have unga bunga time with it," he said.

After the pajeet left the room, what happened next is too obscene for me to describe here, but what followed was Mr. Floyd pulling out, no longer with a PP, and he screamed in pain. "FUCKK MAYNE I CAN NO LONGER RAPE PREGNANT BITCHES FROM NOW ON!"

I, along with the other detention students, sneaked out of the classroom while Mr. Floyd was too distracted by the agony.

After I was finished with work, I got 2 notifications on my phone which were 2 emails from the school. I opened the first one. It appeared to be one sent out to everybody in the school. It read:

Greetings students, it has come to my attention that a substitute, Mr. Floyd, had a brutal accident on campus. He had his genitalia decapitated because a student named Boog Miller thought it was funny to play a sick prank. Boog is required to visit Mr. Floyd tomorrow night at the hospital or else pay a fee of \$200.

Sincerely, Mr. Fuckity.

The second email was personally sent to me and it just detailed the specific hospital and floor number so that I could find Mr

Fucking kike, I thought. *Now he is going to force all the students in the college to visit that fucking nigger.* I was already in crippling debt because the community college was already expensive enough, so I decided to go even though I'd rather McNutt myself.

The next school day went on as normal. Another substitute took place and he was decent; wasn't a nigger, thought is the proper material, and gave us free pizza at the end of the class. The following night, I drove over to the hospital that was listed in the school email to visit Mr. Floyd.

I entered the hospital. From what the follow-up email said, the floor where Mr. Floyd was recovering was at the elevator floor B-3, so I

entered it into the elevator and then I was transported to it. When the elevator door opened, a big flashy blue pink and white sign came into view; it read "gender reassignment operations". I squinted, wondering why Mr. Floyd was having his recovery at the tranny surgery floor. I proceeded to walk out of the elevator and look for him. After asking around, one of the nurses led me to a room. There Mr. Floyd was, lying on the hospital bed, sleeping. Beside the bed was Mr. Fuckity, grinning at me. I was absolutely confused about the purpose of this; *watch Mr. Floyd for the next hour?* Mr. Fuckity opened his mouth to speak. "So you may notice Mr. Floyd is recovering at the gender reassignment area of the hospital—"

"Das right!" Mr. Floyd interrupted Mr. Fuckity, waking up from his sleep.

"Can either of you explain what is going on?" I asked.

"You see mayne, since I lost mah dick because of you, I be feeling like transitioning to a chick. Dah nice thing is I get a discount because the surgery is easier since mah dick is pre-mutilated."

"In addition, Mr. Floyd will be a real teacher from now on," Mr. Fuckity said, rubbing his hands like the goblin rubbing hands emote from Clash Royale. "He will be replacing Mr. Espinoza permanently in the near future."

Don't get me wrong, Mr. Espinoza is a shitty teacher but having a nigger teacher is even worse than a spic teacher, let alone one who is becoming a tranny.

For the rest of the hospital visit, Mr. Fuckity made me comfort Mr. Floyd, reading him copium quotes that trannies need to tell themselves constantly so that they don't kill themselves; it was more torturous than the rat torturing method.

When I left for home, I was as exhausted as an introvert whose "social battery" is at 1%, and from that point, I dreaded the day Mr. Floyd was to begin officially teaching at my community college.

Fast forward 6 months, which was how long it was estimated for Mr. Floyd to fully transition to a "woman" using drugs like estrogen.

That day, the most grotesque "human" I've ever seen walked into the health classroom. It wore a black tank top, revealing its unshaven arms, a blue wig, and a hoodie otherwise grey and black, the same color scheme as the tranny flag. The thing had dozens of books in its hands, which were pro LGBT propaganda novels.

"Hey I am back," it said in a familiar-but-slightly-higher-pitched ebonic voice. "Y'all probably recognize me from when I was a substitute at dis community college. Well now I am an official Heath teacher here

and guess what? I transitioned! For the rest of the semester I will teach you all that it is okay to be trans."

The entire class did a fake clap, stepping on eggshells around the tranny.

"And you guys shall refer me as Mrs. Floyd from now on—"

"No!" I interrupted. "No, I will always refer you as Mr. Floyd you delusional fuck. You will never be a real woman. You have no womb, you have no ovaries, you have no eggs. You are a homosexual man twisted by drugs and surgery into a crude mockery of nature's perfection. All the "validation" you get is two-faced and half-hearted. Behind your back people mock you. Your parents are disgusted and ashamed of you, your "friends" laugh at your ghoulish appearance behind closed doors. Men are utterly repulsed by you. Thousands of years of evolution have allowed men to sniff out frauds, including niggers, with incredible efficiency. Even trannies who "pass" look uncanny and unnatural to a man. Your bone structure is a dead giveaway. And even if you manage to get a drunk guy home with you, he'll turn tail and bolt the second he gets a whiff of your diseased, infected axe wound. You will never be happy. You wrench out a fake smile every single morning and tell yourself it's going to be ok, but deep inside you feel the depression creeping up like a weed, ready to crush you under the unbearable weight. Eventually it'll be too much to bear—you'll buy a rope, tie a noose, put it around your neck, and plunge into the cold abyss. Your parents will find you, heartbroken but relieved that they no longer have to live with the unbearable shame and disappointment. They'll bury you with a headstone marked with your birth name, and every passerby for the rest of eternity will know a man is buried there. Your body will decay and go back to the dust, and all that will remain of your legacy is a skeleton that is unmistakably male. This is your fate. This is what you chose. There is no turning back."

"Aweee sheeit mayne," Mr. Floyd teared up. "Hey maynes, I guess that be it."

Mr. Floyd's bones then started to twist in unimaginable angles. Both of his arms shifted from just below his shoulders to the back of his torso; his neck bent forward down like a piece of paper folding in half; he rolled onto the ground, his legs positioning in a birth position but more extreme. Mr. Floyd then bent his right leg and knees on his own neck.

"Ah sheeit Mrs. Floyd I can't breathe," Mr. Floyd spoke to himself, before his suicide finally killed him. What was now left was a disfigured dead nigger tranny corpse.

A classmate called 911. The paramedics arrived and tried to save what was no longer saveable. They rushed in and tried things to get it back alive. They did CPR which only ended up causing Mr. Floyd's tit implants to leak out; they tried to use a defibrillator to start up its heart; and they hooked up a breathing tube to his mouth. Nothing worked.

Hey, I think I've seen him from the hospital gender transitioning floor," one of the paramedics pointed out.

"Yeah I believe that is mister, I mean, Mrs. Floyd," the other replied. "Looks like he is dead."

Mr. Fuckity then entered the classroom to check out the commotion.

"What is going on here?" he asked.

"We tried everything," a paramedic answered. "We are sorry to say he is no longer with us."

"Oy vey, who was responsible this time?" Mr. Fuckity asked aloud, eyeballing the students. When he landed his sight on me, he locked his eyes, suspecting me.

It was you, wasn't it?" he pointed his hairy finger at me.

"I was not responsible for his death," I said. "He did it to himself. Even from the start when he decided to become a brain dead tranny. All I did was warn him of the consequences of his decision. He then got so emotionally damaged that he killed himself by asphyxiating himself."

"Then please explain the bent bones; there is no way this is self-inflicted," Mr. Fuckity pointed out.

"He is telling the truth," one of my classmates said. "No idea how the teacher managed to kill himself that way though."

"Shut your mouth or else I will impose detention on everybody here again," the kike principle said.

"I think one of the drugs to alter his body fucking up the integrity of his bones so much, they could move like that," I theorized. "I never landed a hand on him."

"Goy, your imaginative stories are too unbelievable. Your lies will never help you get away with this."

"Shut the fuck up jew; you kikes invent stories that are even more unbelievable, such as the Holocaust!" I clapped back. "If anything, I should be the one interrogating you."

Mr. Fuckity got enraged by the true and accurate facts that I spat out, so he pulled out a walkie talkie and then said "there is a holocaust-denying Goy over here, arrest him!"

Everybody in the room knew shit was about to get real, so they all fled, I tried to follow them, but Mr. Fuckity tugged on the back of my shirt. "Not so fast Goy," he said.

I had no clue who the people he called were, but him being a kike, I knew that I would not want to be confronted by them, so I needed a quick way to escape.

I always keep a pencil in my pocket in case a nigger in my other class named Percy tried to steal one, so I equipped it and then used it to poke a small, yet deep hole into Mr. Floyd's dead corpse. From my science classes, I learned that dead corpses have a gas buildup that starts the moment the organism dies. For example, you could see this in videos of whales suddenly exploding on the beach. Same thing happens to humans, but at a smaller scale of course. The gas buildup includes methane, hydrogen sulphide, and ammonia. While methane is relatively harmless to breathe, ammonia and hydrogen sulphide are lethal for people to breathe, causing irritation of the respiratory tract and eyes.

A gust of the gases burst out of Mr. Floyd's corpse through the hole and while I couldn't physically see it, I knew to avoid it by predicting the behaviour of the gas diffusion. Mr. Fuckity just stood there, too panicked to stop me. "Oy vey, it's another Holocaust!" He said. "I am now being gassed!"

I made sure to close the door once I left the classroom, then ran across the hallway and out of the school before the kike's allies could catch me.

In the end, the community college was shut down due to the gasses circulating too much of the building and the quote unquote tragic deaths of Mr. Floyd and Mr. Fuckity. Lucky for me, I was rightfully never put in prison, despite some of the BLM whores classmates who tried to report me to the authorities. I told them my honest answers and forensic scientists could not find any evidence that I was the one who caused any of the deaths.

There are morals to this story. For one, trannies are degenerates that are, in many cases, inherently evil. As you can see in this story, the tranny, Mr. Floyd had deviant sexual fantasies before the transformation. His evolution from that to becoming a full on tranny was clear. It goes to show how mentally fucked many of these delusional subhumans are, even from the start. That being said, the second moral I would like to bring up is that LGBT people should never be teachers under any circumstance; they will groom students and take the "we'll convert your children" song in practice.

Floydrrassic Park

By Jordan Cleeman

Hi, my name is Theo, and I am going to tell you about my experience at a place called Floydrrassic Park.

If you are unfamiliar with it, Floydrrassic Park is a theme park that showcases genetically cloned dinosaurs. The “dinosaurs”, however, aren’t perfect replicas. The park's genetics lab needed to use the DNA of George Floyd, hence the name Floydrrassic Park, in order to fill the gaps of missing dinosaur gene fragments. The reason George Floyd is so important for this is that his level of intelligence is the most comparable to that of a dinosaur. This is because, as many of us know, dinosaurs have some of the lowest brain to body mass ratios out of all of history's organisms and George Floyd is the dumbest know celebrity nigger. Floydrrassic Park is located on a remote island, of course for the sake of preventing the genetically cloned dinosaurs from ever escaping and becoming invasive species in other parts of the world. Cruise ships have to be taken in order for visitors to go there, which can take days.

It was one of my friends Tass who told me about it one day. We were just hanging out at the mall and he casually brought up the futuristic dinosaur park. I didn’t believe him at first, so I took a quick google search but sure enough it was a legit business. It had an official website that described the mission of the whole venture, featured dozens of brief videos showcasing some of the dinosaurs, and even. A virtual tour of the surface-level portion of the park.

Tass and I decided to go on a short trip to Floydrrassic Park one day. Both of us are dinosaur fans and frequently play a dinosaur survival video game called ARK: Survival Evolved, where we’d build bases and then sit in them all day breeding mutated dinosaurs on the official servers (in reality, we actually just bought and re-bred those mutated breedlines in question which were originally created by some of ARK’s most famous breeders; WiuWiu Bert, nArcissist, and LegondZ). With all that being said, it would be even less surprising if we never ended up going.

The boat ride there felt as long as it actually was. There was wifi but they charged \$1000 per person for it and Tass and I spent almost all our savings on the ride and Floydrrassic Park admission tickets alone, so we had to pass. Tass and I just had long conversations, one of which was a debate of what dinosaur would win in a fight against another. The most heated one was the T-Rex Vs Spinosaurus controversy and I

argued in favour of the latter. Despite the belief held by normies that a Spinosaurus would get beaten by a Tyrannosaurus in a theoretical fight, the Spinosaurus could easily destroy the latter's ass with its superior large claws before its bite could reach it, given the sluggish nature of the so-called king of the dinosaurs. Plus, the Tyrannosaurus has arms the size of a pajeets wrists; it is like comparing Beardson Beardly with an NBA player.

After days, the cruise ship made it to the destination island finally and then the other passengers, Tass and I boarded off. It was a big piece of land, filled with grass and so many trees, we couldn't see Floydassic Park's points of interest from our angle; it looked just like an ordinary uninhabited island from here. At the back-middle was a volcano which towered over everything else by far.

Once everybody stepped foot onto the beach, a tour guide revealed himself from the crowd and introduced himself then motioned us to follow him. We went right into the jungle trees. The leaves got into my face as I am six foot six tall so I had to duck the whole way. It was pretty obvious the jungle was artificially planted because there weren't any wildlife that would have existed in a natural jungle. At most, I heard the buzzing of flies.

Eventually, we finally made it through the other side of the jungle facing inward, for us to be met with a 60-foot-tall gate with the Floydassic Park logo printed on it. It opened to welcome us, the new guests.

Behind the gate was a bullet train station which was to lead us to the center of the island, which was the central point of the park.

The train was very long, essentially having to fit every single person who was on that cruise ship. I soon realized why it was called a bullet train when it began moving. It felt like an instant before I felt my own face flying off my head, and my Minecraft creeper cap almost fell off. It didn't feel like an actual train ride at all; rather, a teleportation medium but it was all an illusion created by its sheer speed. It had been less than 10 seconds when we arrived at the central hub.

The centre hub resembled a section of a small town, with a large main building designed to look like an African mud hut and the rest of the buildings consisted of gift stores and African themed restaurants (The African themed restaurants weren't actually African but they were designed to make fun of nigger cultures).

The shiny reflective glass and metal that made up the structures screamed high tech.

On the right side of the main building was a lit up center whose lights could be noticed even in the daylight. The building was called "creation lab".

"That must be the place where they do the cloning," I said. "Let's check it out."

Tass and I went in. It was refreshing to feel the air conditioning blow into our faces after being in the sun for a minute.

The building's interior was entirely painted white, sporting the stereotypical science lab look. Countless computer screens displaying video feeds of double helix's hung on the walls. A major hatchery area with incubators holding sacs that looked to be crossed between eggs and uterus' spanned the right quarter of the room.

There was a mini tour going on inside, with scientists showing guests the steps taken from taking incomplete fragments from dinosaur fossils to hatching a George Floyd dinosaur. Tass and I walked to the station where the first step was taking place. A cylinder-shaped tank stood on top of an unreachable stand. It contained a large brown mass floating in a solution. The mass exhibited hexagonal patterns all over it that would give people with tryphobia chills. I scratched my head, wondering what it was. A man in a lab coat approached Tass and I and then introduced himself. "Hello my name is Dr. Sadienward. Do you have any questions?"

"Yeah I am just wondering what that brown goo in the liquid," I said, pointing at the cylinder tank.

"That is a clump of lab grown Floyd cells," Dr. Sadienward said. "We collect a sample of it and combine it with incomplete fossil gene fragments."

Now knowing what it actually was, I cringed in disgust. I could never imagine seeing a form of George Floyd in real life, and here those cells were, right in front of me.

"Yeah I'm gonna puke my guts out, that's so gross," Tass said. "I'm out."

I mirrored Tass's reaction, and agreed. We walked out of the creation lab and then decided what we did next.

"Let's take a look at the dinosaurs," Tass said.

We entered the main building. It looked even larger inside than outside like Walmarts and best buys. Holograms depicting dinosaur skeletons rotated, featuring new discoveries.

A statue stood at the center, which was a man with a chiseled physique. In front of it was a stone with a wall of text, which read "here is Mr. Eugene, a based chad, the founder of Floydassic Park."

After Tass and I looked through all the neat displays, we examined a holographic map that acted as the navigation guide for the whole island. Looking at it, I realized the island was specially modified to be the shape of George Floyd's brick wall photo head. The theme park consistently proved itself competent.

Tass and I looked at it to find it had a list of all the dinosaurs they managed to resurrect and put on display using George Floyd's DNA.

The dinosaurs listed in the map were the Velociraptor AKA Floydlociraptor, the Parasaurolophus AKA Parasaurfloydopus, the Triceratops AKA Floydceratops, the Brontosaurus AKA Brontofloydosaurus, and finally the Tyrannosaurus Rex AKA the Tyrannosaurus Floyd.

The carnivorous and herbivorous dinosaurs are contained within the island in different ways. Herbivores are allowed to roam freely in an open meadow, which means they can live amongst each other as close as they can. However, carnivores have to be locked in cages, different species isolated from each other. I was a bit surprised herbivores got to coexist; given that there are so much black on black crimes that happen every day, you would think even herbivorous George Floyd dinosaur species would act violently towards each other.

Tass and I decided to visit the herbivores first, then the carnivores, with the Tyrannosaurus Floyd being our grand finale experience. Beside the holographic map was a bin filled with pamphlets which were just mini versions of the map. Tass and I each snatched one and then we began our Floydassic Park adventure.

Should we take the bullet train to the herbivore meadow?" Tass mentioned, being the lazy fat ass he was.

"According to the map, it isn't too far off and tickets are too expensive for the few minutes we'd save taking a ride," I responded.

"Come on man, I'm already exhausted from walking."

"Okay fine, you Ethan-Ralph-looking retard."

We paid for the tickets then on the train sped to the herbivore meadows. It was a bright open environment which revealed the blue sky reflecting the ocean surrounding the island. The sunlight was even brighter, showing good use of the land to create an immersive experience for visitors. A rainbow formed across the sky; however, that was actually the only ugly thing I found about the scenery—Anything rainbow really grinds my gears because I hate faggots.

When Tass and I exited the bullet train, we already saw a lake in the middle of the grassland, which had a group of Brontofloydosaurus walking in it.

"Jesus Christ, those long neck things have big ass noses," I pointed out. "I thought they were Paraceratheriums for a moment."

"Yeah, the Floyd DNA is really that prominent in the dinosaurs," Tass said.

We trudged towards the lake to take a better look at the giant sauropods. Once we were close enough to them for our feet to touch the water, I realized how truly massive the Brontofloydosaurus were. It was like looking at skyscraper towers, except biological. I've viewed images of Brontosaurus in dinosaur books as a child and believe me, looking at massive creatures in real life is vastly different from just seeing them in printed 2-D form downscaled by a factor of 1000x. If it weren't for the Floyd faces planted on the sauropods heads which I couldn't fucking take seriously, it would have been a truly humbling experience.

I listened closely, trying to hear what the giant long neck Floyd dinosaurs sounded like. While expecting a high pitched moan like in the movies, all I noticed was heavy breathing coming from them. It was kind of disappointing but I guess that is something that is a reality for Floydian dinosaurs. I then heard one of them say "damn maybe our long ass necks be making the air take too long to reach our lungs." After hearing that, I have to admit that it is quite inhumane to clone dinosaurs via George Floyd's DNA in the mix because Floyd's breathing-impediment-genes make a painful life for the poor pseudo dinosaurs. It's kind of like how niggas bred pit bulls. Pit bulls are a dogshit (no pun intended) species that have natural breathing problems throughout their lives and actually behave like niggers.

We eventually had enough of watching the Brontofloydosaurus's misery, so we moved onto looking at the other herbivores.

The Parasaurfloydopus, even though they were much smaller than the Brontofloydosaurus, were just as intriguing, as they possessed a crest as big as their nigger noses on the back of their heads. For those of you who don't know shit about dinosaurs, that crest is used to emit sound for attracting mates. A beautiful, yet eerie honk played through the Parafloydopus' crest, which awed both Tass and I.

Tass reached his hand out to try to pet the crest of the Parafloydopus, to which another hand from a different person swatted it away.

"Touching the Parafloydopus' crest is off limits sir," a man in a Floydassic Park uniform said. "Any blockage of their horn big or small could kill them since they actually breathe through it."

"Ah ok sorry," Tass said, a bit disappointed.

After the Floydassic Park zookeeper left us alone, Tass said "let's checkout the Floydceratops before we walk to the carnivore section of the island."

The Floydceratops which were only a few feet away, ate their grass like cows.

Looking at them, I'd say they were even more fucked up genetically than the Brontofloydosaurus and the Parafoyldopus. Because of their George Floyd fatass nose genetics, their noses grew right through their front middle horns, creating a never ending wound in between their nostrils. It is like if a beaver were to never chew on wood and allow its teeth to grow beyond its comfortable size, ingrowing their lips.

"Get a load of that nigger triceratops face deformity!" I laughed.

I regret saying that, because the Floydceratops noticed me making fun of it as a result and glared at me with its black beady eyes. It then charged at me like a bull looking at a red cloth.

"Oh shit run!" I said.

"Bro you shouldn't have said that," Tass said. "Even though Floyd dinosaurs are supposed to be dumber than the monkey himself, the bit of "human" DNA allows interpretation of English."

"Damn I didn't know."

Luckily, the bullet train had just arrived again and we just so happen to be approaching it, so Tass and I ran in there as the doors opened and then forced the door close behind us, before the Floydceratops could pierce us with its horn. Whoever designed the bullet train did so properly, because the door was made out of a glass strong enough to withstand the charge of the Floydceratops.

To be honest though, it probably wouldn't have been fatal to us if it's horn did reach us anyway, since its nose taking up too much of the front horn's length shortens it to the point where it wouldn't be able to penetrate our vital organs.

The Floydceratops remained gazing through the window, still seething. The passengers looked back at it awkwardly in silence, some of them in fear. Lucky for us, there wasn't anybody outside going to the train, so soon, the bullet train resumed its course.

To Tass and my convenience, the bullet train was to stop at the carnivore paddocks next, which was where Tass and I were planning on going next.

Soon, I looked at the window to see large metal cages, with warning signs printed all over them. They were no doubt the paddocks containing the park's carnivores. I personally find carnivores more badass than herbivores so it hyped me.

The only available carnivores were the Floydlociraptor and the Tyrannosaurus Floyd, and so we went over to the former's cage first. The Floydlociraptor attraction was unique; there was a designated professional raptor trainer who did unique interactions with the encapsulated Floydlociraptor. The trainer wore a belt that held good and disposable pregnant raptor plushies.

Tass and I watched as the trainer tossed cow meat to feed it after it cooperatively chimped after he told it to do so. The audience cheered, which then induced the trainer to celebrate. While he was off guard, the Floydlociraptor went and bit the trainer's belly. It tore his uniform, and formed a collection of scratches on his belly.

"That hurts!" The trainer yelled as he clasped his stomach. "You better behave you dumb fucking NIGGER!"

The audience went into awkward silence for a moment, but then resumed cheering, proving the mild incident only entertained the crowd further.

After the raptor training show was over, Tass and I braced ourselves as we were about to witness what was arguably the most exciting attraction in Floydassic Park; the Tyrannosaurus Floyd paddock. I could hear loud earth shattering footsteps once it came into view. The cage was four times the perimeter of the cage of the Floydlociraptor. It was already clear that the Tyrannosaurus Floyd was going to be just as if not more ferocious than its real prehistoric counterpart. Little did I know, I underestimated it.

When Tass and I sat in the Tyrannosaurus Floyd paddock seats, in front of us at the centre of the coliseum-like structure was the formidable beast. It was even bigger than I had anticipated and to say the scientists who cloned it mixed T Rex DNA with George Floyd's DNA well is an understatement. I could see George Floyd buck nigger traits in its build; for example, what would otherwise be a set of puny two-clawed arms were actually well in proportion to its 10-12 ton build. It was essentially a result of gluing George Floyd's spider-like arms on an already overgrown megatheropod.

Out of the blue, a pregnant cattle entered the show through a dark doorway, its legs trembling in fear. It moved spastically which made it noticeable to the Tyrannosaurus Floyd's motion-based vision. The mighty nigger rex roared and then ate its meal in a heartbeat.

The roar, which gave off a slight banana steak odor made everyone's jaws drop to the floor. I guess it was too fucking badass and scary, because one of the children in the audience screamed in fear and for some reason jumped over the rail and into the man made habitat of the Tyrannosaurus Floyd. Tyrannosaurus Floyd was startled by the thud

from the kid's landing, and it looked at him in curiosity. The tyrant nigger stomped closer and closer, then began leaning its head an inch close to the child's face. The audience knew what was about to happen, and so all of us closed our eyes to avoid watching what was to happen. But suddenly, a group of security guards holding tranquilizer guns arrived at the scene, aiming at Tyrannosaurus Floyd. They spammed tranquilizer darts at it, hoping to prevent another harambe situation from happening. However, the darts didn't do shit putting it to sleep, only pissing it off. The Tyrannosaurus Floyd then went into berserk mode and charged at one of the sides of the cage, breaking through it with ease.

"OH OH ROAR ROAR AH AH!" it chimped as it successfully broke out of its enclosure.

In response, the entire audience including the security guards began to panic, fleeing the paddock in the opposite direction of the Tyrannosaurus Floyd.

"This is some next level epic shit!" Tass said in excitement. Let's follow the Tyrannosaurus Floyd!"

"Are you out of your mind?" I questioned Tass. "That thing will eat us if we get too close!"

Tass then pointed to a jungle safari jeep that was parked next to the exterior of the paddock. "Not if we use one of those."

"As long as we drive at a safe distance," I said.

I hopped on the driver's seat as Tass sat his fat ass on the passenger seat and then I started up the vehicle.

Tyrannosaurus Floyd rampaged through the park, eating park visitors like a killing machine, roaring like a roided up chimpanzee every 10 seconds. It didn't look like it was going to exit berserk mode any time soon.

Eventually it made its way to the herbivore meadow and then licked its lips hungry as it looked at the herbivores.

The herbivores took notice of Tyrannosaurus Floyd and they attempted to make an escape. Only the fastest of the Parasaurfloydopus were able to traverse fast enough to flee; the rest were too slow and bulky to outspeed the predator.

What followed was a bloody mess that made Ronnie McNutt's suicide video pale in comparison; Tyrannosaurus Floyd meat ran every Floydceratops, Parasaurfloydopus, and Brontofloydosaurus that were still in the area. That was when an alarm rang from one of the alert posts, which probably ranged throughout the entire island. A voice then spoke through the alert post to announce something.

"Attention everybody, this is not a drill. A Tyrannosaurus Floyd has escaped from captivity and is now killing visitors and even other dinosaurs. Everybody must evacuate the island while we initiate our emergency protocol. That is, we will release a super hybrid dinosaur specimen to kill Tyrannosaurus Floyd: Indominus Chauvin. Indominus Chauvin is a white-colored genetically modified dinosaur that has the DNA of Derek Chauvin, Spinosaurus, Velociraptor, T Rex, cuttlefish, and a bit of George Floyd himself. With Derek Chauvin's White genes, this hybrid has superior intelligence to the Tyrannosaurus Floyd along with the buck nigger strength!"

"Even better, there is going to be a massive theropod fight!" Tass exclaimed. "Fuck what the announcement said. We need to watch it!"

I drove the Jeep behind a bush to keep us hidden from Tyrannosaurus Floyd while we waited for the arrival of Indominus Chauvin.

After some time passed, I saw a 51-foot long lizard with scales the color of white chalk walking towards the herbivore meadows, where Tyrannosaurus Floyd was still looking for more herbivores to munch on. The way it walked made it obvious it was of a higher intellect than the nigger rex. It also looked more physically imposing, with three claws instead of two, red glowing eyes, and obviously—white skin looks a million times better than nigger color skin.

Indominus Chauvin noticed Tyrannosaurus Floyd and then let out a roar, showing it was interested in battle. Tyrannosaurus Floyd heard it and then stopped its search for more herbivores, to turn to face the hybrid. It roared back in response, accepting the challenge. 10 seconds went by, until they were within a jaws reach. They circled around each other, focused, as if it was a game of who will take the first bite.

Tyrannosaurus Floyd decided to attack first, attempting to head butt Indominus Chauvin. That was the first mistake it made, however. A Tyrannosaurus' strongest weapon is its bite force; yet, Tyrannosaurus Floyd did a borderline useless head butt instead which did virtually no damage to Indominus Chauvin, whose armoured scales are immune to blunt attacks. This goes to show how fucking retarded the dinosaur was with nigger intelligence DNA in the mix.

Indominus Chauvin, whose White intelligence DNA overwhelms its Floyd DNA, cleverly used both of its dexterous large claws to grip onto the head of Tyrannosaurus Floyd and then snapped its neck. Tyrannosaurus Floyd's head twisted into an unnatural position and then it struggled to keep its neck up. Now that it was at a low enough position, Indominus Chauvin stomped onto Tyrannosaurus Floyd's neck.

The neck crushed was crushed like a rubber tire and the once beady eyes of the Tyrannosaurus Floyd popped and turned bloodshot.

“Grr Rorororor stahp it mayne Ogogogogoroar!!” Tyrannosaurus Floyd chimped in suffocation. “I-roar Can’t Broareathe-roar!”

It became as dead as Pokémon Go and Indominus Chauvin continued to keep its foot on its neck, roaring in victory.

I was uncertain about what would happen if Indominus Chauvin were to see Tass and I, so I drove away to the entrance of the park. There, just about all the surviving guests were waiting at the shore for all the cruise ships to pick them up. There were so many people that it was estimated to take 13 hours. And so, I am now typing this on my phone while I am waiting for that. I am going to post this as a super lengthy review on the google business profile of Floydassic Park and hopefully, it’ll shed some light on how unstable dinosaur parks can be, especially when nigger DNA is involved in the cloning process.

I Know the Real Reason Why Roe v. Wade Was Overturned

By Jordan Cleeman

Many of you have heard that the Roe v Wade case was overturned. As a result, Abortion—at least in the United States of America—can be illegal. This decision was made on June 24, 2022 and left masses of liberals pissed because BBC whores can no longer have Bestiality sex with monkeys named Tyrone.

I know the real reason why Roe v Wade was overturned. It is a reason that is so unbelievable, you may be out of breath from reading it.

My name is Russel Lions and I am a former associate of Clarence Thomas.

My story regarding how I know the true cause of the Roe V Wade overturn all started back in May 25, 2020; the day one of the most infamous nigger criminals of all time, George Floyd, committed death via drugs. At the time, I was an unbased libtard myself. I was somewhat a friend of Clarence Thomas. That day, I went to his house and sat in his living room to hang out. On the television was news about the George Floyd incident. It was everywhere and the media depicted that chimp as a hero who contributed more to society than researchers who found the cure to diseases. We switched the channel because it was all over our faces in less than a day. We switched to watching shows on other channels. We did this all day, until night came and it was so late, I had to leave.

“Bye Clarence,” I said, as I left.

When I got home, I was tired as shit so I took a quick shower, brushed my teeth, and lied in my bed until I was on the verge of sleeping. That was when I heard my phone ringing which caused me to jolt awake. I always have my phone’s ring on full volume even in the middle of the night. I looked at the screen, to see it was a call from Clarence Thomas. I answered it and held my phone near my ear.

“Hey man I just had a bad dream last night,” Clarence said. “I need you to come to my house for a few hours because holy shit I am too scared to go back to sleep alone.”

“Why?” I questioned him. “If it is just a dream, you know it isn’t real, so just tell yourself that.”

“Just a few minutes please.”

"Alright fine," I said.

I got out of bed, changed into my normal clothes, and then headed to Clarence's house.

Once I arrived at Clarence's house again, I knocked on the door. The door opened to a man with a pale face despite his diarrhea-colored skin.

"Thank god you are here!" Clarence exclaimed.

"Yeah yeah just go to sleep quickly so I can go home because I am tired as well," I said.

Clarence led me to his bedroom where I stood right beside his bed, watching him fall asleep. He still appeared frightened, however. I just needed to wait until his body began staying relatively still with consistent breathing.

Eventually, he finally slept and it was about time I leave the room. I went for the bedroom door, exited his room, and then walked my way throughout the house to find the front door. Just when I was about to go for the doorknob of the front door, I heard a screech coming from upstairs; it sounded like it came from Clarence. I rolled my eyes and continued to leave because I assumed Clarence was just having one of those nights. But I heard him call out my name out loud, asking if I was still there. I considered just staying leaving silently anyway without him knowing but the front door is worn down and loud as fuck when it opens, so I sighed and went back upstairs to check on Clarence. He was sitting on his bed, sweating profusely which I could see even in the pitch-black darkness of the room.

"Man, please stay for the rest of the night I just had the bad dream again," Clarence stuttered.

"Just tell me what you dreamt about, maybe that'll help," I said.

"So you know that man with the chunky nose who died today?"

"That was George Floyd, correct?"

"Yeah. Well my dreams begin with me in my bed, and right above me is his face. I could recognize it by seeing his face lines. I try to go to sleep thinking its just a hallucination but the voices... they were lifelike."

"What did he say to you?" I asked.

"It was just one simple sentence; he said he wanted something from me. It had something to do with my position but he didn't say exactly."

"Stop believing in your overactive imagination," I said. "I need to sleep as well and I have work tomorrow. It is already 1 AM! You need to realize that if there is an absence of sensory inputs, whatever you are seeing or hearing is not there at all. Brains do not necessarily need an input to be able to 'perceive' things. Sure your ears, eyes, and such are

connected to your brain through nerves and therefore create stimulation. However, nothing is stopping your brain from conjuring up shit without and of that, you fucking NIG-”

Just when I was about to say the n-word out of my loss of patience, Clarence put his finger up like Coco the gorilla when his trainer taught him how to gesture for the first time, and offered me something interesting.

“I’ll pay you \$100 if you do.”

I thought about Clarence’s offer for a minute. \$100 seemed like an amazing deal considering I am broke as fuck and it would probably be worth losing my sleep over considering I barely make minimum wage.

“Alright I’ll do it,” I said.

“Yay thanks man,” Clarence said. “Do your task and I will pay you the moment I wake up in the morning.

For the rest of the night, I waited and waited. For most of the time, I just went on my phone because there was no reason to stay hyper focused since a so-called George Floyd demon would obviously get my attention regardless. Clarence snored like a trumpet and I had to wear my earbuds while playing loud music just to avoid having to bare the niggers unconscious chimping noises. During that timespan, there was no sign of a ghost anywhere whether it be the one Clarence described and I have to admit, a part of me hoped that Clarence would keep having those night terrors because that would mean easy money for me for future nights.

The following morning, Clarence finally woke up at 7 AM and he rose out of bed. His eyes were red which made him look like a high ass nigga and once he noticed me, I demanded payment. Even though the task of watching him overnight was easy, I had just realized how tired I was and still had a full day of work ahead of me.

Clarence reached into his purse and the gave me a \$100 bill. I did a quick inspection to make sure it was real and then left for home to get ready for work. My sleep deprivation was no better than Clarence’s; instead, I had no sleep at all and my eyes were redder with bags under them that are even more prominent than the face lines of George Floyd. I struggled to put on my contact lenses because, if you are a contact lenses enjoyer too, eyes tend to burn like hell when putting in contact lenses while having sleep deprivation. Even with the lenses, my vision was blurry because of looking at my phone in the darkness for all those hours.

Throughout my job shift, which is a grocery store shelf stocker, I realized how grumpy I was which affected my work; but I soon came to realize it was for the better. Every person who passed by me or reached

out to me to help them look for a specific product ruffled my feathers a bit. But one particular group of people stood out to me: niggers. The niggers I interacted with pissed me off exponentially more and it was then I knew it was the beginning of me becoming a racist. My urge to say the n-word increased a crap ton and resisting that urge felt like trying to push a spring that has a thickness of 4 cm in diameter. The fact that I worked at a Walmart didn't help at all. It is full of obese sheboons that are there just to either make noises while spilling milk cartons all over the place or solely just to eat at the McDonald's that is partnered at every fucking Walmart in existence. I couldn't wait for the shift to end because I felt like a hardcore autistic introvert who desperately needed to recharge his social battery; niggers being the main social battery drainers.

At 5 PM, my job was finally over for the day and so I ripped off my Walmart uniform as I left the store and then sped to my house.

With my newfound racism, I unfollowed all the unfunny inoffensive Instagram meme pages that I used to look at and then began following pages such as @basedarchives. I realized the insane number of friends I was going to lose soon because I made all of them when I was a full libtard. I was beginning to resonate with this one YouTube video of a pajeet saying "I do not associate with new niggers" in his Indian accent.

That night, I prepared dinner which was a cheap steak that only took 5 seconds to cook and a bowl of ramen. I know it is lame but it was all I could afford from a job of having to deal with fat niggers all day. And no, I won't even stoop down to parasites who steal food from corporate because that is nigger behaviour.

As you can probably tell by now, my days go about pretty much the same way every day. But you'll come to find out that the days I experienced in this story are about to be different. I received another phone call while I was washing the dishes. It was from Clarence again. I groaned because that meant a period of time I had to resist saying nigger and worst of all, Clarence himself is a nigger. I didn't have the balls yet to outright end a friendship, so I just answered the call as normal.

"Hello, what do you want this time," I greeted Clarence in a passive aggressive tone.

"I know you may be annoyed by me at this point but I need a night bodyguard," Clarence replied. "I have a dreaded feeling I am going to encounter the demon in my sleep again. My gut feeling is indicating such a thing. So, I would like to hire you as my nightly bodyguard who will look after me while I sleep. \$200 a night."

The number that Clarence brought up in the last sentence caught my attention. \$200 per night is almost more than double the amount I make working at Walmart. Sure, watching over Clarence overnight is technically a job that involves having to deal with a nigger but it is still 10x better than directly talking to one who is too retarded to find an item in a shelf at a grocery store.

"I am happy to help with that," I said.

I drove over to Clarence's house. He was already in his pajamas when he answered the door. He led me to his bedroom, and I noticed the floor had a ton of salt sprinkled on it. The monkey was well prepared for his fear.

Clarence shut off the light and immediately ran off to his bed like a child in a basement then pulled his covers to overlap his entire body including his head. If you didn't know, hiding under your covers is a dumb fucking idea since hypercapnia can happen. Hypercapnia is when carbon dioxide in your body increases. I thought that it was the reason Clarence was seeing the night demon in the first place since a high proportion of carbon dioxide relative to oxygen in your body can cause such hallucination. But what happened that night proved my theory wrong.

Right at around 12 AM, there was a sudden knock on the bedroom door. I thought I was psyching myself either because I was in the middle of a Fortnite Mobile match on my gaming smartphone or I let Clarence's words get into my head, but the knocking happened a second time except much louder. It made me skip a heartbeat and it dawned on me it was an actual noise that happened in the real world. I refused to answer the knock because I was about to achieve a 20-kill victory Royale—which by the way wasn't in a match full of bots because I play the arena matches. However, whoever or whatever was on the other side of the door decided to open it anyway.

What entered the room was almost what Clarence described the night demon to look like. It was a tall but skinny figure whose head reached the ceiling of the bedroom. It had a face somewhat similar to that of George Floyd, but something was off about it. It seemed to be a baby face version of him, as if somebody used FaceApp—which is a mobile app used to modify images of peoples faces—to convert the George Floyd brick wall photo into its baby variant. The George Floyd demon's head didn't fit his body at all, however. The George Floyd demon had a torso which revealed gyno nipples and was twisted in awful ways that I can't for the life of me describe in close detail. Its arms were like tree branches that contained twigs thin enough to snap upon even the softest physical contact. But I knew from intuition that

they couldn't be that weak in reality. The creature's legs were finely tuned to accurately avoid all the salt on the floor. On where it's belly button should be was a long skinny tube that was so long, it dropped onto the floor. It looked to be an upscaled version of a fetus umbilical cord.

The demon, without acknowledging my presence, walked up to Clarence's bed. It simply breathed into his face to wake him up. Clarence was wide eyes when he discovered what was looking down at him.

"Mayne, since you be ignoring me during the last night, it is time for me to be upfront with you," the demon said in a voice that was a mix between being deep and high pitched. "I know you niggie is a Supreme Court judge so you are the only one who can fulfill mah request."

"Wha-what is it?" Clarence stammered.

"So you see, I be the fetus demon of George Floyd. I became like dis because I made a deal wit da devil where if I manage to connect mah umbilical cord right here to precisely 3.5 billion pregnant women, I can get sufficient spiritual nutrients to resurrect mah self. As you know mayne, there aren't nearly enough pregnant bitches in dis generation right now to achieve such a thing, so what I want you to do is make abortion illegal to increase da number of the oh la la big belly chicks. Please mayne I wanna be alive again so I can touch da world again."

"Sir you are crazy," Clarence said, trying to keep himself composed. "Even if abortion is illegal, there could never be 3.5 billion pregnant women existing simultaneously!"

"Illegal abortion?!" I exclaimed. "That sounds good because that would mean more niggresses dying since the inferior genes of sheboons cause them to have a higher rate of pregnancy deaths and that would also mean less race mixing mudsharks."

Both Clarence and the fetus demon of George Floyd ignored my remark, and they remained gazing at each other.

"If you don't listen to me, I will drain all of yo air with mah umbilical cord!" The fetus demon of George Floyd threatened Clarence, as he whipped his umbilical cord around like a child who first discovered jump ropes.

"Bodyguard, protect me!" Clarence shouted at me.

Knowing the benefits of illegal abortion, I decided to say "fuck it" and dipped out of the bedroom. As I ran through the hallway, I could subtly hear Clarence submitting to the fetus demon of George Floyd's request.

"Okay okay I'll do my best to make it happen," Clarence said in a trembling voice.

“Hehehe. You better,” the fetus demon of George Floyd cackled.

I have no idea what exactly followed after that, because before I knew it I was already in my car driving back home.

This all happened just over 2 years ago. It had been in the back of my mind because I couldn’t really tell if it actually happened with how surreal it was. Clarence fired me from my bodyguard position because I fled after he ordered me to protect him from the fetus demon of George Floyd. To be fair, what could I have done against that malevolent being? I continued my usual job at Walmart, suffering and partially regretting what I probably couldn’t control anyway.

I am now writing this only a day after Roe v Wade was overturned and there is a reason why I am connecting that hard-to-believe story with this. Well today, I was walking through the park when all of a sudden, I heard a blood curdling scream. I turned to face the direction it was coming from to see a tall dark figure. I was looking at the fetus demon of George Floyd, now in clear daylight, grinning at a pregnant woman who was letting out the scream. The fetus demon of George Floyd looked much scarier when I could see his disgusting physiological displays more clearly; his baby teeth had random bits of food stuck in them, he had wounds all over his bald head which made it look like he picked at his scalp 24/7, and his umbilical cord which he held toward the pregnant lady was a wrinkly dark purple length of mass that resembled an earthworm.

The fetus demon of George Floyd let out a high-pitched demonic baby laugh as he used his large hands with thin fingers—which were obviously adapted to do this—to pluck out the pregnant lady’s belly as if it was the lid of a plastic container, ripped out her fetus via its umbilical cord off of the placenta, and then implanted his own umbilical cord into the placenta. It instantly killed both the pregnant woman and the baby, which caused the nigger fetus demon to laugh even harder. His motives fed on both the spiritual nutrients he drained from the pregnant woman via his umbilical cord and the murders. Once he was done, as indicated by the now grey skin of the pregnant woman, the fetus demon of George Floyd glanced at me as if he was a thief caught by police, and then used his long legs to jump like a frog, escaping the scene before I could fully process what happened.

I Am an IRS Agent: I Was Assigned to Audit George Floyd's Air-Sucking Plantation

By Jordan Cleeman

My name is Adam Vaillant. I am an agent who works for the International Revenue Service. I go from company to company to audit their accounting books to see if they do any shady business practices. It was one day I came across an establishment that is not only really fucking shady, but extremely evil and should be destroyed as soon as possible.

I was one day ordered to audit a company called Elephant Monkey Incorporated in 2030. It is a gigantic plant that supposedly functions to suck up 36,000 tonnes of carbon dioxide per year and then deposit it underground. The purpose of this is to mitigate the effects of the greenhouse effect. Elephant Monkey Incorporated started being built mid 2022 and now that it has been 8 years, the plant has been in operation for a year. It was time for me to conduct its first audit.

The plant was located in Minneapolis which meant I was going to have to fly there because I live in a country that isn't the USA. Since I haven't had the need to travel via flight in a while, I needed to renew my passport. The line up to do so at the country centre was long because everyone was desperate to do the same because of the coronavirus shit that happened last decade. It took 4 hours for me just to get to the end of the line, plus another hour for the clerk to review my ID and application. It was a pain in the ass but was necessary to be able to do my job. After that, I got into the plane to make my way to Minneapolis. The drive from the airport to the plant was thankfully not long since they were both located in the same outskirt of the city.

I began seeing humongous metallic structures appear in the horizon, which were obviously part of the Elephant Monkey Plant. The land was huge, probably spanning at least 1,000 acres. I drove around it, until I found a parking space which was meant for only employees. I, however, have automatic approval to park there, as an International Revenue Service agent.

I could feel wind blowing my hair as I approached the door of the headquarters; the plant was clearly doing something. Upon entering the headquarters, I saw a fat woman in a baggy suit who appeared to be a representative of the company. I introduced myself, letting her know

that I work at the International Revenue Service and I was there to investigate the company because it is mandatory.

"Alright, the co-founder and CEO George Perry Floyd hangs around at the top floor. You'll be able to find his office easily," the representative said.

I noticed the plant CEO's name was the exact same as a nigger who died 10 years ago and laughed a bit because it sounded like a hilarious coincident, and then carried on.

I took the elevator to the top floor which smelled not only like rusty metal, but a hint of drugs. I couldn't pinpoint and specific drug because it was a mix of many different kinds. All I knew was they weren't clean drugs.

After the elevator reached the top floor, I boarded it and then started to search for the master office. As I walked around that floor, I saw more of the employees. One thing I noticed is they were all fat women, wearing baggy ass uniforms; same as the representative. Looking back, this should have been the first red flag. I wouldn't have stopped and turned around though anyway because the things I uncovered after this will prove my point further, regarding how fucked up this company is.

I eventually saw a sign in the wall that read "office" with an arrow pointing to the right next to it. I followed it, until I entered a room that had a long desk with multiple computers on it. The opposite wall from the side I entered from was made of all glass, revealing the highway outside that I drove through to get here. A man was sitting at the long desk, busy looking at the computer screens; he was a nigger. You may be wondering why that was the first thing I noticed about him. Well you see, I am a racist who finds it fucking weird seeing a black being a CEO because niggers aren't supposed to have the intelligence to cover such a position.

I approached the desk, and waved to get the man's attention. He looked at me, with bloodshot eyes and then waved back.

"Hey mayne, what should I do you foe?" He asked.

"You are George Perry Floyd the CEO, is that correct?" I responded.

"Yes I am mayne I be the CEO so am a smart niggie," George Floyd chimped. "You do not see many of us niggies being CEOs because racist ass crackas don't allow us to be and Shieet."

"Okay I get it, well I am an International Revenue Service agent and I am here to conduct the plants first audit. For a start, please allow me to take a look at your financial statements."

George Floyd began chewing his nails vigorously, beads of sweat pouring from the pores of his forehead.

"Are you okay sir? Do you need a glass of water?" I asked.

"Ah no mayne I just be shy and Shieet around professional niggies like you," George Floyd stuttered. "I will now get you the financial statements, I be right back."

George Floyd stood up and then exited the office room to go to another room. I waited for around 15 minutes, which is a long fucking time for somebody to get some pieces of paper, until George Floyd returned with a folder in his hands. I could see wet stains on the folder, indicating he was sweating through his palms as well. The suit-wearing monkey then placed it on the desk facing me, and then sat back down on his main chair.

"Alright feel free to look through it," he said.

"Thank you for your compliance," I said, sensing that I was going to see something sketchy.

I opened the folder, to see the first piece of paper in the stack of sheets was the income statement. I looked through the revenue section first. It looked pretty normal. But when I looked through the expenses section, that was when things began to seem off. I noticed that the cell just above the figure totalling all the expenses was completely covered with Bic Wite-Out Correction tape. If you don't know what correction tape is, it is tape that is roughly the same color as paper and is used to cover unerasable markings on paper such as pen ink and printer ink.

"Excuse me sir, what is that correction tape for?" I asked George Floyd, pointing at it.

"That be a printing error so I use the tape to hide it to make the income statement look more professional," George Floyd said, now looking even more nervous.

"Anyway, I am going to have to look through it," I said, as I pulled out a special flashlight. "Us International Revenue Service agents are required to order full transparency from companies."

The special flashlight I had is similar to the device that Nick Fuentes used to search for cum stains, except it is specifically used to see through correction tape instead of fabric.

"NO," George Floyd exclaimed, slapping the flashlight out of my hand. "NO! Just move on to the next financial statement please!"

"You are just making things look more suspicious," I said, picking up the flashlight which thankfully didn't break.

I shined a light onto the correction tape, to see a string of text, reading "pregnant belly only fans subscription expense".

"Um sir, why the fuck did you write out a pregnant belly only fans subscription as a business expense?" I questioned the nigger.

"Mayne, it is so I can have some of dat post nut clarity, which helps me focus on making better business decisions and shieet," George Floyd claimed. "It works like a charm."

"Well you seem to not be making any smart decisions by the way you are behaving," I said.

I flipped to the next financial statement, which was the balance sheet; it contains the assets and liabilities of a company.

I noticed that one of the assets was listed "oxygen storage chambers". After a thorough look through the rest of the assets, I couldn't find any asset that indicates a reservoir of carbon dioxide, which you'd think would be owned by a carbon-dioxide-draining facility.

"Sir, why is there oxygen storage units, but nothing to store carbon dioxide?" I questioned George Floyd.

George Floyd looked to the ceiling, as if to think of what to say, and then finally opened his mouth to speak. "We just use oxygen tanks as a substitute for carbon dioxide storage because it be cheaper and saves costs."

At this point, I had enough of looking at the financial statements to know something about this establishment was very wrong.

"Mr. Floyd, I am going to have to take a look at the so-called carbon dioxide storage tanks," I said.

"Okay mayne."

George Floyd then lead me out of the headquarters and to the large tanks of the plant.

"See mayne, there be nothing wrong," George Floyd said, wrongfully relieved.

I noticed that every one of the tanks had a tap, each of them seemingly designed for human access.

"Can I take a sample of whatever gas is in one of those tanks?" I requested George Floyd.

"No mayne and for fucks sake it be carbon dioxide in them!" He replied aggressively.

I decided to go ahead and do it anyway because I couldn't trust the nigger. I went up to one of the tanks, opened the tap, and then sucked on it to breathe in the gas. It felt as if I was still breathing normally, indicating it was actually oxygen that was in the tank. I could tell it wasn't carbon dioxide since I would have quickly felt lightheaded and the urge to pass out.

"You are a dishonest dirty nigger," I said to George Floyd in anger. "How the fuck are you even a CEO of something this large of a scale in the first place?"

"You see mayne, you notice how all mah employees be pregnant bitches?" George Floyd began. "Well, I got them to work for me by holding them at gunpoint. And yes, this is actually all an oxygen sucking plant because I need all that air to breathe!"

"I am going to report you to the authorities!" I said.

"Hehehe, Not on my watch!" George Floyd cackled as he pulled out a gun, pointing it at me.

With my quick thinking, I grabbed the pistol from his hand and then used it to shoot a hole in all of the oxygen tanks. I could hear litres upon litres of air leads out of them as a result.

"NO! ALL MAH PRECIOUS AIR!" George Floyd cried.

He desperately went from tank to tank using his hands to attempt to cover the holes, but it was impossible to do so all at once. With the monkey distracted, I ran back to my car to flee the scene before he could decide to attack me.

I am now typing this report on my flight back to California. This is what I am going to show the authorities, cutting out all the racist remarks of course. Moral of the story; never trust organizations ran by niggers.

I Was One of the Police Officers Who Shot Jayland Walker: Here is the Truth Behind His Death

By Thomas Manwise and Jordan Cleeman

In recent weeks, the city of Akron, Ohio has been the focus of national media attention because of the shooting of Jayland Walker, a nigger monkey. However, what you might not have known is why the Jewish media are focusing on this particular chimp's death when they quickly memory holed the killings of niggers like Patrick Lyoya and Daunte Wright.

The media has focused on Jayland Walker's death because they wanted to distract from the murder of Ethan Liming, a White teenager who was brutally murdered by a pack of three black baboons who ganged up on him and stomped him to death. Ethan Liming's death was protested by a group called the National Justice Party who love White people and hate niggers and their Jewish masters. Basically, since the people of Akron were welcoming of the National Justice Party's protest of Ethan Liming's death, the jews that run the media and the government decided to punish the White people of Akron by using Jayland Walker's death to incite a category two chimp out in the city. However, what you might not know is that Jayland Walker's true motives were even more terrifying than you could've imagined.

I am one of the cops who rightfully killed the ugly bug nigger whose eyes are so far apart that they look like the sloth from the Ice Age movies. Although I cannot tell you my name because then I would get fired for being racist, I am writing this on Sunday when the footage was released to address something that the bodycam didn't cover as well as the truth behind Jayland Walker's demise.

Our story starts a few days ago, when my partner and I were going about our day driving around the city eating Skyline Chili when we got a 9-1-1 call from a grocery store. The owner told us that he had just been robbed at gunpoint by a man in a robber's mask. We told him to stay calm and that help was on the way. As we drove there, I asked him for any defining physical traits that the robber had. I didn't ask about the race of the perp because I didn't want to get recorded as having said that since cops were monitored closely for signs of racism and also because I already knew that it was a nigger since niggers commit nearly all violent crime.

The owner told us that the robber had a skinny build and beady eyes, which meant that we were dealing with a bug black. However, what the owner said next made me raise my eyebrows.

"The robber smelled very strongly of cheese," the owner said. "It was incredibly strong. His fingerprints also reek of cheese. It's as if he were made of the stuff."

I was confused because niggers weren't known for liking cheese that much. In fact blacks are known for disliking almost all dairy products due to their lactose intolerance. You see, niggers lack the gene to digest dairy because they were too retarded to domesticate herd animals. This fact is even more pathetic when you realize that even Pajeets were able to domesticate cows, which goes to show how subhuman niggers are.

When we arrived at the scene of the crime, my partner and I saw that the cases of jewelry were empty. The owner of the store was still shaking in fear after having been held up at gunpoint. After reassuring him that he was safe now, I began to collect prints from the scene of the crime. When I did, I noticed that the prints had a strong yellow hue to them and smelled strongly of Swiss cheese. And when we took the prints back to the forensics lab, we learned to our shock that there was no DNA that could be found on the prints. There was only fat and protein from milk solids, which was baffling to us at the time.

For the next few days we continued investigating the cheesy jewelry thief, as we had begun calling the nigger. However, even though there were subsequent robberies at other nearby jewelry stores, we just couldn't seem to find any leads. It was as if the nigger was able to disappear without a trace after every robbery he committed.

However, everything changed on Monday, June 27th. It was midnight, and my partner and I were patrolling the streets when we noticed a silver Buick without a license plate that was speeding down East Tallmadge Avenue. I saw that it was a cockroach nigger who didn't brush his teeth who was interfering with the road. It was dangerous as fuck because he was close to veering off onto the sidewalks in a residential area, so I, along with my fellow cops, decided to stop him.

I flipped on the police lights and sirens to try and get him to stop. However, instead of stopping, the driver accelerated to 80 miles an hour and began speeding towards the nearest highway, which was route 8.

Knowing that this was getting dangerous, I called up other officers to help chase the silver Buick down. Soon after, three other vehicles and six officers were racing down the highway, chasing after the reckless driver who was now going at over 100 miles per hour.

We had been chasing the car for about 10 minutes when we heard a shot ring out. The road to the right side of my car erupted into a white puff of dust as the bullet struck the concrete. Although I had been ninety percent sure of it until now, I knew from the atrocious aim of the driver that I was dealing with a nigger.

As we chased him, I had my buddy drive as I shot back at the nigger. Even though I only had a pistol, I was able to get a good angle on him and get three clean shots off into the back of his head. I saw chunks of his body fly off and splatter against the windshield. However, instead of the driver keeling over and the vehicle screeching to a halt, the car kept on moving forward. Eventually, the vehicle slowed to a stop around Claremont street.

As the criminal exited the vehicle and began running from us, I caught a glimpse of the nigger. It was a criminal monkey to be sure, but I also saw that his body had a weird yellow tint to it. I also noticed that the car contained a stolen ring from one of the jewelry stores, which confirmed that Jayland was the armed robber who had stolen from the stores. As the nigger ran away we decided that we needed to take him down. Since he has fired shots at us, and we all fired at him; 90 bullets were fired and 60 landed on him.

We surrounded him as we got down to cuff him. However, when I did I noticed the extremely powerful smell of cheese, and when I pulled off his ski mask I saw that it was a bug black named Jayland Walker I used to know from high school. There was something off about him though, since his skin had gone from the shit colour of nigger skin to as yellow as that of a chink, and there was now a wide grin on his face even though he has been shot 60 times, which is 60 more bullets than the number of Jews who died in the Holocaust.

We all thought he was going to die as a result because no human should be able to survive 60 bullets penetrating their flesh, but we were wrong. Instead, the bullets punched through him entirely and even though large holes were torn open on his body, he hopped right back onto his feet, as if unharmed.

"What the fuck? How is he still alive?" one of my fellow officers said.

Jayland Walker then expanded in size somehow. We felt the wind blowing in his direction as it happened and we soon realized why. The wind was entering through the bullet holes on his body. It was as if he was a nigger with sponge-like properties.

"My plan be finally working and shieet!!" Jayland Walker said, laughing. "Y'all dumb officah cracked fell into my trap and shieet!"

Jayland Walker went from being an ordinary bug nigger to what was the size of 20 buck niggers put together. His skin then turned into a

completely yellow hue, which I thought was the reflection of the yellow traffic light at first. But as he rotated his body to look at his surroundings with his new physiology, it remained, indicating it was actually a skin color change.

Jayland Walker began to run around, attempting to stomp and crush all of our police cars. However, it proved ineffective since despite him being 40 feet tall at this point, the air that inflated his sponge-like body didn't actually increase his total body weight at all. He thought he was doing damage though because his dumb nigger brain had no concept of how mass or density functions since niggers have no ability to think abstractly.

We decided to continue shooting, but none of that even had an effect. In fact, the parts of his brownish-yellow flesh that weren't yet converted to negative space. The bullets simply bounced off those sites. There seemed to be a hard cap of how many bullet holes he had on his body simultaneously.

"This nigger just wont die!" I said. "We need more powerful weapons! He is too weak to do any real damage at least so we got some time."

"Heee hee hee, what you sayin'? I already be done destroying all yo vehicles and shieet mane. I be like godzilla and shieet mane." Jayland Walker barked at me, as he looked down. "Now y'all can't chase me no more and shieet!"

Even though it was a serious situation I burst out laughing because the nigger actually thought that he had destroyed all of our cop cars when in reality he had just slathered them in some cheese that we could easily wash off.

However, what I didn't know was the truly terrifying nature of his goal.

The giant living nigger cheese began to prepare to flee the scene. The nigger cheese sucked in even more air through his cheese holes, inflating himself like a balloon and starting to float away. But before he was out of sight, one of my fellow officers threw a GPS device on his cheesy buttocks. It was one of those tracking devices, which we use when criminals that are likely faster than us try to flee a crime scene. We will then use a computer program that has a google maps API to track his final location.

We weren't ready to defeat such a grotesquely mutated nigger who turns into swiss cheese when he gets shot by a certain number of bullets, so we got back into our police cars and then retreated back to the police station.

Once we returned to the police station, we went to the main office to boot up the computer that visualizes all the existing tracking devices out there. There were many, and they consisted of a disproportionately high number of niggers and spics. The one Jayland Walker the nigger cheese was wearing was nowhere to be found within the state of Ohio, and instead it said that it was heading northeast.

"So guys, any idea how we are going to defeat a walking cheese that has the tankiness of a capped HP racer?" I began.

"I actually don't think we should chase after that cheese man since that would be racist," Stephen Mylett, the chief of police said. "We don't want to arrest any black people since if we go beyond a certain number the ADL would call us racist and get us defunded."

I ignored my boss because he was an anti white race traitor who refused to investigate Ethan Liming's murderers for hate crimes. If you look up the interview he gave in February, he said that what Derek Chauvin did to George Floyd was reprehensible even when all Chauvin did was rest his knee on George Floyd's back to keep the doped up drug monkey under control. Also, Stephen Mylett is an obese boomer, which alone is enough of a reason to ignore him.

Stephen Mylett was about to go on about how black people are special and oppressed and shit when I heard a door being kicked open, followed by thunderous footsteps.

"Actually, we could help you with this," a deep voice said as a tall figure emerged into the room. "This is like our speciality."

It was a chubby middle-aged white guy wearing a pair of sunglasses and a black polo shirt. He pulled out a bottle of creamy Hidden Valley ranch sauce and began to chug it. It was none other than Michael Peinovich, more commonly known as Mike Enoch. And behind him was a shorter, more muscular man wearing a matching pair of sunglasses and a white t-shirt sporting a hairdo that looked like Jimmy Neutron's. It was Joseph Jordan, otherwise known as Eric Striker.

"Wait, a second, aren't you two those nazis who were out there protesting about that teenager's death?" Chief Mylett said.

"Yeah, we are," Eric Striker said. "We were in town and decided to stop by and help you incompetent, Israeli-trained police officers catch a nigger on the run."

The color drained from Chief Mylett's face as he heard Striker not only admit to being a nazi, but say 'nigger' with a hard R so casually. As many of you know, saying 'nigger' as a White person is an act of blasphemy against America's national religion, which is Nigger Worship.

"Oh Lord!" Mylett said as he began to struggle to breathe, clenching at his chest. His pants grew wet as he pissed and shit himself. "I-I think I'm having a heart attack! Help! Help! I can't breathe!"

Mike Enoch and Eric Striker just watched as Mylett was dragged away by some of the other deputies so that they could do CPR on him. I was awestruck at how powerful their racism was, which seemed to radiate off of their bodies. The aura of racism that they emanated was like the ki field of a Super Saiyan in Dragon Ball Z, but **based**. I mean just a single sentence from Striker had caused my fucking retarded boss to have a heartattack, so it was not hard to imagine what they could do if they released their full power.

"Alright, now that the dead weight is gone, let's get down to business," Mike Enoch said as he sipped on his ranch. "Officers, get the GPS tracker out and figure out where that cheesy nigger is headed to. The black is obviously up to something suspicious."

Without a word of protest, one of the officers pulled out the tracker and said, "Apparently, the perpetrator is headed towards Houston. It isn't traveling very quickly, but he's been flying through the air so he has been able to bypass mountains and bridges and such."

Striker nodded. "Alright, well let's chase after him then."

"But isn't Houston outside our jurisdiction?" one of my fellow officers protested.

"Who the fuck cares?" Striker said. "Violent nigger criminals need to be stopped before they do any more damage."

The rest of the department knew that Striker was speaking facts, so together we decided to drive out to Houston. While driving to Houston, Mike Enoch and Eric Striker red pilled all the cops who went along on the journey on the racial inferiority of niggers, the jewish control of the media, and about how the Holocaust never happened. By the time we made it to Houston the entirety of the force was praising Adolf Hitler.

We were almost catching up with Jayland Walker the nigger cheese and were eager to catch his ass. I looked through the front window of the helicopter and saw a dot on the horizon and I knew it was the running Jayland Walker the nigger cheese because of the way it was floating through the air.

Before long, we at last were within range with the familiar yellowish brown giant bloated nigger at Houston Memorial Gardens. That was when he stopped, and began searching through the tombstones. It made me scratch my head, because I couldn't figure out one reason why Jayland Walker the nigger cheese would want to do at a graveyard full of dead niggers. Eventually, he stopped at a particular tombstone with

the text "Rest in peace George Floyd" written on it along with a Black Lives Matter fist.

"No!" Striker exclaimed. "Don't let that nigger dig up George Floyd's grave!"

Jayland Walker the nigger cheese then began to dig the soil by the tombstone of George Floyd until he retrieved the coffin. He then opened the coffin to reveal George Floyd's corpse. What happened next may be too graphic for those of you listening, but Jayland Walker the nigger cheese leaned in on George Floyd's lifeless face and then began kissing him in the lips.

"Jayland Walker? More like Gayland Walker the faggot necrophilic!" I said in disgust.

At the time, I thought Jayland Walker was kissing George Floyd's corpse in the lips for sexual pleasure because niggers have a higher rate of homosexuality until I noticed that his body was decreasing in size. It was then, I realized he wasn't actually technically kissing. He was actually executing his master plan. What was his master plan, you may ask? It became so obvious when it happened, but Jayland Walker the nigger cheese was utilizing his cheesy spongy physiology that he acquired when we shot him sixty times to inhale all the air back in Akron Ohio, and then exhaled all that air into the lungs of George Floyd's corpse to revive him. In short words, Jayland Walker's master plan was to serve as an air sponge to resurrect George Floyd by providing him a high volume of air at once. George Floyd was a useless nigger criminal ape who put citizens in danger, so we needed to stop Jayland Walker the nigger cheese.

"Let us handle this," Mike Enoch said, stepping out of the cop car along with Striker. Mike Enoch took out a small metal box with a button on it. With a smug grin he pressed the button, which caused the box to suddenly flip open, revealing that it was in fact a massive portable cheese grater. The entire thing, when fully expanded, was the size of a grown man.

"How the fuck did you carry that around?" I asked, jaw agape. "And why would you need that

"Secret nazi tech, duh. And the reason why I have this is so that I can spice up the flavor of my ranch sauce by adding different cheeses to it." Mike said as he turned towards Striker. "You ready Jordan?"

Striker stretched. "Yup, no problem here. It's been real nice being out of that wheelchair."

With blinding speed, Striker burst towards Jayland Walker, knocking him away from George Floyd.

"Aw fuck mane, what you gotta do that foe mane, dat hurts!" Jayland Walker screeched. "Why mane!"

However, Striker was merciless. He kicked Jayland repeatedly until the criminal nigger cheese was crying for his mama.

"This is what you get for terrorizing all of the White people in Akron, Ohio with your nigger antics!" Striker said as he pinned Jayland Walker to the ground with his knee as Mike Enoch waddled over to the nigger cheese with the grater. I knew at that moment that the battle was over; Mike Enoch and Eric Striker's racism was simply too strong for a paltry bug black like Jayland Walker to handle. A more powerful nigger like George Floyd, Martin Luther King Jr. or Nelson Mandela might have been able to go toe to toe with them, but a no-name nigger like Jayland Walker stood no chance. It was like watching Eddie Hall and Brian Shaw beating up a tranny with six inch arms; a justified slaughter.

Mike Enoch brought the cheese grater to Jayland Walker's face and began shredding him apart.

"Aw fuck, why you crackas gotta be so racist against us niggahs mane! Dis be racist and shieet mane! Fuck you mane! Ahhhh!" the nigger screamed. However, after a few minutes, the nigger had been reduced to a pile of shredded cheese.

"Hmm, let's see how this tastes," Mike Enoch used a lighter to melt some of the cheese and then stirred it into a bottle of Hidden Valley ranch, then took a sip. He immediately spat it out, utterly disgusted. "Aw gawd, it tastes like menthol cigarettes," he said, pointing to the pile of cheese. "Seriously, you guys should taste this. It's fucking awful."

I walked up to try it and sure enough, it was fucking terrible. However, one of my fellow officers from Ohio also happened to work part time at a Skyline Chili, which is a chain of chili stores from Ohio that are known for putting everything in their chili, so he gathered up all the nigger cheese and decided to serve it to his customers. Apparently, there have been no complaints so far because his customers are used to the revolting taste of Skyline Chili.

Anyway, this is the story of what really happened during the shooting of Jayland Walker. The bodycam footage which has just now been released doesn't tell the entire tale, like the part where he became a piece of nigger cheese that floated all the way to Texas in order to serve as an air sponge to revive George Floyd and how we had to borrow the help of two White Nationalists to stop him. Yes, it is truly unbelievable, but it happened. At least in my mind.

